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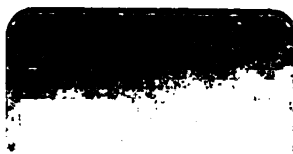
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THE
ILLUSTRATED
FAMILY MAGAZINE;

FOR

THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.



VOLS. III. AND IV.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY BRADBURY, SODEN AND CO.
NO. 12, SCHOOL STREET.
1846.

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P 282.19

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By exchange



NO. I.

JANUARY, 1846.

VOL. III.

THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

To him who, for the first time passing through the Straits of Malacca, navigates the transparent depths of the Indian Archipelago,—pursuing, let us suppose, the experimental track adopted by Captain Forrest, about seventy years ago, when on a mission from the East India Company, which comprehended a visit to Borneo and the Papuas, or New Guinea, — a succession of scenery opens, more various, more rich, more beautiful, more changeful in form, more brilliant in color, than is probably to be found in the course of any other voyage he can undertake. Island after island bursts upon his view — now, from their enormous extent filling the visible horizon: anon, from their countless number and miniature dimensions, forming a labyrinth of coral rocks and reefs which appear to have been interposed by nature herself to shut out his further progress. By some deep channel, through this maze of “many lands,” he finds himself again in a vast expanse of open sea, where some days may intervene between his leaving one coast and coming in sight of another.

Then, again, they crowd upon his course, and, as he sails between their richly-wooded shores, from which the hills for the most part recede inward, in a gradual ascent, but sometimes by bold and abrupt natural terraces and platforms, always, however, covered to

their very summits with the forest timber or the luxuriant shrubs of these favored latitudes, he can hardly believe he is not once more land-locked. But the depth of water close under her lee, the offset currents shooting far away from some bold headland, and the absence of a rolling surf, renew his hopes; and his sails are filled once more with a gentle breeze, loaded, as it were, with aromatic perfumes, which bespeak the near vicinity of some spice-growing region. This is not slow to rise before him from the same teeming deep, the grandeur and beauty of whose island territories have already impressed him with the notion that one world is not without a paradise. The illusion may well be pardoned when, after enjoying on land or in harbor at one place the delicious climate of a region blessed with perpetual spring, he changes his course and becomes the temporary denizen of another where the fierce heats of a tropical climate are allayed or compensated by the most refreshing of morning and evening breezes, and the profusion of the richest and most exquisite fruits that nature has provided for man.

From the white cinctures of glittering sand, surrounding the low islets formed by the summits of accumulating coral reefs which have not long reared their crowns above the surface of the ocean, small groves of the cocoa-nut-tree raise their tall and graceful stems,

bearing aloft on their feathery heads that nutritious fruit, the pure and cooling juice of which affords a delicious nectar to the thirsty Indian or the wayworn sailor. On the shores of many a grassy and uninhabited track the graceful antelope, the slender muntjak, or the solitary boar may be seen at intervals wandering, in unsuspecting confidence, about their undisturbed browsing grounds and thickets. At night, indeed, off the coasts of Sumatra, of Borneo, of Giloloo, images less peaceful than these are suggested by the roaring of the beautiful but ferocious clouded tiger in the nearest jungles, the deep lowing of the wild buffalo, the crashing advance through cane underwood and cover of the wild elephant and the rhinoceros. Whilst the morning is yet young, an odoriferous atmosphere regales the senses; and birds of the most splendid plumage people and enliven the air. The beautiful Lory and all the parrot tribe, whose aerial flight and evolutions, are graceful, varied, and elegant, exactly in the inverse ratio of the awkwardness of their motion upon the ground; the macaw, the superb birds of paradise, the kingfishers of New Guinea, and all the most splendid of the denizens of the air, reflect, from the most brilliant plumage to be found in the ornithology of any portion of the globe, in vivid and variegated lustre the pure radiance of an unclouded sun. On the margins of the most silent and the remotest shores, shells of gigantic size, as well as others of more minute proportions, and of inconceivable beauty, glow with a thousand dyes, more rich and intense than any which human art or imagination has ever yet been able to imitate.

JAVA.

The position occupied by the archipelago, in relation to all the great and civilized nations of Asia, is admirable, because it is in the highroad of all maritime intercourse between them. This will better appear from a succinct abstract of its geographical features and *peripplus*, from the detailed account com-

plied by Mr. Crawford. It has, in Borneo, New Guinea, and Sumatra, three islands of the first rank and size; and, with the sole exception of what we shall call the "insulated continent" of New Holland, these are the largest in the whole world. In the second rank it has the peninsula of Malacca, and the noble island of Java. In the third rank, we are to reckon the islands of Celebes, Luzon or Luconia, and Mindanao, each of these equal in size to the greatest islands of America. In the fourth rank, reckoning from the westward, are sixteen: Bali, Lambok, Sumbacoa, Chindara, Flores or Margarad, Timor, Ceraon, Burat, Gilolo, Palawan, Negros, Samur, Mindoro, Penay, Leyte, and Zebu. The principal advantage of the greater islands consists in their containing immense alluvial tracts and considerable rivers, both of them the main resources in tropical climates for the raising of food and the consequent increase of population and for the extension of civilization. It may be readily ascertained that the great tribes which have influenced the destinies of the inferior races have had, all of them, their origin in these larger islands—the more powerful tribes in the more fertile of them. Of the singular extent to which the primary arts essential to the organization of society and the well-being of its members have been pushed in a remote antiquity by the races established in Java, we may have occasion to speak hereafter in our sketch of that magnificent country, its traditions, &c. The vast number of islands and clusters of islets thus widely diffused throughout the area of the archipelago it might be supposed would render the navigation perilous in the extreme, considering the vast number of straits which this distribution of lands necessarily creates. But, happily, the seas of this vast basin are distinguishable from all others in the world by the proximity of high and extensive tracts of land, the pacific character of their waters, and the extreme uniformity of the prevailing winds and currents.

The Straits of Malacca and of Sunda form the only two entrances into the

Indian Archipelago from the Bay of Bengal on the west, this boundary being formed by the Malagar peninsula and the great island of Sumatra. It is well worthy of observation that, from the west, the civilization of which we speak as having diffused itself over so wide a portion of this noble region has evidently originated, spreading itself gradually eastward; and, the further eastward European research has extended itself, the fainter become the traces of this civilization, disappearing altogether at the extreme boundary in that direction. Beginning, then, from the westward, the first division we shall mark comprehends Sumatra, Java, Bali, and Lambok, and about two-thirds of the west portion of Borneo, up to the longitude of about 116 deg. east. Lying within the tropics (the Equator running about centrally through the general group embraced within the archipelago,) these islands are subject to the same varieties of climate as are common in such latitudes, where the soil is covered with abundant forests. The influence of tropical heat and moisture is exhibited in the marvellous exuberance of their vegetation. The general outline which they present is mountainous, and they are usually clothed with deep forests of stupendous trees. It is a singular feature in this favored section of the surface of the globe that, vast as is its extent it contains no sandy desert. It has, however, but few grassy plains of considerable extent. This natural "federation" of islands and ocean is further distinguished from every other in the world by the presence of periodical winds, and by the precision of their recurrence. It is the widest-spread region of the earth, with the highest amount of *indigenous population*, in the immediate vicinity of the equator.

Its admirable facilities for navigation and commerce constitute even now, in their comparatively unimproved state, one of the most signal benefits which Providence has conferred on man for the spread of civilization by the agency of a commerce to which the shores and the seas, the products of the land, the treasures of the deep, and the very winds

of heaven offer irresistible inducements. Of the indigenous population, the very instincts are, accordingly, turned to the pursuits of trade; and these, under the directions of intelligent, liberal, and Christian principles of policy and government, such as British authority, it is to be hoped, may one day arouse herself to the duty of establishing, will probably be guided to results of incalculable benefit to the happiness of innumerable families of mankind.

Let us now consider the area which this mighty archipelago occupies. By far the greatest group of islands in the world, according to Mr. Crawford, its estimated length, calculated from the land forming part of the western extremity of Sumatra to the northeastern of the Arroë Islands, but not including in this estimate the enormous island of New Guinea, is 41 degrees of longitude. Its breadth, reckoned from the parallel of 11 degrees south to that of 19 degrees north, is spread out to 30 degrees of latitude, and comprehends, with the intervening seas, an area of *four millions and a half of geographical, or five millions and a half of statute, miles*. Its general position is embraced between the vast land of New Holland and the most southern extremity of the continent of Asia. Its geographico-commercial relations, as we may call them, are such that its eastern extremity is within three days' sail of China; its western not above three weeks' from Arabia. Ten days suffice to waft a ship from the shores of China to the richest and most central position of the archipelago, and not more than fifteen are required for a similar voyage from Hindostan. The passage from Europe occupies, at a rather high average, but 90 days, though it is very often performed in a much less period; that from the western coast of America in half the time. But all these distances were estimated in respect of the performance of *sailing vessels* in 1820. At present steam navigation accomplishes them each in *less than half* the time then allotted to it.

In classifying the more important of these islands, to which only we shall confine our observations, we may treat



JAVANESE.

them as grouped in two belts. The Outer Belt extends from the Straits of Malacca to beyond Timor, comprising seven degrees of longitude. It has been aptly proposed by the author of a paper in the *Indian News* of April, 1843, "in order to afford a ready scale for judging of the size of these various islands," to suggest the geographical dimensions of Great Britain. Great Britain (England, Scotland, and Wales) may be somewhat understated, in round numbers, at 600 miles in length by 250 in breadth. In the ensuing recapitulation we purpose to take Java first, though, in point of extent and superficial area, it is far exceeded by Sumatra.

Java is in length 666 miles, by a breadth varying from 56 to 135 miles. The island is traversed from one extremity to the other by a range of noble mountains. Almost in every direction it is intersected by rivers and beautiful streamlets; the one suitable for the purposes of navigation, the other for the still more important objects and economy of irrigation. With a soil of prodigious fertility, it has no less than six different climates between its shores and the summits of its mountains. As to the description and extent of its

vegetable products, they are almost too numerous for recapitulation; but it is notorious for rice—the most essential of all grain in Asia,—the granary of all the whole archipelago. It abounds, likewise, in Indian corn, wheat, sugar, coffee, pepper, indigo, tobacco, cocoa-nuts, bread fruit, yams, potatoes, sago, and cassada. It has all the fruits yielded by Sumatra, with many others peculiar to itself. Innumerable flowers, and ornamental shrubs, and medicinal plants, enrich its, perhaps, matchless Flora. That tree which is the glory of the forests of Malabar and Canara, on the mainland of Hindostan, the teak timber, is found in the forests of Java, though little known in any other islands. Java is, in the truest sense of the word, an agricultural country; yet such is the sluggishness of Dutch enterprise, and such the paralyzing influence of Dutch Government, that it is estimated that no less than seven-eighths of its surface are still unreclaimed or neglected. The inhabitants for the most part sustain themselves without difficulty on the bounty with which nature has anticipated their wants. Their domestic habitations indicate a degree of contrivance, and some notion of the picturesque

in their sites, both as to the dwellings of the humble cultivator and the farmer of the soil, that tell at once of a race of men far advanced in the career of human existence beyond the sphere of barbarism. They are also bold fishers; and in the pursuit of that occupation encounter sometimes exigencies of fear-

ful peril, as may be inferred from the anecdote related by Mr. Barrow, in his "Voyage to China," of a boatman attacked by a shark which had been previously "struck" by an English boat's crew and had escaped.

[To be continued.]



FABLES AND PARABLES.

THE CRICKET AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

"I assure you," said the cricket to the nightingale, "that my songs are not wanting in admirers." "Name them to me," said the nightingale. "The industrious reapers," answered the cricket, "listen to me with delight; and that they are the most useful part of mankind you will not dispute with me." "I will not dispute it," said the nightingale; "but for that very reason you have no cause to be proud of their approbation. Industrious folks, who have all their thoughts upon their works, cannot have much time to cultivate the finer sensations. Do not pride yourself upon your melody till the careless shepherd, who himself plays sweetly on the flute, listens to you with silent rapture."

THE OAK AND THE PIG.

A greedy pig fed upon the fruit that had fallen from a lofty oak. While he cracked one acorn, he already swallowed another with his eyes.

"Thankless beast!" exclaimed the oak-tree, at length; "I have nourished

you with my fruit, and you have never given me even one look of gratitude."

The pig stood gormandizing for a moment, and grunted out an answer. "I might possibly show you some gratitude if I knew that you had let fall your acorns on purpose for me."

THE WASPS.

Rottenness and decay were fast destroying the noble form of a war-horse that had been shot under his bold rider. Ever-active nature made use of the dead form of one of her creatures to give life to others. A swarm of young wasps flew from the tainted carcase. "What a godlike descent is ours!" exclaimed the wasps; "we are the offspring of the magnificent horse, the favorite of Neptune."

THE EAGLE.

The eagle was once asked, "Why do you rear your young ones so high in the air?"

The eagle answered, "Would they, when grown up, venture near the sun, if I reared them in some dark valley of the earth?"



SOCIAL HAPPINESS,

CONSIDERED IN THE PERSONAL RELATIONS
OF LIFE.

COURTSHIP.

HAPPINESS, under one name or other, is the great aim of all. It is a wide and various region; the ways to it seem to be many; yet how few boast that they have "struck" the boundary and entered the desired land! Perhaps more have done so than own it. Perhaps many who think that they are there, are out in their reckoning, and wandering in desert places. It is possible even that some are misled by not knowing what is "happiness." A

name is but a word, a word is a trifle; but a straw, it is said, will turn a cannon ball in its course, and if so, a victory may turn upon the straw. A name misplaced on a chart may well lead the mariner to destruction instead of safety: and, if we put down on the chart of life the Fortunate Islands in the wrong place, it is no wonder that many go astray. What then is "happiness"? Is it a dogmatical rule invented by man? Is it nothing more than pleasure? Is it an intellectual police regulation, or mere material enjoyment? or is it something greater than those, and yet a reality? We may set ourselves rules by which we "ought" to be happy; but, if we are not so, where

is the use of the rule in that respect? You may make yourself a martyr to mortifications, if that be your vocation, and sacrifice happiness; but do not vaunt your code as a manual for the felicity-seeker. No, cries the so-called Epicurean; enjoy the passing day—give me tangible pleasures; that is happiness. Is it so? Ask him, especially when he reaches the downward afternoon of life. Happiness seems to be as distinct from "pleasure" as it is from arbitrary rules of mortification, though it *may* consist with either. The man who sinks under accumulated troubles may be "happier" than the man who has "all he wants." Give to the "unfortunate" man faithful friends, an honest heart, warm affections felt and returned, and ruin itself cannot destroy his happiness, though it may his life. On the other hand, give to the "fortunate" man a callous heart, and no friends, and you deprive him not only of the chief means but of the sense of happiness. To be happy seems to consist in attaining some great good—the love of those about you, the welfare of those you love, the benefit of your kind. Mere negative moral regimen on your own part does not fulfil any such condition. Mere pleasure may actually poison that which is a great good. But this good is a something real in nature; it sways the instincts of created beings, makes man trust in man and help his fellow, shapes the universe to myriads of means and capacities for enjoyment. There is not a thing in nature but what seems to exist by virtue of some power of good, and to exist for some object of good. If we discover or make imperfections, if our crude arrangements are not always in conformity with the full development of what is good in things, it appears to be that in some way we have disturbed and frustrated the direct and simple functions of nature. That which is good, whatever it is, must be true.

Falsehood frustrates existences. It does so in two ways—first, by substituting an unreality for a reality, so that the real thing existent is superseded and put out of the account. Next, it destroys faith—faith both in the utterer of the falsehood and in him that is subjected to it, so that

things which actually exist do not command belief. This is especially the case with the utterer of falsehood. He has vitiated the medium of perception, and foregone his own faith. Thus for him reality loses its force, and things exist in vain.

Our happiness lies in those things in which we have faith, and in that which is the greatest good according to our faith. But, if its cause be not based in nature, it is likely to fail for want of that solid foundation.

No shape of good seems more certainly to exist in nature, and to fulfil the desire of the mind, than the affections commonly so called; and that which is, *par excellence*, called "love" is universally acknowledged, though strange to say, there are renegades and skeptics, who, at times, and under wayward influences, deny its power, or even its existence. Deny it! Why, even while you deny it, you acknowledge. The superannuated doubter chuckles and sneers at the "happy time" of youth, as if the happiness asserted were a something that had never been, and as if it were not a something more positive than your blank negation. Go round among the dark and squalid courts and alleys of London—listen to that hoarse and vulgar ballad-singer. What does he say? He is telling a tale of "true love," all in earnest good faith; and round about at every door stand the listeners—the squalid, the vicious, the dreary, the most "unfortunate"; yet they listen with intense and unflagging interest. The voice of love calls to them from the wilds of nature; and, like deer that have strayed, they listen to the distant call, owning the way that is still upon them.

What is this universal passion? For here, again, people differ. Is it but friendship, as the philosophic say, or something more than friendship, or less? Many account it but an acute form of feeling, which cools down to ordinary friendship; and then, they say, it has attained its worthiest shape. Others hold it to be a mere folly, a fever which disfigures friendship when that centres in the same object. One philosopher, illustrious for his powers of talking, described

love to be an "utterancy." These several doubts do not seem difficult of solution, if we do but take the trouble of looking a little closely into the facts; for even love has its facts for analysis. *Love* is a word used in many senses, and that is one source of the obscurity. Men are said to love their parents, brothers and sisters, children, and friends. This kind of sentiment we will, for the present, call *affection*; using the word only within that limit. There is the feeling which man has for woman, which we will call *passion*; speaking for the time only of that thing when we use that name. Both those sentiments may be conjoined, without producing *love*, as in the case of many marriages, where worthy people will imbibe affection from daily association, and yet not attain to that which is called love. The feelings, however, grow by what they feed on; and, supplied with opportunity and means for demonstration, they increase with the occasion. *Passion* is exalted and rendered more kindly by an influence which appeals to the mind, and mere sensual gratification borrows an exquisite sting of delight when inspired by the fire of yearning affection. On the other hand, *affection* is pained to find a means of expression; give it a language, and it starts, as it were, from the stature of infancy to ample maturity. So it is in love: *passion*, at once strengthened and refined by its office, becomes a means of expressing and indulging *affection*, which is denied to other forms of friendship: thus finding an "utterancy," the affection expands so as to occupy the whole of the heart. In this case, then, we have not the mere adjunct of passion to friendship, but, in the first place, passion is rendered more intense and exquisite, and then affection is rendered more ardent and ample; each is augmented, and the result is love — that great influence which is greater than the sum of its two ingredients, *passion* and *affection*, conceived separately and merely conjoined. This analysis explains the nature of *constancy*, which is held to be characteristic of true love. To the man who really loves, the indulgence of mere passion will have no attractions, because he will demand that passion to be exalted

and inspired by affection; if he accepts it without, he confesses that he has not tasted of that higher food; he forswears the love he has professed — it was something baser. But, if he do require that higher form of passion, then mere beauty and opportunity will not suffice; and no "charms" will equal those, inferior or "faded," though they may be in the sight of others, which to him are consecrated. True constancy is not a matter of principle, but inclination. But, again, it will be perceived that love, though it is nice and choice, is not necessarily so exclusive but what it may be felt more than once. Great wrong do they to the human heart who think that its power of love ever ceases, that "a first love" must be "the last." The potency of love must depend in some degree upon the force of passion, still more in the qualities which engender affection. Give the ingredients and the result must be produced. If in a second instance they were in excess, the second love would even be greater than the first.

It will be seen, in what we have considered, how much the strength and genuineness of love must depend upon its truth; that is, the reality of its conditions. It must depend upon the capacity of one to love, and of the other to be loved, reciprocally. To be genuine, therefore, and to survive, it must arise from the nature of the two beings as they exist. At the period when such attachments are formed, man has one great advantage for the conduct of the future, in that at the same period he most usually forms his opinions, or at least begins the process of forming them. He begins life unconsciously; but when he enters upon that second and completer stage of existence he is conscious. Too often that very fact makes him anticipate and mar some of the sources of truth and happiness; he shapes a preconceived "ideal" of "a being to be loved"; and the living creature with whom he afterwards meets must either be moulded by his arbitrary will, as near as may be, to fit that preconceived model, or must forever endure injurious comparisons with the arbitrary standard. All such ideals must be incomplete, and, therefore, de-

ceptive ; the mind fixes upon partial characteristics, leaving unnoticed great gaps in the structure of the whole character, which, if the idealist were required to fill them up, would probably be supplied with ill-contrived qualities, partaking of his own faults of taste or nature ; as, indeed, the best part of the ideal may do. No such shadow can equal a truly loving, flesh and blood, woman ; and, if you set it up between you and her, you hide her real qualities from your sight, you substitute a falsehood for a reality, and frustrate for yourself her existence. You make an imposture for your own deception, and are sure to detect it for your own disappointment. Meanwhile you prevent yourself from learning the real nature of the person whom it most concerns you to know. That nature, be assured, has its value ; but you prevent yourself from finding it out — you do your best to remain strangers to each other. Nature makes better men and women than you could do ; and so be content with what you find.

It is a common enough opinion that lovers should thoroughly know each other, in order, the presumption is, that they may not marry if unsuited in disposition. It would often be very happy if courtship were broken off on grounds so reasonable. But, unluckily, cool judgment is not the paramount influence at such times ; and perhaps, indeed, it would be a doubtful advantage if it were. Courtship, however, though there is a straight-faced etiquette which would fain forget it or pretend to forget, is one of the states of life, and often a stage of some duration. It is well if it is entered upon not merely in blindness, but with some foreknowledge of its conditions. Counsel that omits it must proportionately omit a great portion of its own utility. Positive contradiction must usually fail, because it encounters an influence too potent to be thus arbitrarily denied. The reasoning which directs men while under an irresistible influence must harmonize with that influence. You will not succeed in effecting so much good if you exhort lovers to know each other in order to part, as you will in telling them that a thorough knowledge is es-

sential to a thorough union. The first essential for happiness seems to be faith ; but faith overrides judgment, and runs its risks. The breaking off of courtship, however, is not the only use in lovers thoroughly knowing each other. By that means each will be able to ascertain what the other *is* ; and knowing a nature exhibited to the regard in full trust, and under the tenderest impulses, is to attain the best knowledge — not only the most favorable knowledge, but really the deepest ; for the good part of a man's character is the positive part ; that which accords with the universal beneficence ; the worst part is the negative ; the vices being defects of training or development. At first it may be that youth will confide in older friends ; but, as the union draws closer, as the knowledge becomes more intimate, so must esteem and trust increase — we are supposing that the love is real — and the confidence between two affianced lovers must be greater than any which can exist between those in a less endearing relation. Whether it "ought" to be so or not, it must be so ; for each must feel that, whether "he or she" wills it or not, the other holds "his or her" happiness in keeping ; and where so much *must* be trusted, all else may very well be trusted too.

This admission that a mutual knowledge is essential to lasting love does not at all deny the existence of love "at first sight," which is apt to be doubted by those who have not felt it. Yet there is nothing in the conditions to love which forbids its conception at first sight. On the contrary, faith is an essential in love ; and where the signs of passion and affection are strong, as they are at times in the freshness and simplicity of youth, a congenial disposition may readily catch at a glance the qualities that engage, and trust in their reality. If they happen to be real, "love at first sight" will be confirmed. But fearful mistakes may be made in such hasty conclusions. There can be no lasting affection without knowledge.

That idolatry which is sometimes paid by the suitor is, as much as the subjection which the mistress will exact to her caprices, a breach of the truth. Sometimes

these follies are reversed—the man is capricious and the woman idolizing. There may be real love, often is, in those who err in such matters; but it is hurt, not exalted. It is natural, when emotions so tender are newly conceived, that there should be a solicitude and difficulty in expressing them; and some extravagance of language may be pardoned, as being less an exaggeration than an inept way of expression. But, when the idolatry goes to the extent of seeking to purchase favor by feeding the vanity, it manifestly degrades the object sought to be exalted; for it actually aims at fostering a vice. And, inasmuch even as it avows an abasement in the idolater, it violates the sanctity of love, which delights in equality and reciprocity. It is, besides, an unreal thing, a thing not founded in the actual relation of man to woman, and, therefore, it is not made to last. And look, what miserable contrast it prepares: too often the idolatry of the lover is followed by the indifference or harshness of the husband. A woman will scarcely like to see her lover kneeling at her feet in adoration, when she re-

flects that in that posture she does not see the generous manly heart as it really is and as it must remain to her.

Harshness and mistrust are still more flagrant breaches of loving truth. "Lovers' quarrels" are proverbially piquant and delicious for their reconciliation. The reconciliation may be delicious. The ungenerous suitor may, by the alarm of a quarrel and the tenderness of the "making up," surprise his mistress out of an unwonted show of tenderness; but the quarrel itself has left its scar, the trick grows stale, and a time comes when the reconciliation does not always follow. Meanwhile, bitter words poison the lips that should taste only of sweets. The truest lovers never quarrel, not even for jealousy, that vulgar counterfeit of tender solicitude. Jealousy is one of the most odious taints of truth. Either it is well-founded, and love, having already failed on one side, is frustrated; or, if ill-founded, it is a desecrating insult. There may be moments of doubt in the earlier days of a suit that the most honest hearts may feel, but they should be determined or chased away.



THE SULTAN AND THE SIPAHY.

THE risk of fire arising from several hundred thousand lighted pipes or pieces of charcoal and tinder, burning in every direction throughout a wood-built city, like Constantinople, is sufficient to justify the attempts made by divers sultans to abolish smoking. But no sovereign waged war upon pipes and their attendant coffee more inveterately than Murad IV. He hunted down smokers, coffee-drinkers, and opium-eaters, with relentless severity. If delinquents, high or low, were caught in the act of smoking, their heads inevitably paid forfeit. Murad often went forth tebdil (disguised), on purpose to watch if the police did its duty, or to see if he could fall in with individuals, bold enough to infringe his edicts. On one of these occasions he is said to have met with an adventure calculated to diminish his passion for these experiments. Having disguised himself as a simple citizen, he passed over to Scrutari in a common kayik, and prowled around the caravansaries, where strangers arrive from the interior. Not having discovered a single defaulter, he took his place, to return, in one of the large passage-boats, by the side of a sipahy, who had come from Kutaya to claim arrears of pay. In the course of the passage the trooper produced a short pipe, lit it, and commenced smoking. Upon seeing this, Murad could scarcely contain his anger; but, as the man was in his power, he resolved to amuse himself at his expense, so he leaned aside, and said to him in a whisper, "By the prophet's head, yoldash (comrade), you must be a bold man! Have you not heard of the Sultan's edicts? Look, we are within sight of the palace. Take care of your head!" "If the Sultan neglects to pay his soldiers, or to furnish them with more substantial food, they must needs sustain themselves by other means," replied the sipahy; the Prophet has said that starvation by other hands is homicide; by one's own suicide, which is worse than homicide. My tobacco is good—it is raya tribute. Bismillah! it is at your service." Upon this, Murad, pretending to look around, as if in fear of being detected, drew his

pelisse over his face, took the pipe, and smoked away lustily; then, returning the forbidden luxury to the soldier, he exclaimed, "Kardash! (brother) you seem to be a most liberal man! It is a pity you are not more discreet. To speak truth, however, I also am fond of my pipe, and laugh at the Padishah's beard in private. But heads are heads after all, and do not sprout like young figs. So take my advice, and be cautious when you reach the city." "Man can die but once, and each has his appointed day," retorted the sipahy. "I may as well die, my mouth filled with smoke, as with an empty stomach. It is well for him who wants neither bread nor salt to deprive others of this substitute for food; but the day will come when, Inshallah, he will broil for it." "Allah, Allah! this is a most incorrigible rebel and blasphemer. He shall be impaled with his own pipe-stick!" ejaculated the Sultan aside; then, he added, in a half-whisper, "Speak lower; speak lower, Effendimiz (our Lord) has long ears." "And so have all the asses in Stambol," retorted the sturdy trooper; "but his braying may not keep him from following the road taken by Sultan Osman." The boat now touched the shore, and it was nearly dark. The sipahy jumped on land, closely followed by Murad, who, when they had advanced a few paces, stopped the soldier, saying, "Your looks please me, and your language proves you to be a brave man. You are a stranger. I will find you lodging. Come; I and my friends care not the husk of an almond for the Sultan; we will enjoy our pipes." The trooper looked around for a moment, and seeing no one near, answered thus:—"Hark, ye friend! I do not like your looks. I have heard of this Sultan's pranks. He shoots men with arrows as others shoot dogs. There is honey in your speech, but gall in your eye. You are either a spy or the Sultan himself. If the first, you merit a rope; if the other, worse than a rope. None but rascals would lure starving men to death. But, whether spy or Padishah, you shall have your deserts." Whereupon he took forth his short mace, and administered a most severe cudgelling to the despot.

Then, bounding away with the speed of a gazelle, he disappeared among the narrow streets, leaving Murad foaming with rage, and with half-broken bones. Having rejoined his attendants, who were waiting at an appointed spot, the Sultan concealed his adventure and retired, bruised and infuriated, to the Seraglio. There he forthwith issued orders for beheading the chief of the police of Tophana, and for bastinading all his tchaoosh for not being upon the watch. Next morning he sent for the vizir, and without disclosing what had happened, commanded him to issue a proclamation, offering ten purses of gold and free pardon to a sipahy, who, on the previous night, had beaten a citizen near the landing-place of Tophana, provided that he would present himself forthwith to the Bostanjy Bashy. But the sipahy, recollecting that heads did not sprout like green figs, never made his appearance, and Murad thenceforth took care not to stir out, unless closely followed by his bash tebdil and other disguised and confidential guards.—*Three Years in Constantinople.*

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

THERE is no part of the phenomena of science more interesting and less understood than those of spontaneous combustion. That many substances will heat and suddenly break into flame without the immediate contact or proximity of heat or flame is a fact very well known, although the causes or circumstances of its occurrence are less understood. Theory, indeed, little help us out in the matter; and Leibig has made a statement not less true than startling, that all organic substances are in a state of slow combustion—a change to which all substances on the earth are progressing. It will suffice for our purpose to know that, as heat is known to be the result of chemical combination, so some change takes place in the matters which are inflamed, by which sufficient heat is generated to set fire and consume the mass. The facts in spontaneous combustion are

widely scattered throughout the columns of our periodicals and journals, although no particular condition seems necessary to induce the phenomena, in some dryness, and in some moisture, appearing to be essential. The condition most prevalent is the presence of some light textile or fibrous substance in connection with oily matters.

At the head of the list is pigeons' dung and the excrement of many birds. The heating properties of the former are well known to most fanciers. A writer as old as Galen says, that the dung of a pigeon takes fire, when it becomes rotten, and that one was sufficient to set fire to a whole house. Father Casati, a Jesuit, says that it was from the dung of doves, great quantities of whom built in the tower of the great Church at Pisa, that sprung the fire which consumed the said church. Of this class is guano, the probability of which was first pointed out by Mr. Booth from the chemical nature of the substance. A confirmatory instance occurred a week or two since in the case of the ship *Ann*, from Ichaboe, the crew of which was picked up by the *Water Witch*, Hull steamer. In this case the cargo inflamed by the leakage of the vessel, and an explosion took place by the liberation of the gas. At the late meeting of the British Archæological Association at Canterbury, in connection with the reading of a paper on the former destruction of the cathedral by fire, Dr Buckland alluded to the large accumulation of the dung of pigeons and other birds in the upper part of the building, and, in confirming the views of Mr. Booth, said that causes were in existence which, aided by the occurrence of a thunder-storm, might again lay the venerable building in ashes, no one knowing the why or wherefore.

As spontaneous combustion is the not infrequent occupation of fires in buildings in which large quantities of matters liable to it are contained, it may be interesting to state a condition attending them which has not previously been noticed. The fire occurs so suddenly and violently that all parts of the building are inflamed simultaneously. Such was the case with the late fires at the Dover Railway station, and at the Tower of

London. In the evidence given before the committee of the Board of Ordnance, on the latter, one witness testified positively to the commencement of the fire at one end, and another to the other end, so sudden was the outbreak. Now, this occurs from the circumstance which is discovered, that in the incipient stages of decomposition each particle is surrounded by an atmosphere of light gases of a highly combustible nature. Combustion once taking place, the atmosphere suddenly bursts into a blaze with the rapidity of the fire damp, which phenomenon it much resembles; the combustible matter is in a blaze, and the building on fire without any chance of its preservation.

The phenomenon of the combustion of horsedung and stable litter is well known, as is that of hay when stacked up damp. It is said that this will always take place if a piece of iron becomes accidentally mixed with it, and that a few handfuls of salt sprinkled in the different layers will effectually prevent decomposition. A peculiar electrical state of the atmosphere is very favorable to its development. Occasionally we hear of fires being very prevalent in certain districts, all assigned to incendiarism. The latter may be true to a certain extent, but in 1841 fires in haystacks were very rife, particularly in Suffolk. It was found that the peculiar electrical circumstances of the air, and the condition under which the crops were gathered, were such as to render it peculiarly liable to spontaneous combustion—that, in fact, this phenomenon would be, as it were, endemic throughout the district. Cases of incendiarism certainly were proved, and doubtless there were bad and disaffected spirits who took the phenomena of nature as a hint to spread the mischief. About three years since fires at cotton-warehouses and ships were very common at Liverpool, and several were destroyed under very mysterious circumstances. Most likely the cause was in the condition of the cotton crops when gathered, a circumstance rendered more probable that since that period none have occurred.

Charcoal in a minute state of division is liable to self-ignition, a circumstance which has produced fires in gunpowder

manufactories. The combustion of lamp-black alone or mixed with oil is well known, and it requires great care in its preservation. Amongst other light substances may be mentioned oatmeal, an interesting instance of which is given in "The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal."

It was that of a gentleman who, going into the country for some days, closed his house, leaving a cask containing oatmeal which luckily was placed in a brick aperture in the wall. On his return the chief part of the barrel, with its contents, was found consumed, but, as it was not in contact with any combustible substance, no mischief resulted from it. Fires have occurred in granaries and bakers' shops from finely divided flour, though not from spontaneous combustion. When in this finely divided state it will ignite with the rapidity of lycopodium used for procuring artificial lighting at the theatres, on contact with a light.

The spontaneous ignition of cotton will occur if it be stacked up damp, or if by any accident it should become impregnated with oil. In 1815 a ship from Philadelphia, when unloading its cotton in the King's Dock at Liverpool, took fire. It appeared from the statement of one of the crew that whilst loading the vessel he had accidentally spilt a bottle of oil upon one of the bales, which was stowed away without any notice being taken of it. Incipient decomposition had thus been going on during the voyage, which the free admission of air by the removal of the superincumbent bales soon fanned into a flame. Cotton, in many stages of its preparation for dyeing, has its tendency for spontaneous ignition increased; but the most destructive of all is shoddy or cotton waste, as the fatal experience of the manufacturing districts too largely shows. Along with shoddy, the accumulation of cotton or any substance used in wiping oil from machinery, cannot be too greatly guarded against. Old rags take fire in marine-store shops from being impregnated with oil. Amongst other light fibrous or textile substances which will ignite by the mere contact of oil, are hemp and flax and any light hempen substances. A curious case of the latter is given by Mr. James Gullau

in "The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal." A gentleman purchased from a dealer a basket to hold sample bottles, which, having a hole in it, he stopped up with a piece of waste cloth on which some painters had wiped their brushes. Having been used, it was carelessly and loosely thrown away behind a number of other baskets and rubbish in his cellar adjoining the counting-house. One morning the proprietor, being below, noticed a powerful smell of something burning, which, on examination, turned out to be the basket thus spontaneously fired from the heating of the oily cloth, and, had no one been present, the building must inevitably have been destroyed. Paints have been found in a state of accension in painters' shops, and the contact of drying oils with light fibrous matters cannot be too much guarded against.

Several fires which occurred in succession at the Dockyards and Arsenal, and on board several of the ships of war, at St. Petersburg, stimulated the Empress Catherine to order the Imperial Academy of Sciences to investigate the subject. A committee of this body made a very important series of experiments on the subject, who proved that it was owing to the use of hemp which had been largely impregnated with oil. Some of the refuse had been used by the poorer persons in stopping the crevices of their houses, and these without exception met the same fate. A fire was discovered at its commencement at a store in Newfoundland, which arose from the heating of some loose hemp which, having been used to wipe up some oil which had been spilt on the floor, and carelessly thrown behind some loose packages. Fires in *rôpe-walks* from this circumstance are not uncommon. Cere-cloth and some fabrics of table-covers may also be named.

Some few years ago the officers at the Dockyard at Brest were alarmed by the sudden smell of fire. On examination it was found to issue from the centre of a bale of sail-cloth, and the incipient fire was promptly extinguished. The workmen said that a similar accident had occurred many years previously, but that, not being aware that the material would take fire of itself, they had concealed the

accident for fear of being taxed with negligence and punished accordingly. Tarpaulin badly prepared and loosely laid together in heaps has taken fire spontaneously; and in the autumn of 1842 a fire occurred in a heap of netting to be used for covering fruit-trees, which was too much impregnated with oil. Along with dangerous processes of this nature may be named those connected with the floor-cloth manufacture, from the first stage of the rude lampblack to the last stage before the varnish is employed.

Wool and woollen-cloth will ignite spontaneously; cases have been known in which bales of the coats known as south-westers have thus been destroyed. A fabric called the emperor's stuff, made in France in the last century, was particularly liable to this phenomenon. During the revolutionary wars in France, a merchant, to preserve his property, among which was a large quantity of bales of woollen-cloth, concealed it in a cave or under-ground excavation. On re-opening it the whole of the interior of the cloth was found to be charred, showing that combustion had slowly gone on, which, stimulated by an active current of air, would have burst into a blaze.

Many vegetable substances boiled in oil and afterwards hung out to dry will ignite spontaneously. Of these are certain descriptions of dye-stuffs, particularly madder. There are two well-authenticated instances of ships having been set on fire from the spontaneous heating of saffron in their holds, a fact probably to be accounted for in the circumstance that saffron, as brought into the London markets, is largely adulterated with oil, to give it a more shining and marketable appearance.

Many vegetable substances acquire a property of heating from torrefaction. Of this kind are coffee and chocolate nuts, peas, beans, and lentils. Torrefied bran applied in a bag round the neck of a horse was formerly a very celebrated remedy for many complaints in the neck of a horse, and has killed many a horse and burned many a stable. Well-authenticated instances have been recorded of fire occurring from dry sawdust in car-

penters' shops and public-houses, with which oil has become accidentally mixed.

A curious case lately occurred in which a package of pictures, painted on coarse canvass, suddenly caught fire on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway. No cause could be assigned but that of a spontaneous combustion, which was considered to be a very adequate explanation of the phenomenon.

Some description of coals, of which is that kind called pyritous or containing much sulphur, ignites spontaneously when exposed to the action of water. The phenomenon is well known to miners, and often takes place in the interior of the earth, forming subterranean fires. The spontaneous ignition of coals has often been the cause of fires in ships carrying them out in store, and in magazines, particularly in India, so that too much care cannot be taken in their selection for exportation.

Such are some of the circumstances under which spontaneous combustion will take place, as has been proved in well-authenticated instances. Their occurrence is uncertain and mysterious, but in their examination we may find the solution of many a fire in which a great outlay of property has been destroyed.

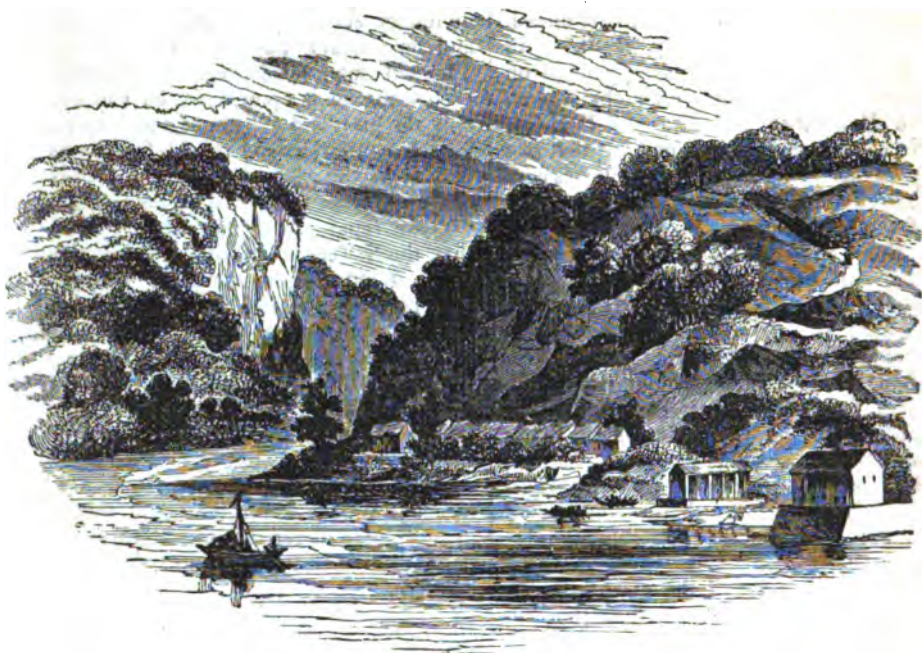
POVERTY.—I cannot but choose to say to poverty, "Be welcome, so thou come not too late in life!" Riches weigh more heavily on talent than poverty. Under gold mountains and thrones lie many spiritual giants. When, to the flame that the natural heat of youth kindles, the oil of riches is added, little more than the ashes of the phoenix remains; and only a Goethe has had the forbearance not to singe his phoenix wings at the sun of fortune. For with much gold the poor professor would not have had much genial warmth in his youth. Fate does with the poet as we with singing birds, and overhangs the cage with darkness until he sings the tune we would have him sing. But preserve, just Providence, the old man from want! for hoary years

have already bent him low, and he can no longer stand upright with the youth and bear heavy burdens on his head. The old man needs rest in the earth even while he is upon it, for he can use only the past and a little of the future; for the future does not reflect for him as in a glass the blooming present. Only two steps from the couch of his last and deepest repose, with no other curtain than the flowers about the grandfather's chair of old age, he would yet slumber and rest a little, and, half asleep, open his eyes once more upon the ancient stars and fields of his youth. And I have no objection, since he has made his best preparations for the other world, if now, in the morning, he should rejoice over his breakfast, and in the evening take comfort in his bed, and now, when he is a second time a child, the world should appear again under the innocent form of delight in which it first came before him.

Richter.

FRIENDSHIP.—A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.—*Bacon.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Three hundred captives were once brought before a conqueror, who ordered them to be put to death, when a youth among them exclaimed, "Let us not, O Sultan, die thirsty." He commanded them water, and they all drank; when the youth exclaimed, "O King, we are thy guests, and we know that thou respectest the rights of hospitality." And the King released them immediately.



NIAGARA DISTRICT, WESTERN CANADA.

PART I.

QUEENSTOWN is situated on the Niagara River, or more properly Strait, about seven miles above the Falls, and six from the shores of Lake Ontario. There is a good and pleasant road parallel to the river from Fort Erie on the lake of the same name, through Queens-town, to Newark, on Lake Ontario. The length of the Niagara Strait is thirty-five miles: by this outlet the waters of Lake Erie flow into Ontario, passing in their course over the tremendous cataract. A succession of severe actions between the Americans and the British took place in 1812, 1813, and 1814, on the banks of the Niagara: and one of the most desperate occurred within two miles of the Falls. The circumstances attending this contest were peculiarly calculated to show the hateful effects of war, as they aroused all those bad passions which seem tenfold more bitter in a border-warfare, when

the ties of neighborhood and kindred are disregarded, and their obligations violated. The militia on both sides being called out, neighbors were fighting against each other—a husband against the father of his wife, and against her brothers. Every town on the frontier was destroyed, either by one or other of the belligerent parties. In October, 1812, the American and British forces encountered each other at Queenstown, which was the scene of a sanguinary contest. The spot where the English general, Sir Isaac Brock, fell on this occasion is marked by a monument erected to his memory. It is one hundred and twenty-six feet high, and stands two hundred and seventy feet above the level of the Niagara stream, which runs just below it, so that it commands a noble view, thus described by Miss Martineau, in her ‘Retrospect of Western Travel:’—“To the left a prodigious sweep of forests terminates in blue Canadian hills. On the right is the American shore. There stands the village of Lewiston (opposite Queens-town,) with its winding descent to the

ferry. At our feet lay Queenstown, its sordidness being lost in distance, and its long street presenting the appearance of an English village. The green river rushes between its lofty wooded banks, which suddenly widen at Queenstown, causing the waters to spread and relax their speed, while making their way with three or four bends to the lake. We saw the white church of Niagara, rising above the woods some miles off; and beyond, the vast lake, its waters grey on the horizon. There was life in this magnificent scene. The ferry-boat was buffeted by the waves; groups were in waiting on either side the ferry; and teams were in the fields." The portress was an active little Irishwoman, delighted to meet any one from the "old country;" and yet some short time before some travellers (English) had thrown down a telescope belonging to her from the top of the monument, and when she asked for payment received only abuse!

About half-way between the Falls and Queenstown there is a remarkable whirlpool, of which little notice is taken in the note-books of travellers, whose attention is too much occupied by the grandeur of the Falls. The whirlpool is most probably caused by extensive cavernous hollows in the rocky bed of the river in which the waters are partially engulfed. Millions of tons of water are precipitated over the Falls every hour, and yet here the Niagara is pent up within a narrow channel not exceeding one hundred yards in width. Mr. Buckingham mentions, in his recent work on the United States of America, that "so completely is the current carried round in the circular whirlings that water assumes in any vortex having a large outlet at its base, that trees, beams, and branches of wood are carried round and round for hours in succession in its centre, sometimes descending out of sight, and reappearing again near the same place broken into fragments. It is compared by those who have seen both to the celebrated Maelstrom of Norway, but is on a smaller scale." In Cotton's 'Tour of the Lakes' there is a harrowing account of a boat having by acci-

dent come within range of the whirlpool, and an unfortunate person being hurried round the vortex many times before the final catastrophe, while his friends on shore could render him no assistance. The Strait is so narrow at this point, that a stone has been thrown across from the American to the Canadian side, and a suspension-bridge has been projected as a means of communication between them. The rocky cliff on either side is about two hundred and fifty feet high, and the width less than that over which the bridges at Menai and Clifton are suspended. As it would overhang the whirlpool, it is thought that the cost would be reimbursed by the payments of persons visiting the spot. There is a railway from Lewiston to Buffalo.

Immediately after passing the elevated plateau of Queenstown Heights, the land shelves abruptly towards the shores of Lake Ontario, distant five or six miles, in a manner which at once arrests the attention of the geologist. The table-land, three hundred feet high, is broken by a precipice, parallel to the lake. There is little doubt that this was once the boundary of its southern shore. Colonel Whittlesey, a scientific geologist and surveyor, who was officially appointed to examine this region, gives the following grounds for this supposition, which also account for the existence of the Falls. The table-land, it is to be observed, on both sides of the Niagara Strait, namely, at Queenstown and Lewiston, is level with Lake Erie. The line where it is abruptly broken is traceable for more than a hundred miles parallel with Lake Ontario, east of the Niagara, and Colonel Whittlesey thinks still farther, to the head of the St. Lawrence, at the Thousand Isles, or even to the Heights of Abraham at Quebec, and the Falls of Montmorency. "At this latter spot, and so on up the Thousand Isles above, some mighty rupture of the rocky beds beneath seems to have occurred by some convulsion of nature, and thus furnished a passage or drain for the Upper Lakes into the Atlantic. The time when this convulsion occurred must have been simultaneous with the production of the Falls of Niagara,

which until then were a part of the shores of the two lakes, which here silently commingled their waters, until the sudden rupture and draining below threw the momentum of the mighty flood from the *now* table-land, and *then* lake-bed, at Queenstown, down the high precipice or naked shore, and thus excavated for itself the deep channel of Niagara river from this point to the diminished basin of Ontario. From Queenstown, the Falls, in course of time, by gradually, as they now hourly do, breaking off the shelving calcareous rock, worked their way naturally up to their present position, seven miles above, and will ultimately penetrate into Lake Erie; when another draining will take place, of Erie, Huron, and Michigan, both which latter are also doubtless diminished basins, up to the Sault St. Mary, or Low Falls, which divides these Lower Lakes from the great inland sea of Lake Superior. When that event occurs, another Niagara will in the same way be formed at this passage into Lake Superior and so the mighty work will proceed, until our lakes, which none of them have great rivers of their own to supply the present constant draining of the St. Lawrence, and by evaporation, will shrink to minor pools, leaving, ultimately, their rich beds bare, to become the seats of civilization and of a vast population." Such are the speculations which a view of the neighborhood of Queenstown suggests to the geologist and philosopher.

At the embouchure of the Niagara into Lake Ontario its breadth is about a quarter of a mile. The entrance is defended by two forts, one on the Canadian, and the other on the American side. When Mrs. Jameson was in Canada, just before the last troubles, the British forces in the Canadian fort consisted of three privates and a corporal, with rusty firelocks and damaged guns. She mistook the fort for a dilapidated brewery. This lady gives a very charming picture of the beauties of Ontario: "This beautiful Lake Ontario!" she exclaims, — "my lake — for I begin to be in love with it, and look on it as mine! It changed its hues every mo-

ment, the shades of purple and green fleeting over it, now dark, now lustrous, now pale — like a dolphin dying; or, to use a more exact though less poetical comparison, dappled, and varying like the back of a mackerel, with every now and then a streak of silver light dividing the shades of green; magnificent, tumultuous clouds came rolling round the horizon; and the little graceful schooners, falling into every beautiful attitude, and catching every variety of light and shade, came curtsying into the bay; and flights of wild geese, and great black loons were skimming, diving, sporting over the bosom of the lake; and beautiful little unknown birds, in gorgeous plumage of crimson and black, were fluttering about the garden: all life and light and beauty were abroad in the resurrection of Nature;" This was written when the long Canadian winter was just over.

A LEARNED WIFE. — A person coming to a mosque beheld his wife in conversation with a strange man, and, entering, desired her to come away. The woman replied, "It is written in our sacred koran, 'Thou shalt not command in any house but thy own.'" The husband asked what she was about. "Ask no questions," replied the wife, "for the scripture says, 'Thou shalt not inquire about what does not concern thee.'" He again ordered her to come away, when she exclaimed, "The holy book declares that mosques belong to God; disturb not, therefore, his temple." He attempted to seize her, and she replied, "The Scripture says, whoever is in a mosque, to that person it is an asylum." The husband was now confounded, and said, "Plague upon a learned wife! She has begun to study the koran, and, I fancy, is come here to finish it."

MANY MEN, especially such as affect gravity, have a manner after other men's speech to shake their heads. Sir Lionel Cranfield would say, "It was as men shake a bottle, to see if there were any wit in their head or no." — *Bacon*.



THE ROSE.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

I.

In his tower sate the poet,
Gazing on the roaring sea :
" Take this rose," he sigh'd, " and throw it
Where there's none that loveth me.

" On the rock the billow bursteth
And sinks back into the seas ;
But in vain my spirit thirsteth
So to burst and be at ease.

" Take, oh sea ! the tender blossom
That hath lain against my breast,
On thy black and angry bosom
It will find a surer rest.

Life is vain and love is hollow,
Ugly death stands there behind,
Hate and scorn and hunger follow
Him that toileth for his kind."

Forth into the night he hur'd it,
And with bitter an ile did mark
How the surly tempest whirl'd it
Swift into the hungry dark.

Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
And the gale with dreary moan
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
Through the breakers all alone.

II.

Stands a maiden on the morrow,
Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope and half in sorrow,
Tracing words upon the sand

" Shall I ever then behold him,
Who hath been my life so long ;
Ever to this sick heart fold him,
Be the spirit of his song ?

" Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
I have traced upon thy shore ;
Spare his name whose spirit fetters
Mine with love for evermore ! "

Swells the tide and overflows it,
But, with omen pure and sweet,
Brings a little rose, and throws it
Humbly at the maiden's feet.

Full of bliss she takes the token,
And, upon her snowy breast,
Soothes the ruffled petals broken
With the ocean's fierce unrest.

" Love is thine, oh heart ! and surely
Peace shall also be thine own,
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone."

III.

In his tower sits the poet :
Blisses new and strange to him
Fill his heart and overflow it
With a wonder sweet and dim.

Up the beach the ocean slideth
With a whisper of delight,
And the moon in silence glideth
Through the peaceful blue of night.

Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
Flows a maiden's golden hair,
Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,
Kiss his moonlit forehead bare.

"Love is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind.
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.

"Hope is truth,—the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul for ever liveth
Nearer God from day to day."

Not a word the maiden utter'd,
Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
But a wither'd roseleaf flutter'd
Down upon the poet's cheek.

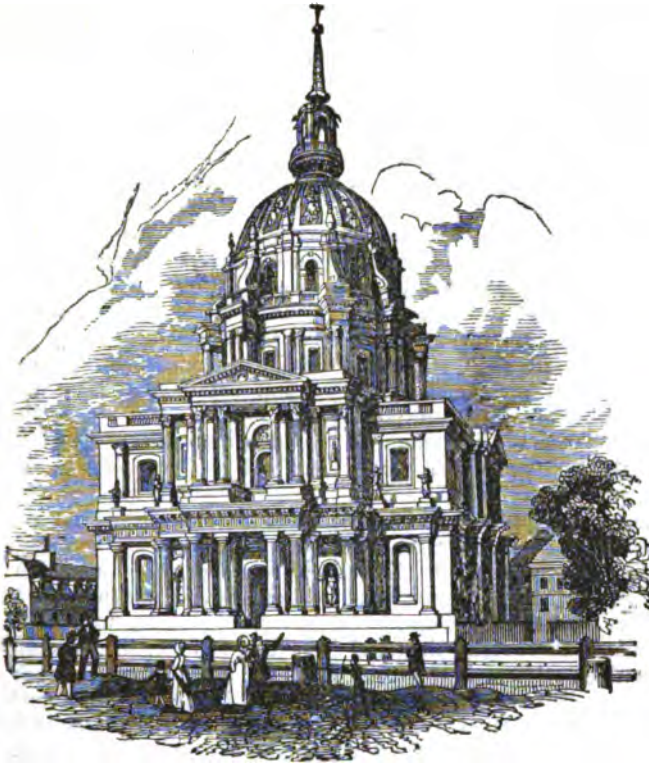


SINGULAR AND VORACIOUS FISH IN THE ORONOKA.—Returning to the water's edge, the captain related to us an incident which gave us a warning against bathing in those parts. He had been seated on a stone, washing at the river's edge, when a caribe fish sprung out of the water, fastened on him sharply, and was with difficulty shaken off. The caribe fish is about six inches long, and generally remains at the bottom; but if blood be dropped in the river, immediately thousands of those fish will rise at it; and if man or beast enter the water bleeding, so numerous are they, and so sharp their triangular mouths, that it is considered far easier to escape from a crocodile or boa; in fact, they make short work of their victim. A bleeding man attempting to swim a river where these little cannibals abound, has very little chance of holding together for more than a few strokes; he is literally torn to mince-meat. It is, however, a consolatory piece of retribution that the caribe is himself esteemed a peculiar delicacy. — *Colburn's Magazine*.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE OF A SOLDIER.—We heard at a distance a feeble

voice appealing to us for succor. Touched by his plaintive cries, some soldiers approached the spot, and to their astonishment saw a French soldier stretched on the ground with both his legs broken. "I was wounded," said he, "on the day of the great battle. I fainted from the agony which I endured; and, on recovering my senses, I found myself in a desolate place, where no one could hear my cries, or afford me relief. For two months I daily dragged myself to the brink of a rivulet, where I fed on the grass and roots, and some morsels of bread which I found among the dead bodies. At night I lay down under the shelter of some dead horses. To-day, seeing you at a distance, I summoned my strength, and happily crawled sufficiently near your route to make myself heard." While the surrounding soldiers were expressing their surprise, the general, who was informed of an occurrence so singular and so touching, placed the unfortunate wretch in his own carriage. — *History of the Invasion of Russia by Napoleon*.

POETRY is the feeling of a former world and a future. — *Bryon*.



HOTEL DES INVALIDES, PARIS.

THE geographical position of France renders the organization of its military power one of the most important objects of its domestic policy. After a peace of thirty years, the budget of the minister of war swallows up nearly one-fourth of the national taxes, and the standing army withdraws above three hundred thousand men from productive industry; besides which there are nearly six million persons enrolled as liable to serve among the national guards. Before the stranger has been long in Paris, he will have discovered that the military spirit is one of the most striking characteristics of the French people. It predominates over every other form of life in the picturesque capital of France. The population may be said to rise to the sound of the *revillé* as in a great camp, and the drums beat the evening "tattoo" in every part of the city. At night, as the solitary passenger

proceeds to his home, he meets patrols of the municipal guard, or is perhaps challenged by sentinels on duty at the different posts. The numerous guard-houses correspond to the "stations" of the London police. A review of the national guards and garrison of Paris on the Boulevards exhibits on a magnificent scale the pomp and circumstance of military display. These gay and beautiful thoroughfares are admirably adapted for such a purpose. Battalion after battalion marches past accompanied by its band, and if the spectator is placed so as to command a view of the advancing host as they come in procession apparently interminable, their arms glittering in the rays of a sun of unclouded splendor, he will acknowledge that few spectacles can be finer. Added to the scene itself are the historical recollections which belong to the capital of France, and the brilliant military renown which the French arms have acquired. But these are chiefly the

commercial classes, the shopkeepers and artisans of Paris, who are moving past him with so martial an appearance, and it is impossible not to feel that the military genius of the French is a great power in the world for good or evil, and that the course of European history cannot but be modified by its influence. The garrison of Paris is usually composed of about thirty thousand men, and sometimes even of forty thousand, who are lodged in thirty-five barracks in different parts of the capital. The Paris national guards consists of twelve legions of infantry, of four battalions each, and there is a legion of cavalry of several squadrons. The number of armed citizens is about fifty thousand. The municipal guards, though under the direction of the prefect of police, are a military force, and comprise about fifteen hundred infantry and cavalry, remarkable for their soldier-like appearance. Even the firemen, between six and seven hundred in number, wear a military uniform. Here then we have above eighty thousand soldiers and citizen-soldiers in a population less than one-half the population of London! If the organization of London resembled that of Paris, instead of a few hundreds of the Guards and between three and four thousand policemen, we should have a garrison of sixty thousand troops of the line distributed in several barracks situated in every part of the metropolis; and a hundred thousand merchants, shopkeepers, clerks, and respectable artisans, who could be assembled on grand occasions in military uniform, and of whom a certain number would be always on duty, mounting guard along with the household troops, while drilling, marching, reviewing, and other exercises which are requisite in gaining precision in military duties, would be continually going on. Every one will see that the existence of such a system in London would be intolerable under any other circumstances short of some dire national calamity. The deductions from the time of the citizen and the interference with his pursuits, which are involved in the organization of a national guard, are, we suppose, cheerfully submitted to in Paris; and the impossibility

of fancying such a state of things in London indicates very fully the difference, both social and mental, which prevail in the two capitals. We lose, it is true, the splendor of military spectacles: at a "grand review" for the gratification of a great northern prince who recently visited this country, there were, as it was remarked, about as many troops assembled as daily mount guard at his palace; but these displays may be very cheerfully dispensed with when they can only exist in connection with the predominance of the sword, and the intrusion of the camp and its spirit, upon domestic life.

Our object at present, however, is to give some account of the Hôtel des Invalides, the military hospital of France. An old soldier re-enters society under disadvantages so great as almost to preclude him from filling his part with success. He has been so long accustomed to form a part of a machine that he is disqualified for independent action, and he loses himself for want of guidance. He makes a bad colonist, generally speaking, and too often a bad member of society. Retired Uncle Tobys are not sufficient in number to afford an asylum for the more numerous Corporal Trims who require a resting-place in old age, and both policy and humanity dictate the necessity of establishing public institutions for the reception of the old veterans. In the sixteenth century the old and disabled soldiers in France had no other resource but the charity of the monasteries of royal foundation. In 1596 Henry IV. converted a convent in one of the faubourgs of Paris into an hospital for military invalids, but the institution, which was removed to another situation by Louis XIII., remained on a small scale for nearly a century. The long wars of Louis XIV. rendered it necessary to make provision for a larger number of old soldiers, and in 1670 the foundation of the Invalides was laid, the king reserving to himself the honor of being its sole benefactor by prohibiting legacies being left for its support. The main building, including the first church, was completed in 1706. Chelsea Hospital was begun a few years later, in 1682, and was completed some years earlier. The second church or

dome of the Invalides, a view of which is given in the cut, was also completed in 1706, and was intended for the celebration of military rejoicings and festivals. Additions have been made from time to time to the buildings, which now cover an area of sixteen acres. The Hôtel des Invalides is almost the only public building in Paris which has always been retained for its original uses. The first Revolution changed only its name, and the Hôtel became the Temple of Humanity, while under the Empire it was called the Temple of Mars; but at the Restoration the old name again came officially into use.

The Hôtel des Invalides is situated on the right bank of the Seine, on the south side of Paris. It is approached by an esplanade, which extends from the quay on the Seine, and measures 1440 feet by 780. The fountain in the centre of the esplanade was formerly ornamented with the bronze lion taken from St. Mark's at Venice, which was restored at the peace of 1815, and is now replaced by a statue of Lafayette. On the north front there is a wide terrace laid out as a garden and bounded by a *fosse*. On the south front of the dome church there is a small green esplanade, beyond which are avenues of trees branching in various directions. The front of the Hôtel is 612 feet in length, and presents three projecting masses. The central part is decorated with Ionic pilasters, which support an arch ornamented with military trophies, in which is a bas-relief of Louis XIV. on horseback. The windows of this front are formed of a cuirass surmounted by a helmet and surrounded by a mantle, a circular window being pierced in the middle of each cuirass. The architectural decorations throughout are of a military character wherever they could with propriety be made so. The gateway in the centre leads to the Court Royale, which is 312 feet by 192. This quadrangle consists of four piles of buildings with central projections, and pavilions at the angles. There are besides other courts; but a minute detail of the plan and of the architectural designs would scarcely be intelligible if only briefly given. The first church, called l'Église Ancienne, is

66 feet high, 210 feet long by 40 in its least and 72 feet in its greatest breadth, and consists of a single nave, with low side aisles supporting a gallery. The flags taken by the French from the enemy are deposited in this church. They are chiefly Spanish and Portuguese, with some from Algiers, and there are two or three English standards. During the empire the nave of this church was hung with nearly three thousand flags of every nation on the continent. They were destroyed the evening before the allied troops entered Paris in 1814. The second, or dome church is a square edifice, 138 feet long, at the southern extremity of the first church. It is united to the old church by the arch in which the great altar stands. In the centre of each front is a projecting mass crowned by a pediment. The principal entrance is by the portico on the south side, which is composed of two ranks of columns, the lower ones of the Doric and the upper ones of the Corinthian order. The circular tower, which rises from the body of the church, is surmounted by forty columns of the Composite order, arranged in pairs. An attic, adorned with circular-headed windows, springs from the tower, and from this rises the dome, the curve of which is considered as peculiarly elegant. Its external diameter is 80 feet, which is within 32 feet of the diameter of St. Paul's. The spaces between the twelve ribs by which the dome is divided are decorated with projecting devices of military trophies, arms, &c., and, with the ribs, themselves, are gilt. The dome is surmounted by a lantern, which is crowned by a spire, globe, and cross, all richly gilt. The total height from the ground to the summit of the cross is 323 feet. The pavement of the dome church is of white marble inlaid with lilies and ciphers, and the cordon of the order of the Holy Ghost. The ceiling is painted, and there are pictures in the different chapels. In a vault beneath the dome are interred the remains of Marshal Mortier and the other victims (one of whom was a young girl) of the attempt of Fieschi on the life of King Louis-Philippe, on the 28th July, 1835.

The government of this great establish-

ment is under the immediate superintendence of the Minister of War. The governor is always a marshal of France, and he is assisted by about one hundred and twenty officers. His salary is 35,000 francs a-year, or about 1400*l*. (25 francs to the pound.) The general-commandant is paid 12,000 francs, the intendant 10,000 francs, and the colonel-major 6000 francs. All soldiers disabled by wounds, or who have served thirty years, are entitled to the privileges of the institutions, which includes board, lodging, washing, and clothing. The Hôtel is capable of accommodating 7000 persons, but the number of inmates at present is only about 3000. The invalids receive a small sum for pocket-money, which for a private is 2 francs a month, for a sergeant 4 francs, a captain 10 francs, a colonel 30 francs, and in like proportion for others of intermediate grade. Officers above the rank of captain are allowed to take their meals in their own apartments. In the officers' refectory the service consists of plate and porcelain. The Empress Maria Louisa presented a service of plate to the Hôtel. The sub-officers and privates are divided into two parties to take their meals, one party breakfasting at nine and dining at four, and the other at ten and five. Soup is served besides in the morning. Their breakfast consists of soup, beef, and a dish of vegetables, and dinner of a ragout with vegetables, or eggs and vegetables. Officers are allowed a few extra dishes. The daily allowance of wine is a pint and three-quarters, and of bread one pound and a half, and these articles are of the same quality for all ranks. Each of the four grand refectories or dining-rooms (one for the officers and three for the privates) is one hundred and fifty feet by twenty-four, and in each there are thirty round tables, at which messes of twelve are formed. Above fifteen hundred pounds of meat are daily put into the coppers, and the same quantity is used for ragouts. The meat and vegetables are cooked by economical furnaces, each of which contains eight coppers. There are two coppers in each of which twelve hundred pounds of meat can be dressed; and in one of the kitchens there is a spit that will roast four

hundred pounds of meat at once. There are two kitchens, one for the officers and one for the privates. The principal dormitories comprise eight spacious rooms, each of which contains from forty to fifty beds, and in the smaller sleeping-rooms the number of beds is from four to eight. Each man has his bed, straw mattress, wool mattress, and bolster, and a small cupboard for his clothes. There is a library of twenty thousand volumes for the use of the pensioners, which is open for six hours daily.

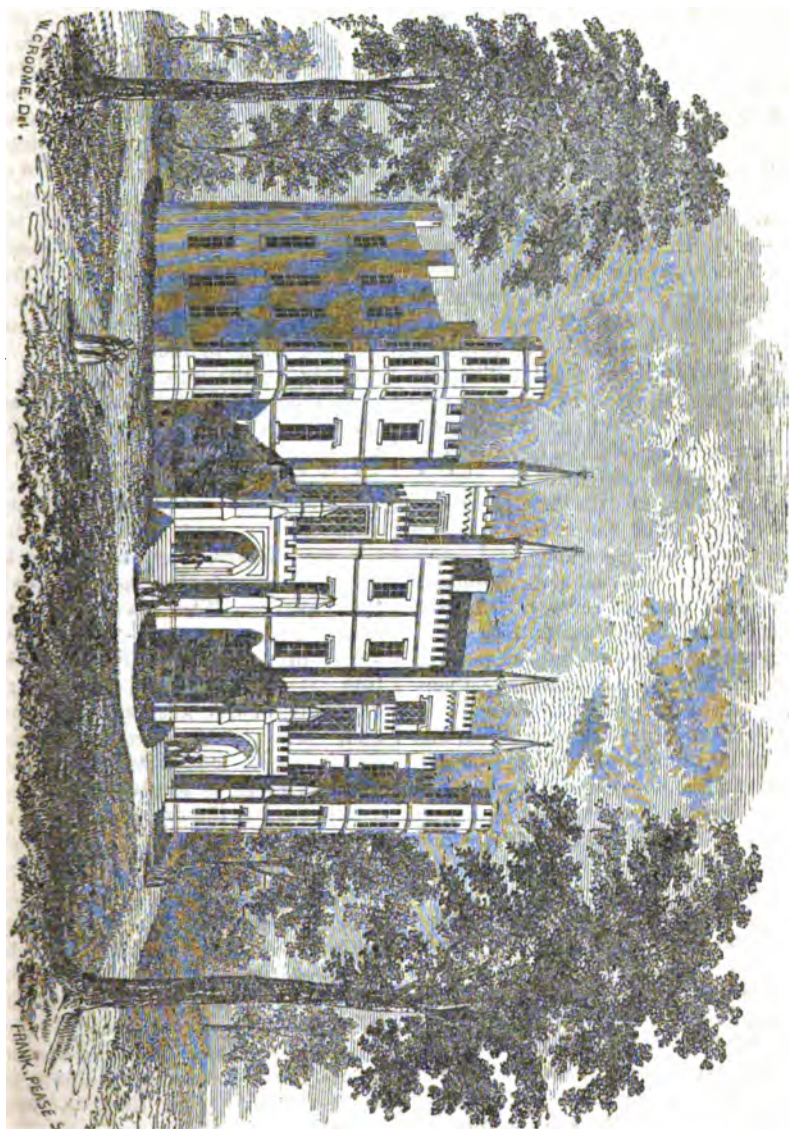
FEMALE INSTITUTE — COLUMBIA, TENN.

We present our readers, on the opposite page, with a fine picture of the Female Institute; a school for girls, established at Columbia, Tennessee, in the year 1833. It usually has from one hundred and seventy-five, to two hundred pupils, who come from all the South-western states; about one half of them live with the teachers in the Institute.

There are commonly about twenty teachers, most of them ladies. The girls are instructed in all the branches of a good solid English education. There is a professor of elocution, who instructs the pupils to read well — one of the last things that school girls are apt to excel in. The Institute has also classes in Greek, Latin, French, Italian and Spanish; some of the pupils also study Drawing, Painting, Fancy Work and Music.

The building is a very beautiful one. It stands on the top of a small hill half a mile West of the town. A little way off, on the other side of the street, is the plain and modest dwelling of Mr. Polk, the President of the United States — he lives in a very small house, one story high, of wood, painted white. His house has a very pretty and well shaded yard in front of it.

The town of Columbia is a pleasant place, neatly built, standing on Duck River. It is forty miles South of Nashville. The society is very refined, and the health of the town and vicinity good. Jackson College is located here. Mercer Hall is a new school lately established by Bishop Otey. The Institute, Jackson College and Mercer Hall, draw many strangers from the South to visit Columbia.



THE INDIARUBBER-TREE.

THE caoutchouc-tree grows in general to the height of forty or fifty feet without branches; then branching, runs up fifteen feet higher. The leaf is about six inches long, thin, and shaped like that of a peach-tree. The trees show their working by the number of knots or bunches made by tapping; and a singular fact is that, like a cow, when most tapped they give most milk or sap. As the time for operating is early day, before sunrise we were on hand. The blacks were first sent through the forest, armed with a quantity of soft clay and a small pickaxe. On coming to one of the trees, a portion of the soft clay is formed into a cup, the sap oozes out slowly, a tree giving daily about a gill. The tapper continues in this way, tapping, perhaps, fifty trees, when he returns, and with a jar, passing over the same ground, empties his cups. So by seven o'clock the blacks come in with their jars ready for working. The sap at this stage resembles milk in appearance and somewhat in taste. It is also frequently drunk with perfect safety. If left standing now, it will curdle like milk, disengaging a watery substance like whey. Shoemakers now arrange themselves to form the gum. Seated in the shade, with a large pan of milk on one side, and on the other a flagon, in which is burned a nut peculiar to this country, emitting a dense smoke, the operator, having his last, or form, held by a long stick or handle, previously beameared with soft clay (in order to slip off the shoe when finished), holds it over the pan, and pouring on the milk until it is covered, sets the coating in the smoke; then, giving it a second coat, repeats the smoking, and so on with a third and fourth, until the shoe is of the required thickness, averaging from six to twelve coats. When finished, the shoes on the forms are placed in the sun the remainder of the day to drip. Next day, if required, they may be figured, being so soft that any impression will be indelibly received. The natives are very dextrous in this work. With a quill and a sharp-pointed stick they will produce finely-

lined leaves and flowers, such as you may have seen on the shoes, in an incredibly short space of time. After remaining on the forms two or three days, the shoes are cut open on the top, allowing the last to slip out. They are then tied together and slung on poles, ready for the market. There pedlars and Jews trade for them with the country people; and, in lots of one thousand or more, they are again sold to the merchants, who have them stuffed with straw, and packed in boxes to export, in which state they are received in the United States. In the same manner any shape may be manufactured. Thus toys are made over clay forms. After drying, the clay is broken and extracted. Bottles, &c., in the same way. According as the gum grows older, it becomes darker in color and more tough. The number of caoutchouc-trees in the province is countless. In some parts whole forests of them exist, and they are frequently cut down for firewood. Although the trees exist in Mexico and the East Indies, there appears to be no importation into the United States from these places. The reason, I suppose, must be the want of that prolificness found in them here. The caoutchouc-tree may be worked all the year; but generally in the wet seasons they have rest, owing to the flooded state of the woods; and, the milk being watery, it requires more to manufacture the same article than in the dry season.

TRUE GRATITUDE, in very fulness of its soul, knows not the limits of its debt; but when it weighs each little gift, books down each passing courtesy, it ceases to be gratitude, and sinks to calculation. Why, I hope I am grateful for the flowers at my feet; but I were most unworthy of their sweetness could I coldly sit down and count them. — *Douglas Jerrold*.

THE TWO QUALITIES which in active life fit men for great achievements — trusting in their own thoughts, and daring resolutely to act upon them without fear or responsibility.



THE SHOT IN THE EYE.

A TRUE STORY OF TEXAS BORDER LIFE.

My word for it, reader, I should never have ventured to construct a professed romance out of incidents so wild and strange as those of this narration. It is only with the hope that you will accept in good faith the assurance given in the same spirit, that these things *really did occur* while I was in the country, and most of them within my personal knowledge, that I venture to relate them at all. Remember, the scene is laid in a frontier county of Texas, and, if you have even a remote conception of the history of that republic and the general character of its social elements, you will be prepared for a good deal. But, though you might have visited its cities and older settlements, you would still find it difficult to realize all that is true of frontier life, unless by extended travel and experience your faith should be fortified. When you can have to say, as I can, "what mine eyes have seen and ears heard," on that ground alone you will be "fit audience, though few," to receive as matters of course relations which

would doubtless, for the moment, shock others as monstrous in improbability, if not impossibility. The man of high civilization will find great difficulty in understanding how such a deed as I am about to relate, requiring months to consummate, would have been carried through in the open face of law and the local authorities; but the man who knows this frontier will tell him that the rifle and bowie knife are all the law and local authority recognized. Witness the answer President Houston gave when application was made to him for his interposition with the civil force to quell the bloody "Regulator Wars" which afterwards sprang up in this very same county — "Fight it out among yourselves, and be d—d to you!" A speech entirely characteristic of the man and the country, as it then was! It was in the earlier stages of the organization of this same "Regulator" association that our story commences.

Shelby county, lying in Western Texas, on the border of the "Red Lands," was rather thinly settled in the latter part of '39. What population it had was generally the very worst caste of border

life. The bad and desperate men who had been driven over our frontier formed a rallying ground and head-quarters here — seemingly with the determination to hold the county good against the intrusion of all honest persons, and as a sort of “*Alsatia*” of the West, for the protection of outlaws and villains of every grade. And indeed to such an extent had this proscription been carried that it had become notoriously as much as a man’s life or conscience was worth who settled among them with any worthy purpose in view; for he must either fall into their confederacy — leave, or die! This was perfectly understood; and the objects of this confederacy may be readily appreciated when it is known that every now and then a party of men would sally out from this settlement, painted and equipped like Comanches, with the view of carrying off the horses, plundering or murdering some marked man of a neighboring county; then, returning with great speed, they would re-brand their plunder, resume their accustomed appearance, and defy pursuit or investigation. Not only did they band together for their operations in this way, but a single man would carry off a fine horse or commit a murder with the most open audacity, and, if he only succeeded in escaping here, was publicly protected. I do not mean to have it understood that the whole population at this time were men of such stamp avowedly.

There were some few whose wealth to a degree protected them in the observances of a more seemly life, though they were compelled to at least wink at the doings of their more ruffianly and more numerous neighbors; while there was yet another but not large class of sturdy, straightforward emigrants, who, attracted solely by the beauty of the country, had come into it, settled themselves down wherever they took a fancy — with characteristic recklessness neither caring nor inquiring who were their neighbors, but trusting in their own stout arms and hearts to keep a footing. Of course all such were very soon engaged in desperate feuds with the horse thieves and plunderers around them; and, as they were not yet strong enough to make

head efficiently, were one after another finally ousted or shot. It was to exterminate this honest class that the more lawless and brutal of the other associated themselves and assumed the name of “*Regulators*.” They numbered from eight to twelve, and, under the organization of rangers, commanded by a beastly wretch named Hinch, they professed to undertake the task of *purifying* the county limits of all bad and suspicious characters; or, in other words, of all men who dared refuse to be as vile as they were, or, if they were, who chose to act independently of them and their schemes. This precious brotherhood soon became the scourge of all that region. Whenever an individual was unfortunate enough to make himself obnoxious to them, whether by a successful villany, the proceeds of which he refused to share with them, or by the hateful contrast of the propriety of his course, he was forthwith surrounded — threatened — had his stock driven off or killed wantonly — and, if these annoyances and hints were not sufficient to drive him away, they would publicly warn him to leave the county in a certain number of days, under the penalty of being scourged or shot. The common pretext for this was the accusation of having committed some crime, which they themselves had perpetrated with a view of furnishing a charge to bring against him. Their hate was entirely ruthless, and never stopped short of accomplishing its purposes; and in many a bloody fray and cruel outrage had the question of their supremacy been mooted, until at last there were but few left to dispute with them, and they tyrannized at will.

Among these few were Jack Long, as he was called, who neither recognized nor denied their power, and indeed never troubled himself about them one way or the other. He kept himself to himself, hunted incessantly, and nobody knew much about him. Jack had come of a “wild turkey breed,” as the western term is for a roving family; and, though still a young man, had pushed on ahead of the settlement of two territories, and had at last followed the game towards the south, and finding it abundant in Shelby county

had stopped here, just as he would have stopped at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, had it been necessary to pursue it so far. He had never been in the habit of asking leave of any power where he should settle, and of course scarcely thought of the necessity of doing so now, but quietly set to work — built himself a nice log-cabin, as far off from everybody as he could get. And the first thing that was known of him, he had his pretty young wife and two little ones snugly stowed away in it, and was slaying the deer and the bears right and left.

The honest brotherhood had made several attempts at feeling Jack's pulse and ascertaining his availability, but he had always seemed so impassively good-natured, and put them off so pleasantly, that they could find no ground for either disturbing or quarreling with him. What was more, he was physically rather an ugly looking "customer," with his six feet four inches of brawn and bone; though the inclination, just discoverable in his figure, to corpulency, together with a broad, full, good-humored face, gave an air of sluggishness to his energies, and an expression of easy simplicity to his temper, which offered neither invitation to gratuitous insult nor provocation to dislike. He was the very impersonation of inoffensive, loyal honesty, slumbering on its conscious strength, and these men, without exactly knowing why, felt some little disinclination to waking him. He had evidently never been roused to a knowledge of himself, and others felt just as uncertain what that knowledge might bring forth as he did, and were not specially zealous of the honor of having it first tested upon their own persons. So that Jack Long might have been left for many a day in quiet, even in this formidable neighborhood, to cultivate his passion for marksmanship, at the expense of the dumb, wild things around him, but for an unfortunate display he was accidentally induced to make of it.

Happening to fall short of ammunition, he went one day to "the store" for a fresh supply. This cabin, together with the blacksmith's shop and one or two other huts, constituted the "county town," and, as powder and liquor were

only to be obtained there, it was the central resort of the Regulators. Jack found them all collected for a great shooting match, in preparation for which they were getting drunk as fast as possible, to steady their nerves. Hinch, the Regulator captain, had always been the hero of such occasions, for, in addition to being a first-rate shot, it was known that it would be a dangerous exertion of skill for any man to beat him, — for he was a furious and vindictive bully, and would not fail to make a personal affair of it with any one who should mortify his vanity by carrying off the prize from him. In addition, the band of scoundrels he commanded was entirely at his service in any extreme, so that they made fearful odds for a single man to contend with.

Every body else in the county was aware of this state of things but Jack Long, and he either didn't know or didn't care. After they had fired several rounds, he went lounging listlessly into the crowd which had gathered around the target, exclaiming in admiration over the last brilliant shot of Hinch, which was triumphantly the best. The bully was as usual blustering vehemently, taunting every one around him, and when he saw Jack looking very coolly at the famous shot, with no grain of that deferential admiration in his expression which was demanded, he snatched up the board, and, thrusting it insultingly close to his face, roared out —

"Here! you Jack Long Shanks — look at that. Take a good look! Can you beat it?" Jack drew back with a quiet laugh, and said good humoredly —

"Psha? You don't brag on such shootin' as that, do you?"

"Brag on it! I'd like to see such a moon-eyed chap as you heat it!"

"I don't know as I'd be very proud to beat such bunglin' work as that."

"You don't! don't you!" yelled the fellow, now fairly in a rage at Jack's coolness. "You'll try it, won't you? You must try it! You shall try it! We'll see what sort of a swell you are!"

"Oh, well!" said Jack, interrupting

him as he was proceeding to rave for quantity. "Just set up your board, if you want to see me put a ball through every hole you can make!"

Perfectly astounded at this rash bearing of the lion — for it was difficult to tell whether contempt or simplicity dictated Jack's manner — the men set up the board, while he walked back to the stand, and, carelessly swinging his heavy rifle from his shoulder, fired seemingly as quick as thought. "It's a trick of mine," said he, moving towards the mark, as he lowered his gun; "I caught it from shootin' varments in the eyes; — always takes 'em there. It's a notion I've got, — it's my gun." They all ran eagerly to the target, and sure enough his ball, which was larger than Hinch's, had passed through the same hole, widening it!

"He's a humbug! It's all accident! He can't do that again!" shouted the ruffian, turning pale, till his lips looked blue, as the board was held up. "I'll bet the ears of a buffalo calf against his that he can't do it again!"

"If you mean by that to bet your own ears against mine, I'll take you up!" said Jack, laughing, while the men could not resist joining him. Hinch glared around him with a fierce chafed look, before which those who knew him best quailed, and with compressed lips silently loaded his gun. A new target was put up, at which, after long and careful aim, he fired. The shot was a fine one. The edge of the ball had just broke the centre. Jack, after looking at it, quietly remarked —

"Plumbing out the centre is my fashion; I'll show you a kink or two, Captain Hinch, about the clear thing in shootin'. Give us another board there, boys!"

Another was set up, and after throwing out his gun on the level, in the same rapid, careless style as before, he fired; and, when the eager crowd around the target announced that he had driven the centre cross clear out, he turned upon his heel, and, with a pleasant nod to Hinch, started to walk off. The ruffian shouted hoarsely after him —

"I thought you were a coward!

You've made two good shots by accident, and now you sneak off to brag that you've beat me. Come back, sir! You can't shoot before a muzzle half as true!"

Jack walked on without noticing this mortal insult and challenge, while Hinch laughed tauntingly long and loud — jeering him with exulting bitterness, as long as he could make himself heard, as a "flash in the pan," — "a dunghill cock, who had spread his white feather," while the men, who had been surprised into a profound respect for Long, and were now still more astonished at what they considered his "backing out," joined clamorously in hooting his retreat.

The fools! They made a fatal mistake in supposing he left the insult unresented from any fear for himself. Jack Long had a young and very pretty wife at home, and his love for her was stronger than his resentment for his own indignity. His passions were slow, and had never been fully roused — none of them at least but his love, and that presented her instantly, forlorn and deserted, with her little ones, in this wild country, should he throw away his life with such desperate odds; and, seeing the turn the affair was likely to take, he had prudently determined to get away before it had gone too far. But had any of those men seen the spasm of agony which shivered across his massive features, as these gibing voices rang upon his ears in insult which no proud free hunter might endure, they would have taken the hint to beware of chafing the silently foaming boar any longer.

This was an ill-starred day for Jack, though; from this time troubles began to thicken about him. The even tenor of his simple happy life was destroyed, and indignity and outrage followed each other fast. Hinch never forgave the unlucky skill which had robbed him of his proudest boast, that of being the best marksman on the frontier; and he swore, in base vindictive hate, to dog him to the death, or make him leave the country. Soon after this a valuable horse belonging to a rich and powerful planter disappeared. He was one of

those men who had compromised with the Regulators, paying so much black mail for exemption from their depredations, and protection against others of the same stamp; and he now applied to Hinch for the recovery of his horse, and the punishment of the thief. This Hinch, under their contract, was bound to do, and promised to accomplish forthwith. He and some of his men went off on the trail of the missing horse, and, returning next day, announced that they had followed it with all their skill through a great many windings, evidently intended to throw off pursuit, and had at last traced it to Jack Long's picket fence, and there could be no doubt but he was the thief! The planter knew nothing of Jack, but that he was a new comer, and demanded that he should be forced to give up the horse, and punished to the extremity of the frontier code.

But this was not Hinch's policy yet awhile. He knew the proofs were not strong enough to make the charge plausible, even before a Lynch Court, of which he himself was both the prosecutor, judge, and executioner. His object was to first get up a hue and cry against Long, and, under cover of a general excitement, accomplish his devilish purposes without question or mock trial even. So that, after a great deal of manœuvring, for eight or ten days, during which time the charge against Long was industriously circulated by his myrmidons, so as to attract general attention and expectation, as to the result of his investigations, he proclaimed far and wide that he had found the horse at last, hid in a timber bottom near Long's! This, of course, seemed strong confirmation of his guilt, and, though the mob were most of them horse thieves, to all intents, yet it was an unpardonable crime for any one to practise professionally among themselves; so that Long was loudly denounced and threatened on every side, and ordered to leave the country forthwith.

These proceedings Jack by no means comprehended, or felt disposed to be moved by; but gave them to understand that he meant to remain where he was, until it suited his convenience to go,

and that, if his time and theirs did not happen to agree, they might make the most of it. And Jack was such an unpromising snagging-looking somebody, and his reputation, which had now spread everywhere, of possessing such consummate skill with the rifle, that he thought it a condescension to shoot anywhere else but in the eyes, was so formidable, that no individual felt disposed to push the matter to a personal collision. He might still, therefore, have been left in quiet, but Hinch had unfortunately taken up the impression, from Jack's conduct in the shooting-match affair, that he must be a coward, and, if this were true, then all his skill amounted to but little, and, like any other bloody wolfish brute, he followed him up the more eagerly for this very reason, which would have disarmed a generous foe. Besides, Jack had given fresh and weightier matter of offence, in that he had refused to obey, and defied his authority as Regulator. The very being of that authority seemed to require now that a wholesome example should be made of him for the awing of all refractory persons hereafter. The wretch, who was cunning as ferocious, and had sworn in his inmost heart, to ruin and disgrace Long, from the moment of that triumph, now availed himself remorselessly of all his influence, and knowledge of the society around him, to accomplish it. Several horses now disappeared, and robberies of other kinds perpetrated with singular dexterity, followed in quick succession. All these things, he managed through the clamors of his scoundrelly troops, to have laid, directly or indirectly, to Jack's door.

But in the popular estimation they counted as nothing in fixing the charge of dangerous malice upon poor Long, in comparison with one other incident. About this time not only Hinch himself, but every other person who had made himself conspicuous, by insisting upon Jack's guilt, and the necessity of punishing him summarily, began to lose, every day or two, valuable stock, which was wantonly shot down sometimes in sight of their houses; and it soon began to be remarked that every animal lost in this

way *had been shot in the eye!* This was instantly associated, of course, with Jack's curious predilection for that mark in hunting, and a perfect storm of indignation followed. A meeting was at once convened at "the store," of which the planter was the chairman; and at it, by a unanimous vote, a resolution was passed condemning Jack Long to be whipped and driven out of the country, and Hinch, with his Regulators, appointed to carry it into effect! He could hardly contain himself for joy; for now, whatever extreme his pitiless malignity might choose to indulge itself in, he had no fear of after-claps or questioning. The meeting had been a mere form at any rate. But these "formalities" are all-powerful everywhere; and, unsettled and elementary as was the condition of society here, this ruffian leader of ruffians felt the necessity of acting under their sanction though he himself had dictated it. He would and could have consummated his purposes without it; but the faint light of conscience within him—by a logic peculiar to itself—felt relieved of the grievous responsibility of such a crime, in the sense of partici-

pating with so many others. Many a man has gone to the devil in a crowd who would have been horrified at undertaking the journey alone.

It was the third day after this meeting. Jack, during all these persecutions, had deported himself with the most stolid indifference. Avoiding all intercourse with the settlers, he had continued to hunt with even more assiduity than usual, and was in a great measure ignorant of the unenviable notoriety he was enjoying. He had heard something of the charges with which his character had been assailed, but attributed them all to the jealous enmity he had incurred at the shooting match. He could understand perfectly how one man could hate another who had beat him in shooting, and thought it natural enough; but he could not understand how that hatred might be meanly and desperately vindictive, and, therefore, gave himself no uneasiness about it. He was only anxious that his wife should not hear and be annoyed by any of these things, and preserved his usual cheerfulness of demeanor.



He had just returned from hunting, and, laying aside his accoutrements, partook of the simple meal her neat housewifery had prepared for him; then,

stretching himself upon the buffalo robe on the floor, romped with his two rosy-cheeked boys, who rolled over his great body, and gambolled and screamed in

riotous joy around him; but mother wanted some water from the branch, and the frolic must be given over while Jack would go and bring it. So, jumping up, he left the little folk pouting wilfully as they looked after him from the door, and started. The stream was only about a hundred yards from the house, and the path leading to it was through a dense high thicket. It was against Jack's religion ever to leave his house without his gun; but the wife, whom he loved above all the universe of sentiment, was in a hurry for the water, and the distance was so short, so he sprang gaily out with the vessel in his hand, leaving the rifle behind. The water had been dipped up, and he was returning along the narrow path closely bordered by brush, when he felt a light tap on each shoulder, and his career strangely impeded. He had just time to perceive that a lasso had been thrown over him, which would confine his arms, when he saw himself suddenly surrounded, and was rushed upon by a number of men. He instantly recognized the voice of Hinch shouting, "Down with him! Drag him down!" as the men who had hold of the lasso about his body jerked at it violently in the effort to throw him. All his tremendous strength was put forth in one convulsive effort, which would have freed him, but that the infernal noose had fallen too true, and bound his arms. As it was, he dragged the six stout men who held it after his frantic bounds nearly to his own door before he was prostrated, and then it was by a heavy blow dealt him over the head with the butt of a gun. The last objects which met his eyes as he sank down were the horrified faces of his two children and wife, looking out upon him.

The blow deprived him of his senses for some time, and, when he recovered, he found himself half-stripped and lashed to a tree a short distance from his house — Hinch in front of him, with a knotted rope in his hand, his wife on the ground, wailing and clinging with piteous entreaty round the monster's knees, his children weeping by her, and, outside this group, a circle of men with guns in their hands. That fearful awakening was a new birth to

Jack Long! His eye took in everything at one glance. A shudder, like that of an oak rifted to its core, sprang along his nerves, and seemed to pass out at his feet and through his fingers, leaving him as rigid as marble; and when the blows of the hideous mocking devil before him fell upon his white flesh, making it welt in purple ridges, or spout dull black currents, he felt them no more than the dead lintel of his door would have done; and the agony of that poor wife shrieking a frantic echo to every harsh slashing sound seemed to have no more effect upon his ear than it had upon the tree above them, which shook its leaves to the self-same cadence they had held yesterday in the breeze. His wide-open eyes were glancing calmly and scrutinizingly into the faces of the men who stood around — those features are never to be forgotten! — for, while Hinch lays on the stripes with all his furious strength, blaspheming as they fall, that glance dwells on each face with a cold, keen, searching intensity, as if it marked them to be remembered in hell! The man's air was awful — so concentrated, so still, so enduring. He never spoke, or groaned, or writhed — but those intense eyes of his! the wretches couldn't stand them, and began to shuffle and get behind each other. But it was too late; he had them all — ten men! They were registered.

We will drop the curtain over this horrible scene. Suffice it to say that, after lashing him until he fainted, the Regulators left him, telling his wife that if they were not out of the country in ten days he should be shot. He did go within the specified time; and, as it was said, returned with his family to Arkansas, where his wife's father lived. The incident was soon forgotten in Shelby county amidst the constant recurrence of similar scenes.

(Conclusion next month.)

THE MISER. An unfortunate fellow went to a miser and asked for a garment, saying that his object was to have something to remember him by. "My friend," said the miser, "as thy end is to remember me, I shall give thee nothing; for I am sure thou wilt remember a refusal much longer than a gift."



THE DUCAL PALACE.

VENICE.

VENICE is built on two great collections of shoals, which are divided from each other by a serpentine channel, called the Canalazo or Grand Canal, which is bestrid by the bridge of the Rialto.* The city may be divided into two great parts, made up of small islands, and each part separated from the other except at this bridge. All the shoals constituting the two separate parts, thus intersected, are again connected together by smaller bridges which cross the streams dividing these numerous shallows. These bridges are frequent, and, being very steep, are cut into easy steps, so that, taking a walk in Venice, you are perpetually going up and down stairs. The bridge of the Rialto is necessarily the steepest of these.

The small canals, or *rii*, as they are termed, which are bestrid by these bridges, are the water-streets of Venice; but there is no part of either of the two division to which you may not also go more directly by land, through narrow

* Or bridge of the deep stream, i. e. *rio alto*; in Italian, *rivo alto*.

passages called *cale*. These may be considered as an unfavorable likeness of Cranbourn-alley and its neighboring lanes. There are besides several small squares, entitled *campi*, or fields.

The most considerable houses of Venice have each a land and water door; but many being built in the interior of these shoals can have no immediate access by water. This is a considerable inconvenience, as it limits the use and comfort of a gondola.

There is sometimes a wharf or a footway along the banks of the *rii* (called a *riva*,) and usually secured by a parapet, bored for a wicket; but the *rii* oftener extend from house to house, and these, then, consequently rise on either side from out of the water. The same may be said of the Grand Canal as of the *rii*, though, here and there, there is a small extent of terrace or *riva* in front of the houses.

Venice arose in the year 809 from the flight of the inhabitants of the mainland, when Attila devastated Italy. Favored by its position, it quickly became famous for its commerce, and at length the

chief commercial city and proudest republic of Europe. Its government was an oligarchy of the most despotic character; even the doge or duke, the nominal head of the state, being seldom more than the chief tool of the proud and licentious merchant-nobles. The power and maritime glory of Venice sank before the fierce spirit of the French Republic. And, since the fall of Napoleon, its shorn trade and ruined palaces, under the blighting influence of Austria, are but miserable shadows of its former splendors.

The following, from Mrs. Shelley's "Rambler in Germany and Italy," gives melancholy pictures of Venetian prostration:—

"There is something so different in Venice from any other place in the world, that you leave at once all-accustomed habits and every-day sights to enter enchanted ground. We live in a palace, though an inn; such it is; and other palaces have been robbed of delicately-carved mouldings and elegant marbles to decorate the staircase and doorways. You know the composition with which they floor the rooms here, resembling marble, and called, everywhere in Italy, *terrazi Veneziani*. This polished uniform surface, whose coloring is agreeable to the eye, gives an air of elegance to the rooms; then, when we go out, we descend a marble staircase to a circular hall of splendored dimensions; and at the steps, laved by the sea, the most luxurious carriage—a boat invented by the goddess of ease and mystery—receives us. Our gondolier—never mind his worn-out jacket and ragged locks—has the gentleness and courtesy of an attendant spirit, and his very dialect is a shred of romance; or, if you like it better, of classic history; bringing home to us the language and accents, they tell us, of old Rome.

"First, then, to the Ducal Palace. A few strokes of the oar took us to the noble quay, from whose pavement rises the lion-crowned column and the Tower of St. Mark. The piazzetta is, as it were, the vestibule of the larger piazza.

"From the piazzetta we entered a grass-grown court, once the focus of

Venetian magnificence, for at the top of that majestic flight of steps which rises from it the doges were crowned. The *contile* is surrounded by arcades, decorated by two magnificent bronze reservoirs, and adorned by statues. The effect is light and elegant, even now that neglect has drawn a veil over its splendor. Yet nature here is not neglectful: her ministrations may be said even to aid the work of the chisel and the brush, so beautiful are they in their effects,

"The Giant's Staircase was before us, guarded by two almost colossal figures of Mars and Neptune, the size of whose statues gives the name of the steps. Ascending them, we found ourselves in the open gallery that runs round three sides of the court, supported by the arcades. Yawning before us was the fatal lion's mouth, receiver of those anonymous accusations, the terror of all, and destroyer of many of the citizens.

"The mystery and terror that once reigned seems still to linger on the walls; the chamber of the Council of Ten, paved with black and white marble, is peculiarly impressive in its aspect and decorations; near at hand was the chamber of torture, and a door led to a dark staircase and the state dungeons.

"The man who showed us the prisons was a character; he wanted at once to prove that they were not so cruel as they were represented, and yet he was proud of the sombre region over whose now stingless horrors he reigned. A narrow corridor, with small double-grated windows that barely admit light, but which the sound of the plashing waters beneath penetrates, encloses a series of dungeons, whose only respiratories come from this corridor, and in which the glimmering dubious day dies away in 'darkness visible.' Here the prisoners were confined who had still to be examined by the council. A door leads to the Bridge of Sighs, now walled up, for the prisons on the other side are in full use for criminals. Years ago I had traversed the narrow arch, through the open work of whose stone covering the prisoners caught one last hasty glimpse of the wide lagunes, crowned with busy

life. Many, however, never passed that bridge — never emerged again to light. One of the doors in the corridor I have mentioned leads to a dark cell, in which is a small door that opens on narrow winding stairs; below is the lagune; here the prisoners were embarked on board the gondola, which took them to the Canal Orfano, the drowning-place, where, summer or winter, it was forbidden to the fishermen, on pain of death, to cast their nets. Our guide, whom one might easily have mistaken for a gaoler, so did he enter into the spirit of the place, and take pleasure in pointing out the various power it once possessed of inspiring despair, — this guide insisted that the wells and ‘leads’ were fictions, and that these were the only prisons. Of course, this ignorant assertion has no foundation whatever in truth. From the court, as we left the palace, he pointed to a large window at the top of the building, giving token that the room within was airy and lightsome, and said with an air of triumph, ‘Behold the prison of *Silvio Pellico*!’ Was he to be pitied when he was promoted to such a very enviable apartment, with such a very fine view? Turn to the pages of *Pellico*, and you will find that, complaining of the cold of his first dark cell, he was at midsummer transferred to this airy height, where multitudinous gnats and dazzling unmitigated sunshine nearly drove him mad. Truly he might regret even these annoyances when immured in the dungeons of *Spielburg*, and placed under the immediate and paternal care of the Emperor, whose endeavor was to break the spirit of his *rebel children* by destroying the flesh; whose sedulous study how to discover means to torment and attenuate, to blight with disease and subdue to despair, puts to shame the fly-killing pastime of *Dio-clesian*. Thanks to the noble hearts of the men who were his victims, he did not succeed. *Silvio Pellico* bowed with resignation to the will of God, but he still kept his foot upon the power of the tyrant.

“Having visited every corner of the palace, and heard the name given for every apartment, we asked for the private

rooms in which the doge slept and ate, which his family occupied. There were none. A private covered way led from these rooms to an adjoining palace, assigned for the private residence of the doge. The council were too jealous to allow him to occupy the palace of the republic, except for the purposes of the state.”

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE. — This ancient emblem of Scottish pugnacity, with its motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, is represented of various species in royal bearings, coins, and coats of armor, so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition: — When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superbly prickled thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE. — Who seeth not how great is the advantage arising from this knowledge, and what misery must attend our mistakes concerning it. For he, who is possessed of it, not only knoweth himself, but knoweth what is best for him. He perceiveth what he can and what he cannot do; he applieth himself to the one, he gaineth what is necessary, and is happy: he attempts not the other, and therefore, incurs neither distress nor disappointment. — *Socrates, in Xenophon.*

LET me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. — *Isaac Walton.*

MODERN AFFECTATIONS.

"What's in a name!"

HAD Shakspeare lived in these our times, he certainly would not have expressed so supercilious an indifference to the value of a name. His intuitive perception of the prejudices insensibly fostered by contemporary habits would have detected at once all the substantial influence exercised by this mere accident or abstraction. What is there which men will not sacrifice to "a name" in the highest and most dignified passages of their existence? What is it which they will refuse to do for a name in the most commonplace pursuits or occupations of their time? If this question may well be asked as to their devotion to "mere names" in objects which possess a paramount interest for them during their lives, is it less applicable as to the feeling with which they regard the manner of their deaths? "That which we call a rose" would certainly "smell as sweet" called by any other name. But would it retain its estimation, its poetical royalty as the queen of flowers, if by some accident or other it were to acquire the *sobriquet* of "cabbage?" So far from it, this latter appellation, although still adopted as a synonyme by old-fashioned florists to distinguish one of the generic varieties of this shrub, is carefully repudiated, even in this inoffensive state of adjective weakness by the pretty lips of our modern Floras, who are so eloquent on the beauties of the moss rose, the rose de Meaux, the Provence, the Syrian, or the Persian rose. Take the case of athletic exercises — a favorite course with the votaries of renown from the highest antiquity to these dull matter-of-fact times. A "sporting gentleman," for example, astonishes the world by walking one thousand miles in one thousand successive hours. This fact is soon excelled by an humbler pedestrian, "all unknown to fame," who walks one thousand and two hundred miles in one thousand and two hundred successive hours. This latter performance, every way more wonderful, and a greater outrage on the endurance of the human constitution than the former, is forgotten by two-

thirds, and is perhaps unknown to nearly the other third, of the "sporting world," as it is called, who are quite cognizant of all the details connected with the one thousand hour performance. Why is this? Because the first walker *had* "a name." He was a captain or a colonel of some kind. Men can afford to be very accurate in their recollections of colonels or captains; but who can carry a John Smith or James Brown in his mind? You might as well attempt, like Sinbad with the old savage of the desert island, to carry him a pick-a-back. An obscure adventurer of this kind may execute some still more herculean undertaking. Is he a man without a name? he will be forgotten in a week.

Our children in the nursery can give you an outline of the fabulous adventurers of Charlemagne. Their elder brothers at school may know something even of his discomfited chivalry at Roncesvalles, and of the fate of "Roland, brave, and Olivier." A thousand years canonize a tradition, however preposterous. In a thousand weeks the most extraordinary achievements of modern prowess may be forgotten. To speak more truly, we might say a thousand days. What neither "paladin," nor "peer," perhaps, ever equalled in the large invention even of a legendary ballad was actually and physically accomplished seven or eight weeks since, according to one of last month's *London Gazettes*, by Lieutenant Tottenham, of the Royal Navy, who, single-handed, attacked a large slaver off the coast of Africa, shot down with unerring precision her crew, as, one after another, they came up to serve her piece of ordnance against him and his two rowers, and at length boarded, from his own little row-boat, and actually captured, his formidable prize. Will this name of Tottenham (and we wish it and pay it all honor) be remembered as it would have been had the story been told of Arthur or Sir Launcelot, of Rollo or of Hengist? Alas! there is too much, instead of being too little, or "nothing" in a name! A name is a cruel, grasping, reckless monopoly. It regards, vindicates, exalts, cherishes — itself alone.

It has been said — by way, probably, of comforting the unrecorded brave — that

"Vixère fortes ante Agamemnon!"

No doubt of it; but Agamemnon has managed to monopolize to himself a modern field marshal's share of the booty of ancient fame. He was no braver than the men who had first the inconceivable temerity, according to Horace, of walking off the land on to a raft or into the water. But the interesting savage who thus primarily committed himself to "a trip across" left no card or inscription on either shore to enable posterity to identify him. His ignorance, or his modesty, or his misfortune, suggests a strong, though it be a negative evidence in the value of a name. Why, "a name" makes all the difference in the ceremonial of our departure out of the world as well as of our demeanor in it. Imagine two casualties occurring at one and the same time, the victims of which are carried at the same moment into St. George's Hospital. One of them shall be an infirm old pauper, whose deafness or feebleness has prostrated him beneath the wheels of one of those insufferable, unyielding, and furiously-driven nuisances called "Pickfords's vans," or "Chaplin and Horne's" luggage-piled waggon. The other shall be a street-sweeper, whom we suppose, on the day of the opening of parliament, to have been knocked down by the ponderous curvetting of one of the Hanoverian team of eight cream-colored horses in her Majesty's state carriage. Who would inquire after the wretched pauper, ignobly disposed of by so common a fate as reckless wain-driving? The coroner alone — Mr. Gell or Mr. Wakley, as the case might be. Who, before life was yet extinct in the poor street-sweeper, who had fallen, not at the feet of royalty, but under the royal horses, would despatch liveried messengers, to inquire, from time to time, how it fared with him? The Master of the Horse at least. Here there is everything in a name again: waggon-killed — royal-state-carriage-killed. Both men are killed; but it is mere annihilation to be crushed out of existence by a vulgar van; it

gives a name, and two or three years' permanency to it, to him whom his fate overtakes so near a regal presence, and through the agency of so admired a portion of a regal household. It is "something to be said" of him. To the medical student on his walk through the hospital's wards, they will coldly point out — "Casualty. 5 Ward, No. 22; old man, run over." A sympathizing air and a decorous whisper will direct his attention to "1 Ward — No. 10 — poor honest mendicant — unfortunate 'collision' with the state horses." Again; the Pickford-doomed one is carried to his last resting-place, wherever it be, no one sees when, nor knows how, nor cares by whom or what. The man whom the team of loftier lineage and distinction have trampled over has a "funeral," as we learn from the newspapers, "most respectably conducted," under the Lord Steward's directions. Inquiries are set afoot, and some kinsman turns up, whom perhaps the deceased sweeper had not seen from the period of their infancy, and discovers to his own astonishment, on one morning, that he has lost a brother and acquired a £10 note. Oh, there is much in a name!

Much in a name? Why, all over the country, but in the metropolis more especially, professional men and traders of all descriptions know it — acknowledge it — profit by it. "A name is everything;" that is the axiom. To illustrate this axiom is the triumph of their ingenuity, the groundwork of their fortune. To the tradesman this name is the jewel to which his lacquered window-sashes and his monster plate-glasses are but the setting. To the professional this name is the thorough bass upon which the whole harmony of his puffery, the whole "theme" of his pretensions, is constructed.

It is curious to observe to what extravagances this system of name-coining tends. Like the constant movement of the fashionable region of London to the north-west, *this* movement is perpetually to take names out of the old highroads of the language. In this new nomenclature, as with the modern systems of chemistry or botany, there must be as little English as possible. All relation between

the name and the idea to be conveyed by it is first carefully extirpated. For example. In our youthful days, "warehouses" was the distinctive description of place appropriated to the reception of wares on a large scale; rather for deposit and wholesale transfer than for the immediate and minute demands of retail trade. A "snuff and tobacco warehouse" was then a vast brick mansion of many floors and many chambers. It is now, in seven cases out of nine, half of what was before a little shop, with a bin-like sitting-room cut out of a part of the old counter, and a street-door common to it, and two or three tenements besides. But there are larger marts for the sale of cigars, meerschaums, snuff-boxes, and miscellaneous contrabands which it is well, perhaps, not to inquire more about. But observe—these are not "shops." The handsome gas fittings in the "reception-room" (we have positively known a case in which the *slim* "shop" was thus designated), the glittering furniture of the smoking room or rooms above, the brilliant carpeting, cushions, curtains, proclaim them "divans." Unless some English Du Cange shall arise in the year of grace 2245, to oblige the world with a glossary of English terms employed in "the middle ages, *circ.*, 1845," who of our posterity will ever detect in "divan" a successor of the "tobacconists' shop" of the "traditional ages" of Addison and Steele? But, whilst this class of shops has arisen into the dignity of divans, droller revolutions have happened to others—revolutions which to justify their pretensions would require the laws of nature to be reversed, or that the processes of art should possess a vivifying as well as creative power. Oysters, and other edible bivalves now rank with Manchester goods and Glasgow muslins. We have oyster "warehouses;" shell-fish "warehouses." Bacon "manufactories" swarm in our streets; and sellers of sausages are brevetted, over their own doorways, as "provision merchants;" furniture-sellers and button-makers cannot away with "shops." Their places of business have very generally expatiated into "dépôts." The whole race of linen-drapers, haberdashery, hosiery, shawl,

silk, mercery "shops" appears to have vanished, like the race of flat-headed Caribs, out of existence. Patient investigation, however, will detect their altered conditions under the appellations of "Magasins des Modes;" "Repositories;" "Temples of Fashion;" and, above all, "Establishments." We must certainly be the most stable people in existence. Nothing seems left, among us, to the chances of disturbing prices, or the caprices of accident. We "breathe and have our being" among these types of fixity. Besides the venders of silks and cottons, cachemires and braganzas, gloves, stockings, bonnets, pelerines, and polka cloaks, whom we have just noticed, the community of trade "establishments" comprises others as numerous as the congregation of establishments ecclesiastical. The dispensers of ales and sandwiches take the lead. A stranger is quite struck by the generous disinterestedness with which the proprietors of "Crowley's Alton Brewery," or of "Goldsmith's celebrated Yarmouth Ales," in every street of our greatest thoroughfares, have set up "establishments" for "the sale of the genuine and unadulterated" beer of their respective firms. The idea of their own profit is never once suggested in their showboards or handbills. These leave it to be inferred that the whole of their liberal outlay has proceeded out of the most sensitive regard for the sanitary condition of the public, lest the public, poor souls, should drink *quassia* or "*coccus Indicus*," or "grains of Paradise." by taking beer at other hands. It was with great difficulty that a very single-minded gentleman could be persuaded, the other day, that it was necessary to pay fourpence in order to profit by the solicitude of these "genuine brewers" on his account. But grocers, coopers, tallow-chandlers, blacking-makers, paper-stainers, retail stationers, cap-makers, ready-made clothes-sellers, and the dealers in boots and blucher's for the million—these all affect "establishments"—nothing less. Not a man pleads guilty to a "shop." Except the dingy back night-cabins, where they serve strange concoctions under the guise of coffee to cabmen, from one to four o'clock in the

morning, at three halfpence the pint ; and the spacious, splendid, public pay-rooms of our metropolitan bankers, where they pay over the polished counters millions in a day, between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon ; there are scarce any "shops" known either to the law or the lounge now. There are, indeed, half a dozen segregated varieties of tradesmen who still regard these "Modern Affectations" with the surly disgust of long-confirmed respectability. Like the *noblesse* of the old *régime*, in Continental monarchies, they prefer their old hereditary simple rank to the higher-sounding designations assumed by their modern competitors. These varieties may be resolved into two classes—the "mongers" and the "men." Fishmongers, ironmongers, cheesemongers, fellmongers seem as disinclined to depart from their old descriptive affixes as a Breton Celt from the "Pen" or the "Mac" which attests, to his modern French neighbors and compatriots, his own more ancient derivation. So, again, it is evident that your tinman, oilman, waxman, hardwareman, regard the "man" as a sort of patent of trading nobility. "Mongers" and "men," therefore, only possess the same feeling for the value of "a name," in greater intensity. They will be slow to call *their* shops "establishments," or themselves "merchants." They are not of that school who permit their apprentices and shopmen to call themselves "assistants," or baptize the two sides of their shops by the title of different "departments." This has been largely done in what are called "gin-palaces," where "bottles" disappear through one richly-glazed pair of portals, and jugs and mugs enter at another ; a stern law of *caste* maintaining the respective inviolability of the "bottle department" from the "jug ditto." To this highly reputable division of "mongers" and "men" we should be strongly tempted to add that of "smiths." Blacksmiths, whitesmiths, coppersmiths, goldsmiths, silversmiths. No blacksmith-farrier, so far as we can learn, has yet transformed his "strang" into "an establishment for shoeing horses." Even the great house of Pontifex has not an-

nounced itself as a "vat establishment." But certain gunsmiths have converted their workshops into places which, in defiance of all facts and appearances, they designate "shooting galleries." A very killing shot, too, this proves. It is found to bring down an excellent percentage on a name. And here we close our first chapter upon "Modern Affectations."

SINGULAR CEREMONY OF THE NATIVE MEXICANS.—On the last day of the great cycle (of the Mexicans consisting of 52 years) the sacred fires were extinguished in all their temples and dwellings, and the people devoted themselves to prayer. At the approach of night no one dared to kindle a flame—their vessels of clay were broken, their garments rent, and whatever was precious destroyed as useless, in the approaching ruin. In this mad superstition, pregnant women became the objects of peculiar horror to men ; they covered their faces with paper masks, they imprisoned them in their granaries ; and believed that, when the final catastrophe occurred, these unfortunate females, transformed into tigers, would join with the demons and avenge themselves for the injustice and cruelty of men. As soon as it became dark on that awful evening, a grand and solemn procession of the *new fire* was commenced. The priests put on the garments of the various idols, and, followed by the sad and bewildered people, ascended a hill about six miles from the city. This mournful march was called the "procession of the gods," and was supposed to be their final departure from their temples and altars. When the solemn train had reached the top of the hill, it rested until the *Pleiades* ascended the zenith, and then commenced the sacrifice of a human victim, stretched on the stone of sacrifice, and covered on the breast with a wooden shield which the chief priest *inflamed by friction*. The victim received the fatal blow, or wound, from the usual obsidian knife of sacrifice ; and, as soon as life was extinct, the machine to create the fire was put in motion on the board over his bosom.

When the blaze had kindled, the body was thrown on an immense pile, the flames of which instantly ascended into the air, and denoted the promise of the sun's return! All who had been unable to join in the sacred procession of the departing gods, had climbed to the terraces of houses and the tops of Teocallis, whence they strained their eyes toward the spot where the hoped-for flame was to appear, and, as soon as it burst upon their sight, hailed it with joyful shouts and acclamations, as a token of the benevolence of the gods and the preservation of their race for another cycle. Runners, placed at regular distances from each other, held aloft torches of resinous pine, by which they transferred the new fire to each other, and carried it from village to village, throughout the empire, depositing it anew in every temple, whence it was again distributed to the dwellings of the people. When the sun arose above the horizon on the succeeding day, the shouting and joy were renewed by the people in the city, toward which at that moment the priests and crowd took up their line of returning march. It was the restoration of their gods to their deserted shrines! The imprisoned women were immediately released; the whole population clad themselves in new garments; the temples were purified and whitened, and everything that was requisite for domestic comfort, splendor, or necessity, was renewed, under the promise of renewed life and protection from the gods.—*Baron Humboldt.*

THE TREATMENT OF THE GUILTY. —

THE treatment of the guilty is all-important as an index to the moral notions of a society. This class of facts will hereafter yield infallible inferences as to the principles and views of governments and people upon vice, its causes and remedies. At present, such facts must be used with great caution, because the societies of civilized countries are in a state of transition from the old vindictiveness to a purer moral philosophy. The ancient methods, utterly disgraceful as they are, must subsist till society has fully agreed upon and prepared for better ones; and

it would be harsh to pronounce upon the humanity of the English from their prisons, or the justice of the French from their galley system. The degrees of reliance upon brute force and upon public opinion are yet by no means proportioned to the civilization of respective societies as at first sight might be expected, and as must be before punishments and prisons can be taken as indications of morals and manners.

The treatment of the guilty in savage lands, and also in countries under a despotism, indicates the morals of rulers only, except in so far as it points out the political subservience of the people. It is true that the Burmese must needs be in a deplorable social state, if their king can "spread out" his prime minister in the sun, as formerly described: but the mercy or cruelty of his subjects can be inferred only from the liberty they may have and may use to treat one another in the same manner. In their case, we see that such a power is possessed and put to use. The creditor exposes his debtor's wife, children, and slaves to the same noon-day sun which broils the prime minister. In Austria it would be harsh to suppose that subjects have any desire to treat one another as the emperor and his ministers treat political offenders within the walls of the Castle of Spielberg. The Russians at large are not to be made answerable for the transportation of coffles of nobles and gentlemen to the silver-mines of Siberia, and the regiments on the frontier. It is only under a representative government that prisons, and the treatment of criminals under the law, can be fairly considered a test of the feelings of the majority.

It is too true, however, that punishments are almost everywhere vindictive in their character; and have more relation to some supposed principle of "not letting vice go unpunished," than either to the security of society, or the reformation of the offender. The few exceptions that exist are a far more conclusive testimony to an advancing state of morals than the old methods are to the vindictiveness of the mind of the society which they corrupt and deform. The Philadelphia Penitentiary is a proof of the

thoughtful and laborious humanity of those who instituted it; but Newgate cannot be regarded as the express decision of the English people as to how criminals should be guarded. Such a prison would not now be instituted by any civilized nation. Its existence is to be interpreted, not as a token of the cruelty and profligacy of the mind of society, but of its ignorance of the case, of its bigoted adherence to ancient methods, or of its apathy in regard to improvements to which there is no peremptory call of self-interest. Any one of these is enough, Heaven knows, for any society to have to answer for; enough to yield, by contrast, surpassing honor to the philanthropy which has pulled down the pillory, and is laboring to supersede the hangman, and to convert every prison in the civilized world into an hospital for the cure of moral diseases. But the reform has begun; the spirit of Howard is on its pilgrimage; and, barbarous as is still our treatment of the guilty, better days are in prospect. — *Harriet Martineau.*

ROME IN THE SIXTH CENTURY. — It was towards the close of this interval that Belisarius felt a desire to visit and survey with his own eyes the ruins of a place that had been the theatre of so much grandeur and renown; and with this view he sallied forth from the seaport at the head of a strong squadron of his guards. A marble wilderness extended on every side as far as the eye could reach, strewed with the ruins of Vitruvian villas, temples, and aqueducts; the waste water of the latter had filled all the valleys, and overflowed the low grounds of the Campagna, converting into marshes and mantling pools those regions which erewhile had abounded with all the delights of the Hesperides. The thoroughfares of the nations were silent and lonely as the double line of tombs through which they passed. The towers and inscriptions over the gates had been torn down, and their bronze portals carried off in the plunder-train of the barbarian. The rock-built walls of Rome lay low; and the tramp of their war-horses was muffled by the grass, as Belisarius and his troops

rode under a succession of dismantled arches, down towards the Forum, along the "Sacred Way." The fox looked out from the casements of the Palatine, and barked sharply at the intruders as they rode on; wolves prowled through the vacant streets, or littered in the palace halls; wild dogs hunted in packs, through the great circus, through the baths, along the Campus Martius, and on to the gardens of Sallust and Mæneas, through the promenades of the Suburra. Outlandish beasts — as if escaped from the manageries and keeps of the amphitheatres — lay sleeping and enjoying themselves in the sunshine of the porticoes, or tore one another to pieces, as the factions had done of old, around the rostrum and in the assembly-place of the people; others growled and snarled, and gloated over the unburied carcasses and whiteningskeletons of the dead. Ravens and vultures desisted from feeding their sanguinary nestlings to hoot the warriors as they wound slowly among the prostrate columns and entablatures of temples that encumbered the ascent to the Capitol, or, starting from their perching-places on trophy and triumphal arch, hovered and flapped their sable wings above the plumage of their helmets. Once more the Roman eagle soars above the Tarpeian tower — that eyry from whence, for a thousand years, it had flown forth to carnage; and the martial bugle makes the field of Mars resound again. But instead of the warlike response of legions — clamoring to be led against the Samnite or the Parthian — there broke out a hideous medley of yells and howling, yelp, bark, and roar, outtopped by the shrill cries of ill-omened birds startled from their roosts in the sanctuary recesses, and from the niches and cornices of the Senate-house. The warriors listened for some human sound. In vain they listened and listened again. There was the Palatine, the Forum, the Capitol, the Campus Martius, and the Tiber flowing under the beautiful summer-sky beneath the Tarpeian cliff; but the Legions, the Emperors, the Senate, and the Roman People, where were they? — *Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes.*

ANECDOTE OF PUNISHMENT.

THE celebrated French author, Dumas, in his pleasing account of "A Fortnight at Sinai," narrates the following characteristic anecdote of punishment on the person of a baker at Kairo, who had been convicted of fraud. He was nailed to his own doorway by one ear, and at such a distance from the ground that the whole weight of the body rested on the great toes, and no relief could be procured without tearing the ear, to which no Mussulman of honor can submit. M. Dumas was at first inclined to intercede for him, but, on seeing his ears bored with holes like a sieve, he thought him too old an offender to be worthy of his efforts, and, placing himself opposite, made a sketch of him instead. While so occupied, he overheard the following curious dialogue between the culprit and the guard placed over him, to see the chastisement fulfilled. "Brother," said the baker, "there is a law of our Holy Prophet, which says, 'that we ought to aid each other.'" The guard continued to smoke without making any reply. "Brother," again said the baker, "hast thou heard me?" The guard gave no other sign of attention than puffing out a large mouthful of smoke. "Brother," resumed the offender, "one of us two might help the other, and be agreeable to the Prophet!" The puffs of smoke continued to follow each other with provoking regularity. "Brother," persevered the sufferer in a melancholy tone, "put a stone under my feet, and I will give you a piastre" (worth about threepence English,)—absolute silence. "Two piastres"—a pause—"three piastres"—smoke—"four piastres." "Ten" said the guard. The ear and the purse of the baker had a long struggle; at last pain gained the ascendancy, and the ten piastres rolled at the feet of the guard, who picked them up, counted and pocketed them, placed his chibook against the wall, rose, procured a small pebble, placed it under the feet of the baker, and resumed his smoking. "Brother," said the delinquent, "I do not feel anything under my feet." "Nevertheless," answered

the guard, "there is a stone. I have chosen one proportioned to the sum; give me a talari (four shillings English,) and I will put a stone under thy feet so beautiful, and so adapted to thy situation, that when thou art in paradise thou shalt regret the place thou didst occupy at the door of thy shop." Again did pain get the better of the baker, who had the stone, and the guard his talari.

SUPERSTITION OF SCOTCH FISHERMEN.

THE reader must be familiar with the old Norse belief, so poetically introduced in the "Pirate," that whoever saves a drowning man must reckon on him ever after as an enemy. It is a belief still held by some of our northern fishing communities. We have oftener than once heard it remarked by fishermen, as a strangely mysterious fact, that persons who have been rescued from drowning regard their deliverers ever after with a dislike bordering on enmity. We have heard it affirmed, too, that when the crew of some boat or vessel have perished, with but the exception of one individual, the relatives of the deceased invariably regard that one with a deep irrepressible hatred. And in both cases the elicited feelings of hostility and dislike are said to originate, not simply in grief, embittered envy, or uneasy ingratitude, but in some occult and supernatural cause. There occurs to us a little anecdote, strikingly illustrative of this kind of apotheosis (shall we call it?) of the envious principle. Some sixty years ago there was a Cromarty boat wrecked on the rough shores of Eathie. All the crew perished, with the exception of one fisherman; and the poor man was so persecuted by the relatives of the drowned, who even threatened his life, that he was compelled much against his inclination, to remove to Nairn. There, however, only a few years after, he was wrecked a second time, and, as in the first instance, proved the sole survivor of the crew. And so he was again subjected to a persecution similar to the one he had already endured, and compelled to quit Nairn, as he had before quitted Cromarty.

PLACARD-PRINTING IN VIENNA.

THERE is a printing-office in Vienna the sole employment of which is the announcement of these fetes, plays, and concerts; nothing else being printed there but placards. The proprietor of this establishment, Mr. Hirshfeld, has many people in his service, who thoroughly understand the most striking way of announcing such matters to the street public, by the judicious arrangement of the alluring words "Bal Brillant," "Magic Illumination," "Rose-tinted Garments of Pleasure," &c. I visited this printing-office; where the readers were employed in correcting the style and orthography of writers, &c., and preparing their eloquent productions for the press. The monster types are all of wood: the effect of the great black letters upon men's eyes and fancies is always speculated on; and the pictorial announcements of estates for sale by lottery, when all the letters are composed of pictures of castles and rural views, and where every million is represented entwined with the elegant flowery wreaths of hope, are really masterpieces in a psychological as in a xylographic point of view. The unusual words, or those that do not frequently occur, are composed, as occasion may require, from single letters; but the celebrated names, Straus, Lanner, im Sperl, Elysium, Prater, Golden Pear, &c., are cut out of single blocks, and many duplicates are always kept ready for use at Hirshfelds. It is the same with these standing phrases, such as "Splendid Illuminations," "Dancing Soiree," &c. Whoever has arrived at the honors of stereotype in Hirshfeld's printing-office, may deem himself a celebrated man within the walls of Vienna. It is somewhat remarkable, although natural enough, that even these kind of announcements and posting-bills, on which the most innocent things in the world are made known to the public, are subject to the censorship, in fact to a double censorship,—firstly, to the supreme censorial authorities, who bestow the "*imprimatur*;" and secondly, to the subordinate police authorities, who

make any emendations held necessary according to circumstances and localities. "They play them a trick for all that, sometimes," said my bill-sticker, whom I encountered in the night as before mentioned. "Lately there was a ball at Sperl, where they danced till six o'clock in the morning, although they announced on their bill that it was to end after midnight; and when they were called to account by the police, they said that six o'clock in the morning was after midnight."—*Austria, &c., by J. G. Kohl.*

A STORM IN THE POLAR SEA.—No language, I am convinced, can convey an adequate idea of the terrific grandeur of the effect now produced by the collision of the ice and the tempestuous ocean. The sea violently agitated and rolling its mountainous waves against an opposing body, is at all times a sublime and awful sight; but when, in addition, it encounters immense masses, which it has set in motion with a violence equal to its own, its effect is prodigiously increased. At one moment it bursts upon these icy fragments, and buries them many feet beneath its wave; and the next, as the buoyancy of the depressed body struggles for reascendency, the water rushes in foaming cataracts over its edges; whilst every individual mass, rocking and laboring in its bed, grinds against and contends with its opponent until one is either split with the shock or upheaved upon the surface of the other. Nor is this collision confined to any particular spot; it is going on as far as the sight can reach; and when, from this convulsive scene below, the eye is turned to the extraordinary appearance of the blink in the sky above, where the unnatural clearness of a calm and silvery atmosphere presents itself, bounded by a dark hard line of stormy clouds, such as at this moment lowered over our masts, as if to mark the confines within which the efforts of man would be of no avail, the reader may imagine the sensation of awe which must accompany that of grandeur in the mind of the beholder.—*Beechey's Voyages towards the North Pole.*



RINGING IN THE NEW YEAR.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.

ALL hail to thee, Christmas-tide! —
period of waits and wassal-bowls, mince-
pies and pocket-books, pantomimes and
boxing-days, mistletoe and holly, carols
and chimes, heaped hearths and yule-
logs, beef, turkeys, and plum pudding: —

How many hearts are happy at this hour,
In England! Brightly o'er the cheerful hall
Flares the heap'd hearths, and friends and
kindred meet,

And the glad mother round her festive board,
Beholds her children separated long,
Amid the wide world's ways, assembled
now —

A sight at which affection lightens up,
With smiles the eye that age has long be-
dimmed. *Southey.*

All hail to thee, Christmas! in what-
ever mood you come —

Whether thine aged limbs thou dost enshroud
In vest of snowy white and hoary veil,
Or wrap'st thy visage in a sable cloud;
Thee we proclaim with mirth and cheer, nor
fail

To greet thee well with many a carol loud.
Bampfylde.

Our painters have been too unkind to
Winter, representing the fine old fellow
as a wrinkled, crabbed old man, with

his breath congealed on his cold blue
lips, an ice-drop at his nose, and a long,
mossy beard, made white with snow.

They should have drawn thee by the high-
heap'd hearth,
Old Winter! seated in thy great arm'd chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas
mirth,
Or circled by them as thy lips declare
Some merry jest or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to rouse the mouldering fire,
Or taste the old October brown and bright.

Southey.

Milton has a glorious hymn on the
Nativity, full of sublime imagery, but
not without its drawback of conceits: —

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring.
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great maker so to sympathize:
It was no season, then, for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Here is a vision, on Christmas Day,
by old Southwell the Jesuit, full of the
very finest feeling, and only too little
known: —

CHRISTMAS DAY.

As I, in hoary Winter's night,
 Stood shivering in the snow,
 Surprised I was with sudden heat,
 Which made my heart to glow;
 And lifting up a fearful eye
 To view what fire was near,
 A pretty babe, all burning bright,
 Did in the air appear;
 Who, scorched with excessive heat,
 Such floods of tears did shed,
 As though his floods should quench his flames,
 Which with his tears were bred:
 Alas, (quoth he,) but newly born,
 In fiery heats I fry,
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts,
 Or feel my fire, but I;
 My faultless breast the furnace is,
 The fuel wounding thorns:
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
 The ashes, shames and scorns;
 The fuel Justice layeth on,
 And Mercy blows the coals,
 The metal in this furnace wrought
 Are men's defiled souls:
 For which, as now, on fire I am,
 To work them to their good,
 So will I melt into a bath,
 To wash them in my blood.
 With this he vanish'd out of sight
 And swiftly shrunk away,
 And straight I called unto mind
 That it was Christmas Day.

This is the poem of which Ben Jonson told Drummond that, to have written it, "he would have been content to destroy many of his own."

Inigo Jones and "rare Ben Jonson" devised a figure of Christmas for a masque at court, in the year 1616. He was "attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high crowned hat, with a brooch, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him." By these very competent authorities Old Christmas is said to have had eight sons and two daughters. The sons were — Misrule, Carol, Gambol, Post and Pair, New Year's Gift, Mumming, Offering, and Baby Cake. His daughters, Minced Pie and Wassail:

England was merry England when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale,
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
 A poor man's heart through half the year,
Sir Walter Scott.

Verstegan, in his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," gives the best account of the origin of the word *wassail* that we remember to have seen: — "As Rowena was very beautiful," says Verstegan, "so was she of a very comely deportment; and Hingistus having invited King Vortiger to a supper at his new-built castle, caused that after supper, she came forth of her chamber into the king's presence, with a cup of gold filled with wine in her hand, and making, in very seemly manner, a low reverence unto the king, sayd, with a pleasing grace and countenance, in her own language, *Waes heal playford Cyning*; which is, being rightly expounded according to our present speech, *Be of health, Lord King*. The king, not understanding what she said, demanded it of his chamberlain, and, when he knew what it was, he asked him how he might again answer her in her own language; whereof being informed, he said unto her, *Drinc heal*; that is to say, *Drink health*." The first edition of Verstegan's very curious book was printed at Antwerp, in the year 1605.

Christmas Day is unobserved in Presbyterian Scotland, it was also unobserved in England when Cromwell and his party were in power. Indeed, all *holy-days* (strictly so called) were put down by a public *Ordinance* of the celebrated Long Parliament. But Christmas was not altogether suppressed without a struggle, and Whitelocke records in his "Memoirs," that on Christmas Day, 1647, the good people of the cathedral city of Canterbury dragged and hooted, and broke the head of their mayor, for endeavoring to enforce the ordinance of the Parliament. "They broke," says Whitelocke, "into the houses of divers others who were of the mayor's opinion, put themselves into a military posture, kept guards, stopped passes, and examined passengers; and the like insurrections," he adds, "were in several other places of the kingdom."

Evelyn went to London with his wife, he tells us, in 1657, to celebrate Christmas Day in Exeter Chapel in the Strand, the chapel attached to old Exeter House.

When the sermon was ended, and the Holy Sacrament about to be administered, "the chapel," he says, "was surrounded with soldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners. As we went up to receive the sacrament, the miscreants held their muskets against us, as if they would have shot us at the altar, but yet suffering us to finish the office of communion, as perhaps not having instructions what to do in case they found us in that action." Evelyn was confined to a room in Exeter House, and, in the afternoon, Colonel Whaly, Goff, and others, came from Whitehall, and severally examined them. "When I came before them," says Evelyn, "they took my name and abode, examined me why, contrary to an ordinance made, that none should any longer observe the *superstitious time of the Nativity*, I durst offend. Finding no color to detain me," he adds, "they dismissed me, with much pity of my ignorance."

There is something very melancholy in the last day — the three hundred and sixty-fifth beat of an expiring year; and no one has hit this chord of feeling more truly than a Spanish poet, of the name of Luis Baylon, thus happily translated by Mr. J. G. Lockhart: —

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

Hark, friends! it strikes — the year's last hour —
 A solemn sound to hear;
 Come, fill the cup, and let us pour
 Our blessing on the parting year.
 The years that were, the dim, the gray,
 Receive, this night, with choral hymn,
 A sister shade as lost as they,
 And soon to be as gray and dim.
 Fill high; she brought us both of weal and woe,
 And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on in one unwearied round,
 Old Time pursues his way;
 Groves bud and blossom, and the ground
 Expects in peace her yellow prey;
 The oak's broad leaf, the rose's bloom,
 Together fall, together lie;
 And undistinguished in the tomb,
 Howe'er they lived, are all that die.
 Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown
 To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.

How short the rapid months appear,
 Since round this board we met,
 To welcome in the infant year,
 Whose star hath now for ever set!
Alas! as round this board I look,
I think on more than I behold,
 For glossy curls in gladness shook
 That night, that now are damp and cold.
 For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,
 Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in wine.

Thank heaven, no seer unblest am I,
 Before the time to tell,
 When moons as brief once more go by,
 For whom this cup again shall swell.
 The hoary mower strides apace,
 Nor crops alone the ripened ear;
And we may miss the merriest face
Among us, 'gainst another year.
 Whoe'er survive, be kind, as we have been,
 And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.

Nay, droop not: being is not breath;
 'Tis fate that friends must part;
 But God will bless in life, in death,
 The noble soul, the gentle heart.
 So deeds be just, and words be true,
 We need not shrink from Nature's rule;
The tomb, so dark to mortal view
Is Heaven's own blessed vestibule;
 And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,
 Though nearer lies the land to which we go.

GOOD MANNERS have this advantage over good morals — that they lie more on the surface; and there is nothing, I own, inclines me to think so highly of the understandings or dispositions of others as a thorough absence of all impertinence. I do not think they can be the worst in the world who habitually pay the most attention to the feelings of others, nor those the best who are endeavoring every moment to hurt them.
Hazlitt.

I WAS NEVER ABLE to conquer any one single, bad sensation in my heart so decidedly as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground. —
Sterne.

ADVICE TO LOVERS. — Ask yourselves this: Does love beget the desire, or the desire beget the love? If the former, you may be happy; if the latter, never.



EDITOR'S TABLE

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WITH the present issue commences a new volume of the "Illustrated Family Magazine" and the second year of its publication. For our success during the past year, which has been far above all we dared to expect, we thank our kind patrons one and all.

We commenced this work, one year since, with the firm conviction that a monthly magazine of the best articles from the various English and American works was much needed in the family circles of New England. We felt, too, that it should be afforded at a price so very moderate, as to bring its benefits within the reach of all : and our success, the first year of its publication, has proved that we were not wrong in our convictions. It has been our earnest desire to make each number of the work of value in itself independent of steel engravings or wood cuts. Not that engravings do not sometimes add to the value of a Magazine of this kind ; but it seemed to us wiser to place its claim to public patronage upon its own intrinsic merits. We now present the first number of a new volume to our friends and patrons, and respectfully ask a continuance of their favor another year. For ourselves we make no promises for the future, except that we will present our subscribers monthly with a magazine of useful and entertaining knowledge ; and *try* to make each succeeding number better than the last. We shall occasionally insert original articles when suitable, and we beg leave to remark that communications for this work, or suggestions in regard to the contents of the same will always be thankfully received and duly acknowledged. Several letters from our correspondents, received since our last, will be noticed in our next number.

"Philo," Newton Upper Falls, is thanked for his kind wishes, and we hope we may deserve them. We would most gladly insert his article, which is a good one, but for one objection which he will readily guess. He must remember that our circulation is not confined to the New England States.

"P. M.'s" second communication is received and we are glad if we were mistaken. He can hardly convince us, however, that he has been actuated *wholly* by a *sense of duty*, and although no want of courtesy was intended, yet, if he will reperuse his letters, we think he *may* detect some objectionable sentences. The affair is forgotten.

"Mount Blanc." A similar article has already appeared in this Magazine. See vol. I. page 166.



NO. II.

FEBRUARY, 1846.

VOL. III.

THE SHOT IN THE EYE.

A TRUE STORY OF TEXAS BORDER LIFE.

Concluded from page 33.

ABOUT four months after this affair, in company with an adventurous friend, I was traversing Western Texas. Our objects were to see the country, and amuse ourselves in hunting for a time over any district we found well adapted for a particular sport — as for bear hunting, deer hunting, buffalo hunting, &c. Either of these animals is to be found in greater abundance, and, of course, pursued to greater advantage, in peculiar regions; and as we were anxious to make ourselves familiar with all the modes of life in the country, we made it a point, in passing through, to stop wherever the promise of anything specially interesting offered itself. Prairies, timber, and water were better distributed in Shelby than any county we had passed through — the timber predominating over the prairie, though interlaid by it in every direction. This diversity of surface attracted a greater variety and quantity of game, as well as afforded more perfect facilities to the sportsman. Indeed, it struck us as a perfect hunter's paradise; and, my friend happening to remember a man of some wealth, who had removed from his native county and settled, as he had understood, in Shelby, we inquired for him, and very readily found him.

Whatever else may be said or thought of the Texans, they are unquestionably most generously hospitable. We were frankly and kindly received, and horses, servants, guns, dogs, and whatever else was necessary to ensure our enjoyment of the sports of the country, as well as the time of our host himself, were forthwith at our disposal, and we were soon, to our hearts' content, engaged in every character of exciting chase.

One day we had all turned out for a deer-drive. This hunt, in which dogs are used for driving the game out of the timber, scatters the hunters very much; they are stationed at the different "stands," which are sometimes miles apart, to watch for the deer passing out; and for this reason, the party seldom gets together again until night. We divided in the morning, and skirted up opposite sides of a wide belt of bottom timber, while the "drivers" and dogs penetrated it to rouse the deer, which ran out on either side by the stands which were known to the hunters. We were unusually successful, and returned to a late dinner at our host's, the planter's house. By dusk all had come in, except my friend, whose name was Henry, and a man named Stoner, one of the neighbors, who had joined our hunt. Dinner was ready, and we sat down to it, supposing they would be in in a few moments. The meal was nearly over, when Henry,

who was a gay, voluble fellow, came busting into the room, and, with a slightly flurried manner, addressed our host; — "Squire, this is a strange country of yours! Do you let crazy people range it with guns in their hands?"

"Not when we know it. Why? What about crazy people? You look excited."

"Well I think I've had enough to make me feel a little curious."

"What is it? what is it?" exclaimed everybody, eagerly.

"Why, I have met with either the Old Harry himself, a ghost, or a madman, and which it is I am confoundedly puzzled to tell!"

"Where? How?"

He threw himself into a chair, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and continued: — You know, Stoner and myself, when we parted from you all this morning, took up the right-hand side of the bottom timber. Well, Stoner accompanied me to my 'stand,' where we parted, he to go on to his; and I have seen nothing of him since. Soon after he left me a deer passed out — I shot it, wounded it, and jumped on my horse to pursue it. The deer had staggered at my fire, but was not so badly wounded as I supposed, and led me off, until it suddenly occurred to me that I might get lost, and I reined up; but I soon found that this sober second thought had come too late, and that I was already out of my latitude. I wandered about nearly all day, though taking care not to go very far in one direction, before I came across anything which promised to set me right again. I at last came upon a wagon trail, and felt relieved, for I knew it must take me to some point where I could get information. The trail was narrow, leading through scrubby thickets; and I was riding along slowly, looking down, in the hope of detecting the tracks of some of your horses, when the violent shying of my horse caused me to raise my eyes. And, by George! it was enough to have 'stampeded' a whole regiment of horse! On the left of the trail stood a very tall skeleton-like figure, dressed in skins, one foot advanced, as if he had stopped in the act of step-

ping across it, and a long heavy gun, just swinging down to the level, bearing on me. Of course my heart leaped into my throat, and my flesh shrank and crept. Before I could think of raising my gun, my eyes met those of this strange figure; and such eyes! Surprise at their cold, unnatural expression suspended my action: burning with a chill, singular brilliancy, in deep-sunken sockets, they looked as if they never had winked. Dwelling steadily upon my face for a moment, they seemed to be satisfied, and the gun was slowly thrown back upon his shoulders; and, plucking at a long grizzly beard with an impatient gesture of his bony hands, the figure made a stride across the trail, and, without speaking a word, plunged into the thicket. I was so confounded by this curious dumb show that he was nearly concealed in the brush before I found my tongue to shout to him to stop; but he kept on, not even turning his head. I was provoked, and spurred my horse in after him as far as I could penetrate; but he kept on, and I lost sight of him in a moment, and whether he can talk at all or not is more than I can tell."

"Did you look at his feet, Henry?" interrupted one of the party. "I expect it was old —"

"Never mind what you expect — hear me out," he continued. "I followed the trail, which wound about, it seemed to me, towards all the points of the compass, for an hour or more, when at last it led me out into a prairie which I thought I recognized. I stopped, and was looking around to make out the landmarks, when a horse with a saddle on burst from the woods behind me, and tore off across the prairie, as if he, too, had seen the devil."

"What color was he?" exclaimed half a dozen voices in a breath.

"He was too far off for me to distinguish more than that he was a dark horse — say about as much so as mine. I could distinguish the pommel of the saddle and the stirrups flying!"

"Stoner's horse was a dark bay," was buzzed around the table in low tones, every one looking seriously in his neighbor's face.

"Yes!" said the squire, rising and stepping uneasily to the window. "Stoner's horse was a good deal like yours; he must have got away from him, and that is what detains him. But then the nag was a very kind creature, and well trained. I wonder it should have behaved so!"

"Don't believe 'Bay' would have done it, squire," said one of the men. "Something's gone wrong, I think! Was the bridle down, Mr. Henry?"

"It was too far off for me tell. I followed in the direction the horse took, and soon found myself here, and expected to find it here too!"

"No! Stoner's is beyond here," said the squire. "That waggon trail you were turning and twisting about in is a road I had opened to a number of board trees we cut and rived out there; you might have followed it for hours and not been more than a mile or so from the place you started from. That ghost of yours, by the way, may be some crazy fellow who has wandered off into these parts with mischief in him! Did you hear no gun?"

"I thought I did—about an hour after parting with that man, or devil, or whatever he was; but the sound was so faint and distant, that, for fear I might be mistaken, I did not go to it; and, the road had turned so frequently, I could not tell whether it was in the direction he went off or not."

Here the "Driver" interposed, saying that he had heard a rifle about that time on the right, but, supposing it to be Henry or Stoner, he thought nothing of it. And a half-laughing discussion followed as to the probable character of the wood ghost Henry had reported of—some asserting that he was quizzing us—for these men were too much accustomed to the exigencies of a hunter's life to be for more than a moment seriously affected by the circumstance of Stoner's non-arrival. In the midst of this a horse's feet were heard galloping up to the door, and a loud "Hilloa!" followed. The squire rose hastily and went out. In a moment after he entered, looking pale and excited.

"Tom Dix (one of Stoner's neigh-

bors) says that his horse has come without a rider, the reins upon his neck, and a clot of blood upon the pommel of the saddle! Boys! he's been shot! Just as I expected from the first!"

Everybody rose at this announcement—looking in the face of him opposite with a pallid stare.

"The crazy man!" ejaculated several.

"Strange!"—"Very mysterious!" said others.

"I tell you what," said the squire, after a pause, "has struck me at first. It is that this strange-looking fellow Henry saw mistook him for Stoner, until he looked into his face—for Henry's horse and general appearance are not unlike his—and when he found that he was wrong, got out of the way and went on till he met Stoner himself, and has shot him!"

"No doubt of it!" said several.

"But it's a very mysterious affair," continued he. "I know of no such looking man in this region as Henry describes; but at any rate he will be hunted down to-morrow, for Stoner was one of the Regulators, and Hinch is a perfect bloodhound. He can hardly escape him—crazy or not crazy!"

This seemed to be the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty, and, as it was too dark for us to do anything that night, we resumed our seats to discuss over and over again these details; while the squire sent off a messenger summoning Hinch and the Regulators to be on the ground early in the morning.

Before sunrise in the morning Hinch arrived with six men. I was waked by his loud blustering and swearing. He was raving as I afterwards understood, about Henry, calling his story about the meeting with the remarkable personage all a humbug, and asserting his belief that if a murder had been committed, Henry was its author. Our host quieted him in some way, and when we came out to join them, he greeted us with a snarling sort of servility. He was a thick-set broad-shouldered, burly-looking wretch, with blood-shot eyes, and face bearing all the marks of riotous debauchery! Our search was for several hours entirely

unsuccessful, until Henry by accident found the place where he had encountered the Bearded-Ghost, as some one christened him. Here one of the keen-eyed hunters found the traces of a large moccasoned foot. These were pursued several miles and lost. But, on spreading our line and continuing the same general course for some distance farther, we at last found, indeed, the body of Stoner! It had been so much mutilated by the wolves and ravins that little examination was made of the bones. We gathered them together to carry them home to his family, and in doing this I noticed the fracture of a bullet through the back of the skull. It had been stripped bare of flesh, and both eyes pluck out by the birds, and was too shocking an object for close examination. But what puzzled all parties most was the discovery, a short distance off, of the trail of a shod horse. Now there was, perhaps, not a horse in Shelby county that wore shoes, and certainly not one in our party. Shoeing is never thought of, being unnecessary where there are no stones. This was as perfect a poser as even Henry's story, and threw yet a greater air of inexplicability around the affair! It was thought that this track might easily be traced to any distance; but after worrying about it for several days, it was given up in despair, and the Regulators, fatigued and disheartened, scattered for their respective homes.

But one of their number never reached his. Being missed for two days, there was a general turnout to look for him, and, as had been the case with Stoner, his body was found torn to pieces by the wolves. The report was, that he, too, had been shot through the back of the head.

These murders, and the singular circumstances accompanying them, created great sensation. Hinch and his troops scoured the country in every direction, arresting and lynching suspicious persons, as they called them. One poor offensive fellow they hung and cut down four or five times, to make him confess; but nothing was elicited; and they left him with barely a spark of life.

That evening, as they were returning

to their head-quarters at the store, one of them, named Winter, missed a portion of his horse furniture, which had become accidentally detached. He said he had observed it in its place a mile back, that he would return to get it, and rejoin them at the store by the time they should be ready to commence the spree they had determined on going into that night. He left them, and never returned. They soon got drunk, and did not particularly notice his absence until some time the next day, when his family, alarmed by the return of his horse with an empty saddle, sent to inquire after him. This sort of inquiries had come to be so significant of late that they were instantly sobered, and, mounting, rode back on their trail. Very soon a swarm of buzzards and wolves, near a line of thicket ahead, designated the whereabouts of the object of their search; and there they found his fleshless bones scattered on every side. They were appalled. The reddest-bloated cheek among them blanched! It was terrible! They seemed to be doomed! Three of their number dead and torn to pieces within ten days, and yet not the slightest clue to the relentless and invisible foe, but that ghostly story of Henry's, and the tracks which only serve to tantalize them! It must be some dread supernatural visitation of their hideous crimes! They shivered, while the great drops started from their foreheads, and without thinking of looking for any trail, or even gathering up the bones, they started back at full speed, spreading the alarm everywhere. The excitement now became universal and tremendous. Nearly the whole country turned out for the purpose of unravelling this alarming mystery; and the superstitious frenzy was in no small degree heightened by the report that this man had been shot in the same way as the other — in the *back of the head*.

These incidents were all so unaccountable, that I own I felt no little sympathy with the popular association of a supernatural agency in their perpetration. Henry laughed at all this, but insisted that it was a maniac; and, to account for the peculiar dexterity of his escapes

and whole management, related many anecdotes of the proverbial cunning of madmen. The wildest, most absurd, and incredible stories were now afloat among the people concerning this deadly and subtle foe of the Regulators, for it was now universally believed and remarked that it was against them alone that his enmity was directed. The story of Henry was greatly improved and added to; and, as some reports had it, the madman—as others, the bearded ghost, was seen in half-a-dozen places at the same time; now on foot, stalking with enormous strides across some open glade from thicket to thicket, passing out of sight again before the observer could recover from his surprise; then mounted, he was seen flying like the shadow of a summer cloud over the prairies, or beneath the gloom of forests, always haggard and lean, dressed in skins with the hair on, and that long, heavy, terrible rifle on his shoulder! I noticed that there was only one class of men who ventured to assert that they had actually seen with their own eyes these wonderful sights, and that was constituted of those who either had suffered, or from their character and pursuits were most likely to suffer, persecution from the Regulators—the class of hunter emigrants. These men were most industrious in embellishing all the circumstances of character, feats, and relentless hatred to the Regulators, as highly as the excited credulity of the public would bear. They never saw him except in the vicinity of the homes of some one of these hated tyrants. In their versions this being was forever hovering around them, waiting the moment to strike while they were alone and far from any help.

They carried this thing so far as to attract attention to it, and arouse in the cunning mind of Hinch the same suspicion which had occurred to Henry and myself, namely, that all this was the result of a profoundly acute and thoroughly organized scheme of this class, headed by some man of peculiar personalities and consummate skill, with the object of exterminating or driving off the Regulators. It seemed impossible that, without collusion with many others, the

murderer should have been able to so baffle all pursuit. Hinch and his band had been thoroughly cowed and awed; but, the moment this idea occurred to them, the reaction of their base fears was savage exultation. Here was something tangible; their open and united force could easily exterminate an enemy who had acknowledged their weakness in resorting to secret combination and assassination from "the bush." They forthwith proclaimed "war to the knife" with the whole class; and during the next week several outrages, so revolting that I will not detail them, were perpetrated upon these men in different parts of the county; and the fact that, during the general tumult, nothing more was seen or heard of the mysterious rifleman, encouraged them with the belief that they had succeeded in getting rid of him through the intimidation of his confederates.

They had now been for nearly a fortnight in the saddle, had glutted themselves with vengeance, and, as they conceived, broken down this dangerous conspiracy against their power; and, if they had not succeeded in detecting and punishing, had at least frightened off their singular foe. They now concluded they might safely disband. That day, after they separated, one of their number, named Rees—almost as bad and savage a man as Hinch himself—was riding past a thicket, in sight of his own house, when he was shot from it. His negroes heard the gun, and, seeing his horse galloping up to the house, riderless and snorting wildly, they ran down and found him stretched in the road dead. *He was shot in the eye*, and the ball passed at the back of his head.

When Hinch heard this, he turned perfectly livid, his knees smote together, and, with a horrible oath, he exclaimed, "It's Jack Long, or his ghost, by G—, come back for vengeance!" It was now perceived, for the first time, that all the men had been shot through the eye, instead of in the back of the head, where the ball had only passed out after entering at the socket. The other heads had been too unpleasantly mutilated for examination, and this fact had not been before

observed. Of course everybody was satisfied now that this terrible being was in one way or another identified with Jack Long ; for the notoriety of his favorite mark, and his matchless skill instantly occurred to all, as accounting for much that was unaccountable in these occurrences. This produced a great change in public feeling. The better sort began to conceive that they understood the whole matter. The lynching Jack had received was fresh in their memories, and they supposed that its severity had shaken his mental balance and made him a monomaniac, and that the disease had endowed him with the marvellous cunning, the stanch, murderous hate, and the unnatural appearance which had created such a sensation. They could not understand how a being so simple-hearted and sluggish as he was reputed to have been, could have been roused or stung to such deeds by the mere depth and power of his natural passions. But, monomaniac or not, such a vengeance, and the daring conduct of the whole affair, were very imposing to their associations and prepossessions, and they sympathized heartily with him. It was only while the general uncertainty left every man in doubt whether his own person might not be the next object of this murderous aim, that the public were disposed to back the Rangers in whatever violent measures they might choose to resort to to drag the secret to light and the actor to punishment ; but, now that it was apparent his whole hate was levelled against the Rangers, and all that uncertainty was confined to them, be he devil, ghost, madman, or Jack Long, the public had no intention of interfering again. It was a personal issue between him and them — they might settle it between themselves ! Indeed, men felt in their inmost hearts that every man of the ten engaged in the lynching of Jack Long deserved a dozen times over to be shot ; and now they looked on coolly, rather enjoying the thing, and earnestly hoping that Jack might have the best of it.

And of this there seemed to be a strong probability ; for the Regulators made only one more attempt to get together ;

but, another of their number being killed on his way to the rendezvous, his body bearing that well-known and fearful signature of skill, the remaining five, perfectly unnerved and overcome with terror, retreated to their houses, and scarcely dared for several weeks to put their heads outside their own doors.

The class to which Jack belonged, at least those of them who had managed to keep a footing during the relentless proscription of the Regulators, now began to look up, and hinted that they had known of Jack's return from the time of Stoner's murder, and had aided and abetted his purposes in every way in their power ; furnishing him with fresh horses when the noble animal he rode back from the States became fatigued ; assisting his flights and concealments, and furnishing him with information, as well as spreading the exaggerated stories about him. One bluff old fellow remarked : — " You are fools who talk about Jack's being crazy ! He's as calm and cold as a frosty morning in old Kentuck, and his head's as clear as a bell ; he's just got his Indian fightin' and Tory-hatin' blood waked up in him by them stripes ! That's a blood you know that's dangersomer than a catamount, when it once gets riz ! "

Jack was now frequently seen ; but it was known that his work was only half done, and that he meant to finish it, and he was regarded with great curiosity and awe. The five wretched men were entirely unstrung and panic-stricken. They made no attempt at retaliation, but all their hopes seemed to lie in the effort to get out of his reach. That long heavy rifle haunted them day night ; they saw its dark muzzle bearing on them from every bush, and through the chinks of their own cabins !

One of them, named White, who was an inveterate toper, with all his terror could not resist his inclination for liquor, and, after confinement in his house for nearly three weeks, determined to risk all and go to the store and buy him a barrel. He went in a covered waggon, driven by a negro, while he lay stretched on the bottom in the straw. The barrel of liquor was obtained — he got into the waggon — lay down beside it, and started

for home. All the way he never raised his head until near the mouth of his lane ; a log had been placed on the side of the road which tilted up the waggon in passing over it, so as to roll the barrel on him. He forgot his caution, and sprang up with his head out of the cover to curse the boy for his carelessness, and at that moment a rifle was discharged. He fell back dead—*shot through the eye!* The boy said that his master suddenly cut short his oaths, and exclaimed, "There he is!" at the moment the gun fired. He saw a tall man with a beard hanging down on his breast, and dressed in skins, walking off through the bush with his rifle on his shoulder.

The next man named Garnet, about two weeks after this, got up one morning about sunrise, and in his shirt sleeves stepped to his door and threw it open to breathe fresh air. He was rubbing his eyes, being about half asleep ; and when he got them fairly open, there stood the gaunt avenger beside a tree in the yard, the fatal rifle levelled, and waiting till his victim should see him distinctly. He did see him—but it was with his last look ! The bullet went crashing through his brain too ! Long is said to have told one of his friends that he never in a single instance shot one of these men till he was certain the man saw and recognized him fully.

All were gone now but Hinch and the two youngest men of the party, Williams and Davis. The two latter were permitted to escape. Whether it was from relenting on the part of the dread avenger, or that he had observed some trifling thing in their demeanor on the occasion of the outrage he was thus punishing which recommended them to mercy, now that his resentment had so deeply drank of the bitter delight of atonement, or that, in his anxiety to secure Hinch, he confined his efforts and watchfulness to him alone, I do not know. They made a forced and secret sale of their property, and cleared out during the night. But it was for Hinch he had with passionless calculation reserved the most inconceivable torture. He had passed him by all this time, while one after the other he struck down the tools and companions of his crimes.

He doomed him to see them falling around him with the certain knowledge that the avenging hate which slew them burned with tenfold intensity for his life, that it must and would have it ! But when would the claim be made ? Should he be the next one ? No ! But then each succeeding death so sure to take one of their number drove away every sophistry of hope, and realized to him in bare and sterner horror that his own fate was as fixed as theirs. As each one fell away the circle of doom was narrowed—slowly, steadily, closing in about him ! Soon there would be no one left but him ! How could he call an hour his own ? When could he feel safe ? That relentless subtlety had baffled them all ! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, strong men had all gone down before that fearful rifle—*every one of them shot through the eye!* God of heavens ! and the sharp agony would spangle keen points of burning light through his brain, as if the ball were already bursting through a socket. "I, too, must be shot through the eye!" Horror ! It was worse than ten thousand deaths, and he died them in lingering tortures told over day by day !

From the time of Ree's death he looked a changed and stricken man. In a few weeks he had lost a great deal of flesh, and became piteously haggard—his eyes and gait and voice were all humble. His turbulent and fierce animality faded before the harrowing suspense of this fear. The bully and murderous ruffian trembled at the rustling of a leaf. His own imagination became his hell ; and hungry remorse grew stronger and stronger with feasting at his heart ! He never left his house for weeks, until the escape of Williams and Davis inspired him with some hope. He procured a fine horse, and set off one dark night for the Red River ! Everybody regretted his escape—for men had looked in quiet expectation upon the progress of this affair, and in strong faith that the sense of wild border justice would be gratified in seeing this stern, righteous, and unparalleled vengeance consummated by the fall of Hinch—the monster instigator and chief actor in all the grievous out-

rages which had roused the simple-hearted Long into a demon executioner of doom.

Hinch reached the bank of the Red River, sprang from his foaming and exhausted horse, after looking cautiously around, and threw himself on the grass to wait for a steam-boat. In two hours he heard one puffing down the stream, and saw the white wreaths of steam curling up behind the trees. How his heart bounded ! Freedom, hope, and life, once more sprang through his shrivelled veins and to his lips. He signalled the vessel ; she rounded to and lowered her yawl. His pulse bounded high, and he gazed with absorbing eagerness at the crew as they pulled lustily towards the shore. A click — behind him ! He turned, with a shudder, and *there he was !* That long rifle was bearing straight upon him — those cold eyes dwelt steadily for a moment — and crash ! all was for ever blackness to Hinch the Regulator ! The men who witnessed this singular scene landed, and found him *shot through the eye* ; and saw the murderer galloping swiftly away over the plain stretching out from the top of the bank ! And so the vengeance was consummated, and the stern hunter had wiped out with much

blood the stain of stripes on his free limbs, and could now do, what I was told he had never done since the night of those fatal and fatally expiated stripes, look his wife again in the eyes, and receive her form to rest again upon his breast.

It was an awful deed. In view of all its circumstances, the provocation, the character of Long, the deranging influence of the outrage upon the brain, though no other indication appeared of impaired sanity, the mind is lost in uncertainty as to the judgment which should be passed upon it. He did not remain in Shelby county ; but in what direction he had intended to go, after returning to Arkansas to his wife and children, I could never hear. He is probably living now his old quiet and good-natured life in the heart of the green wilderness ; and it is as likely as not that one of those two chubby boys who rolled with him about the floor of his log cabin on that memorable night in which I have simply related the events and the consequences, will some of these days come to Washington from congressional districts beyond the Rocky Mountains.



SOCIAL HAPPINESS.

CONSIDERED IN THE PERSONAL RELATIONS
OF LIFE.

WEDLOCK.

WHATEVER the worldly wise may profess to think, really practical people will find "true love" the best introduction to marriage. Indeed wedded is essentially the same thing as unwedded love; though a ludicrous notion to the contrary has sometimes obtained. The circumstances are different: there is not the anxiety that causes so much torment to lovers, commonly so called, as distinguished from husbands. Novelty, that source of piquancy, has gone. Possibly, for it is best to speak in all tender and respectful frankness, the "charms" of youth may "fade." This deprivation of love's characteristics, as they may be by some accounted, is a trying test of the genuineness of the feeling; it is a test to discriminate the false sentiment from the real; but it scarcely tries the power of love, if it exists. We have already considered how passion and affection amplify each other; how the joint product, love, grows to be great in strength, so that it rises to be superior to the youthful attractions, the gay moments of early holiday meetings, and becomes a thing of endurance. *Affection* is obviously dependent on continued familiarity. *Passion* also, as it is modified by love, acquires a use and quality from the lasting emotions that borrow it as an exponent. Wedded love therefore is, from its condition, likely to be proportionately greater than unwedded love. But it may not so force itself upon the attention of spectators; for it is not craving, but satisfied, not exigent, but content with, not without, opportunity. The hardest trial that even real love will have to undergo, will be the detection of any deceits that have been practised during the less familiar days of courtship. The wedded suitor may easily reconcile himself to the discovery, that his wife once owed too much to dress; but flaws of character, unfortunate twittings of disposition, seem even worse upon such

detection than they really are. The lover who has deceived the other has, too, lost a golden opportunity for reconciling the future consort, at a time when such reconciling is most facile. The dread of losing a nascent love may be terrible, the difficulty of conquering a fault inherent in character insuperable; but few are the faults which frank affection will not counterbalance, few which may not be, if not conquered, mitigated by the stay and counsel of a trusting friend. Let not the lover find that the wife is inferior to the mistress, the mistress that the husband is unworthy of the lover; for one little falsehood may poison and frustrate a world of truth. A deceit detected makes real things seem but undetected deceits.

But is not wedlock known by its bickerings — "domestic jars," which are no longer "lovers' quarrels?" Too often; and such dissension is the most fatal poison to love. Cannot love exist, then, where there is dissension? Undoubtedly, after a fashion. Life may go on with opium eating. But the struggle cannot go on long; if life does not sink, the vital functions are weakened; if love does not cease, it becomes imperfect and ill-conditioned; an alternation of hostility and doating, in which tenderness grows ashamed of its own light indulgence, and the mind is injuriously accustomed to disregard shame and compunction. It is the most deplorable of mistakes to suppose that hasty words are "of no importance," or ill-feeling, if transient, a triviality. Estrangement begins in that shape; and at all events the sacred peace, which should reign in the abode to which love retreats from the troubles and battlings of the world, is broken, the brawling spirit of the market-place is introduced into the temple. There are couples living between whom the word of anger has never passed. The abstinence from discord is not so very difficult when there is the will to abstain, and it is, perhaps, commoner than may be supposed. To such it would be difficult to break the unbroken peace of years.

The inclination to angers arises most commonly from some accident of early

misteaching, or even by their own erroneous conception of right. In the first place, they are bred up to be familiar with dissension, and to think it "of no importance," very "improper," no doubt, but inherent in the infirmity of human nature; excusable, and matter for penitence and forgiveness rather than for absolute avoidance. The wedded pair may save their own children from that source of weakness, by teaching them better. Another occasion for anger is the false relative position of the two, in the common-place view of married life — with "authority" on the man's side, and "obedience" on the woman's. It is perfectly true that no couple can voluntarily alter the letter of that arrangement in society. The law makes the man the responsible member of the partnership in many things, as in money matters; if answerable, it follows, of course, that he must have the power to fulfil the obligation put upon him, and what he determines the wife must obey. If "the law," however, is the sole and highest influence regulating the intercourse of the pair, theirs is a poor chance of happiness. As between themselves there are far higher laws — the laws of love and goodness, which do not wait for seals and parchment. Within the jurisdiction of that law, "obedience" is an impertinence, a violation of reason and goodness. Let us see what it means, and how it works. There are two beings, each possessing a will. By the supposition of perfect love between them, the welfare of each is the dearest wish of the other. It is needless here to enter into any deep inquiry as to the "disinterestedness of human actions;" there may be a selfishness in the tenderness of the lover, if you choose to call it so, for the mere desire to have a wish accomplished implies a self-reference; and indeed as conscious existence cannot act, except from motives arising within the will with which that being is endowed, every feeling and act of that being must be "selfish," partaking of self, participating in his identity. But it is very idle to play with those inherent faults and laxities of language, by which we cannot precisely define the

boundaries of distinct ideas. Love does not cavil, but acts in good faith, and it will not quarrel with so much of self-reference as may lie in the desire for another's welfare as your own greatest happiness. We have then two beings, each most desirous of the other's welfare, each deriving its own happiness partly from the sight of the other's pleasure, partly from the consciousness that his own welfare is the object of a reciprocal aspiration. Existence is reduplicated, and is conscious of the reduplication in the interchange of the signs belonging to that affinity, just as we are conscious of the two ideas, heat and cold, when caloric is passing from one substance to another. That reduplication of the existence of each is caused by the other; to each, therefore, the existence of each, with its influences, is more important to the other than his own bare existence; thus to each the other is "superior," in so far as each is passive under the influence of the other. But the entire effect is equality, for each is so essentially necessary to the other, and the passive condition is so reciprocal, that no surplusage or balance can be ascertained. And perfect love suffices to itself, resenting the idea that any other extraneous influence is needed to make out its complement of allegiance; but that authority, derived from without, which exacts obedience, obliges the one existence to be subject to the other, nullifies the spontaneity of the will in the subject being, and *pro tanto* sets aside the relation which we have analyzed; in fact, to the extent of its action it sets aside and nullifies love, substituting an inferior relation, and one subsisting by virtue of compulsion, however remote and implied; it puts the two, the superior and the subject will, upon a trial of power, the struggle for power being one of the commonest occasions of all dissension. It is unnecessary to point out how completely this doctrine of obedience is the opposite of the excessive idolatry of the lover, which is so often its prelude, one falsehood preparing the way for the opposite falsehood.

Indeed this derived authority is substituted for a much more potent influ-

ence. There is no influence over us so decided as that of a person whom we believe to be earnestly and wholly devoted to our welfare. Even those of very humble capacity acquire in that way great power. But where there is a reciprocation of such influence, superior intellect and moral force will usually have their fair weight and power; that is, they will be turned to the best account for the joint interest, the welfare of both being so mingled, that it counts for one. In this way, while acting in that good faith and earnestness of devotion without which it loses both its rights and its virtue, the stronger power may modify the other will, protect it from its own weaknesses, strengthen it, exalt it. By becoming incorporated with the companion will, the weaker may be lifted above the debasing common-places of life—above the worldliness that frustrates in deadened sense its own successes, the timidity that prostrates a generous nature to meaner influences around it, and a hundred other injurious influences without, that make those who cannot resist grow less happy, because less generous, less strong in good qualities as they grow older. For want of that high influence, many a husband becomes a mere steward in his own house—nothing more than “the man that pays the bills;” the wife nothing higher than a housekeeper—a matron to look after the children and the cookery. Such are the people who once were lovers, strong in faith and hope, who are now “wiser”—bitter disappointed sneerers at the “delusions of youth;” unconscious of their own “foul disfigurement,” they “boast themselves more lovely than before.”

Is it not, then, our duty “to tell those we love of their faults?” “My faults!” cries the wayward, warm-hearted girl; “oh! you must love me, even for my faults!” So said Byron—so have said less froward beings. And there is more true sense in them than in the didactic adviser, who takes a pragmatistical pleasure in exposing his fellow-creatures’ sore points. The more charitable philosopher allows that, though you should tell those you love of their faults, you must

“make allowances”—“put charitable constructions,”—“exercise mutual forbearance.” Even here there is an arrogant assumption. Our fellow-creatures are what they are, “faults” and all. They are not a something made up to our order, and to be mended while we wait. To say, “I love you for this part of your character, but not for this!” is to say, “I do not love you as you are,” for the faults are part and parcel of the whole. Some are inherent in the very nature, and to make them matter of reproach, is as idle and as cruel as avowedly to make an abatement in your esteem, on account of a personal defect. To “make allowances” is assuming a right to make these cool eclectic judgments, but waiving the right. Yet is it very possible to tell those we love of their faults, and even to urge a cure; but it must not be done as a matter of passing judgment, *de haut en bas*, as from a superior, even in the particular question, to an inferior. *Before* such counsel can be listened to, in that full yielding confidence which alone makes it profitable to the hearer, there must be an assurance of ample perfect love—not a love to be given or withheld, but one complete in itself. It is clear from the nature of love that, although it must in great part depend upon the qualities to cause affection, it does not depend upon a critical judgment and approval of character in detail, or fathers would never love an erring child, men would never be affected by beauty without virtue. Affection and passion are not so nice; they partake more of the largeness and generosity of nature. Love, therefore, may be complete without such critical verdict on all clauses of character. Being complete, assurance being had that what is said has no spring but the very yearning of love to make its object happier, there is scarcely any limit to what will find a willing ear and a disposition to consummate the counsel of love, in a corresponding amendment. Faults, regarded but as faults, not as positive parts of that which is loved, explained under no threatened penalty of affection to be withheld or withdrawn, treated as weaknesses which beset your

companion, though your love is too great and self-sufficing, for you to abandon that companion on the path of life, even for an instant of time, may be told again and again. But here you are really, in good and earnest faith, not the judge but the companion.

In like spirit, when once those who love are joined, their interests become identical — their property, in material things and in all that constitutes life, common. You may, as too many do, remain in several respects a stranger to your consort; you may withhold your confidence in money matters, keep your movements secret, maintain separate confidences with third parties, cabal against your dearest friend, criticise him in what your very presence should render sacred against reproach from strangers; but in all these things you violate the integrity of affection. He may not know it, but you do yourself; you cannot preserve your own affection from the disparagement, you cannot feel a greater love than you leave untouched by these deadening influences; perhaps not inspire one, for love has an intuitive perception of treachery to itself. There may be reasons why you cannot fully trust your allotted companion — extravagance, indiscretion, folly, or falsehood. So much the worse — your love must be the less. But it is better even to run some little risk in those respects, than to keep up separate interests, and deny that thorough faith without which perfect love cannot be. You may differ from your trust; will you suffer so much, or in such precious things, as by waiving your faith? But if the love be true and genuine, the influence will most probably be sufficient either to bend the erring will to a better system, or to make it spontaneously yield the authority in those questionable matters where the danger lies. The most usual reason for resisting such concessions is, that to exact them is to maintain a strangeness, to exert a despotic power, and to debase the conceiver. With perfect love those sources of dislike cannot exist.

With an identity of interests there must inevitably be the most open confidence. Its limit will be where it relates

to the interests of third parties. We have the right of affection to know all that concerns the welfare of those whom we love; but that which we happen to know about strangers, yet concerns ourselves not at all, does not come within that category, and we have no right to impart it without the leave of those whom it does concern. And the spirit of confidence will be burlesqued or insulted by laboriously carrying out its letter in tedious, petty, or displeasing details. Share your pleasures or your pains, but be not pragmatically tiresome as a sacrifice to love, or love will yawn in your face.

The law provides penalties for inconstancy; it cannot secure constancy. The law undertakes to make decrees in respect of "conjugal rights;" it cannot guaranty the endurance of affection. You may set down the reciprocal "duties" of the husband to be "attentive," of the wife to be "virtuous;" but you do no more than secure the dry bones of a skeleton love, if to use the word at all be not a ridiculous misnomer. Real constancy is spontaneous; it is not a negative avoidance of wandering, but the continuance of love. The wife who is merely virtuous, and relinquishing that good faith, or that desire to please which inspired her when a mistress, is as absolutely inconstant as the woman who subjects herself to proceedings in the ecclesiastical courts. The husband who is no more than punctual in his attentions, is no more constant than death is life. Perhaps, in wedlock, love more often dies than wanders; but the ceasing of love is a more positive inconstancy than its deviation. Let not one who has ceased to be a lover say a word of inconstancy to the other; the only kind of reproach open to the "injured" party in such case is an appeal to "the law."

But not all the dangers to which it is exposed can always extinguish love. Those who assert that a "lasting friendship" alone succeeds to youthful passion, talk without reflection. Millions of souls yearly come into the world living witnesses that, in some sort at least, passion survives. Many a sad and

stricken woman, fading to death in forlorn widowhood, is the dying witness that affection has been lifelong. Passion and affection have gone on; are we sure that love was reduced to its bare elements? It would be a most rash assumption. Yet such an assumption occasions one of the dangers to wedded love — the supposition that love cannot survive — that it is ridiculous or “romantic” for a man to be “in love” with his own wife. Congreve wrote a comedy at it. The married, therefore, think it decorous to put off, not only the fears, the exactions, the extravagancies of the uncertain lover, but also his tenderness, his solicitude, his respect. It is thought right to treat love with some sort of rudeness, as a test of your confidence. That courtesy which depends not on forms, but on real benevolence, is rejected as an empty observance; as if, because the law has secured you some kind of bond, your welfare no longer depended upon the other, and you needed no longer to sue for it! Its ceasing sometimes reminds you too late that you only held it on the tenure of allegiance.

To some it is given to survive all dangers whatsoever, and faith passes on through life, firm, untainted, and unabated. With the fading of life the fire of passion sinks and is extinguished. But meanwhile affection, ever growing, has absorbed the whole being. If passion exist no longer, to be an exponent of tenderness, it has existed, and none can be to those two what they are to each other, for none has been. The past is a thing that cannot be taken away from us, and the present is its offspring. Restored to a second innocence of childhood, but not unconscious of a bond that has made them one, the aged lovers have their gaze in memory, and worship in each other, not, as in youth, the power of happiness that is to be, but an existence accomplished and not to be belied. The poet of love, who borrowed his inspiration straight from nature, told in his few words the tale of the Baucis and Philemon of our own day: —

“Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And rest thegither at the foot —
John Anderson, my Joe.”

VOL. III. — NO. 2.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF RICHTER.

NONE had by this time arrived. Richter, thinking it was night, said “it was time to go to rest?” and wished to retire. He was wheeled into his sleeping apartment, and all was arranged as if for repose; a small table near his bed, with a glass of water, and his two watches — a common one and a repeater. His wife now brought him a wreath of flowers that a lady had sent him, for every one wished to add some charm to his last days. As he touched them carefully, for he could neither see nor smell them, he seemed to rejoice in the images of the flowers in his mind, for he said repeatedly to Caroline. “My beautiful flowers! my lovely flowers!” Although his friends sat round his bed, as he imagined it was night, they conversed no longer; he arranged his arms as if preparing for repose, which was to him the repose of death, and soon sank into a tranquil sleep. Deep silence pervaded the apartment. Caroline sat at the head of the bed, with her eyes immovably fixed on the face of her beloved husband. Otto had retired, and the nephew sat with Plato's “Phædon” in his hand, open at the death of Socrates. At that moment a tall and beautiful form entered the chamber; and, at the foot of the bed, with his hands raised to heaven, and deeply moved, he repeated aloud the prayer of his Mosaic faith. It was Emanuel, and, next to Otho, the most beloved of Richter's friends. About six o'clock the physician entered. Richter yet appeared to sleep; his features became every moment holier, his brow more heavenly, but it was cold as marble to the touch; and, as the tears of his wife fell upon it, he remained immovable. At length his respiration became less regular, but his features always calmer, more heavenly. A slight convulsion passed over his face; the physician cried out, “That is death!” and all was quiet. The spirit had departed! All sank, praying, upon their knees. This moment, that raised them above the earth with the departed spirit, admitted of no tears! Thus Richter went from earth; great and holy as a poet, greater and holier as a man!



DUTCH RESIDENCE AT ANJERE POINT.

THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

JAVA.

ANTICIPATING, as we do, notwithstanding the absurd errors of our commercial legislation, in past years, and the still more defective enterprise and ability of our system of colonial government, that the day is not very distant on which we shall see our flag hoisted on many a granitic peak, and our institutions diffused through many of the remotest shores of the great Indian islands, we proceed to consider the manners and habits of the Javanese, in order to show how susceptible these appear to the establishment of lasting relations of amity and reciprocal benefit from a more close and extensive connection with us. The Javanese, as we have already intimated, are naturally addicted, like all the other islanders of this noble region, to the pursuits of commerce. The traditions of an almost illimitable series of years, and the habits and experience of the present generation and its immediate predecessors, have qualified them, beyond most other Asiatics, to appreciate the superior integrity, good faith, and liberality of our countrymen in conducting the transactions of business; and the reputation has been wonderfully enhanced by the *prestige*

attaching to the just, the liberal, and brilliant course of Sir Stamford Raffle's government during his brief, but most prosperous, administration of it, of less than two years after we captured the island in 1811. His name is still pronounced with mournful enthusiasm by the Javan cultivator and peasant, whom our fatal mistake of 1814 handed back into the detested bondage of the Dutch; with admiration by the neighboring chiefs and rajahs, whose rights his equitable policy respected — whose turbulence, upon its first manifestation, his dignified firmness repressed; and with reverence by the native priests and teachers, the votaries of Budd'h or of Brahma, who still record with profound affection the irresistible influence which the earnest but charitable, zealous but unpersecuting Christianity exercised over all who were in habitual communication with him. How much more do the personal merits, deportment, tact, and accomplishments of men gifted like Raffles, accomplish for the service of their native country (as his case happily identified well the cause of civilization and the happiness of the world,) than all the accidents of material force and merely official distinction? The Malay scholarship of Sir Stamford was also of infinite advantage to him; and, indeed, we never knew that European, possessed

of the same knowledge on this vastly-diffused and powerful language, to whom such knowledge was not of signal benefit.

In Java the respect of the natives, from the highest to the lowest classes, is perfect for the foreigner from any part of Europe — from England more especially — who can acknowledge their readily-tendered courtesies in any of the dialects of their magnificent island, or the vernacular of the parent peninsula. The character and manners of this very original people offer much matter for the speculation of the philosophic moralist. These manners and that character present a strange contrast of good and evil — of fierce excitement, and almost monotonous simplicity. The same gentle, voluptuous, peaceful Javan, whose hospitality almost obliterates for a time considerations of himself in anxiety to give a handsome welcome to the stranger, and extends, in truth, to personal sacrifices and discomfort unknown to modern Europeans, — this Javan, who vacates his pretty house (rattan-roofed cocoa-nut and palm-tree belted) for your accommodation, whose mother tongue (incredible to relate!) helps him to no harsher phraseology of vituperation than that which induces him (rarely enough) to apply the words, "You buffalo!" to any one who has been guilty of an absolutely outrageous insult, — this Javan is also that fierce exemplar of "possessed" or brutalized human nature who runs a "muck," who makes a trade of poisoning his species in the sunny land, which has one valley darkened by the shadows of the upas-tree (exaggerated as its venomous properties have been,) and a thousand jungle and underwood coverts which produce the less known but horrible nettle "humatu" (the intensity of whose poison it is scarcely possible to overstate.) The pascific islander (perhaps the best agriculturist and husbandman throughout the archipelago,) who reposes in the species of alcove or summer-house which we may hereafter have occasion to describe, through the noontide heats amidst the cooling shadows cast by the dusky tamarind, the rustling palm, the bread-

fruit, or the sago-tree, — who stretches out his languid arm to pull towards him the most exquisite fruits that nature, in its bounty, has provided for the inhabitants of the most favored of tropical climes, this Javan is a murderer by impulse. It is by no means true that it is a condition or necessary preliminary of this impulse to destruction that he should be either drugged with opium or stimulated by the excitement of gambling, to which he is a ready victim. It is true that under such accesses he most frequently acts, when, with abrupt and almost inconceivable fury, he starts from his feverish sleep to which he had sunk just previously at peace with himself and the world and the very associates in whose blood he recklessly steeps his *kris*, and, in a fiendlike frenzy, concludes his murderous attack on all others who come in his way by rushing on the violent death he has challenged, or burying the fatal instrument of his crimes in his own heart. But we must recollect, in the first place, that this species of insanity certainly generated is also as certainly nourished by custom and traditional respect; that this singular extravagance is the exception to, not the rule of, the Javan's deportment in his social sphere; that it is as deeply deplored by the most respectable and amiable of his compatriots of all classes; and that, after all allowances for the difference of population, the "muck" is an outbreak of criminal enormity, the manifestation of a hideous *monomania*, which is much less frequent than that of prepossessions equally deplorable, and terminating equally in wholesale murders, wherewith we have become absolutely familiar in England, for many years. In Java the great offending cause consists in the want of adequate and adequately-extended education. Are we in a condition to dispute this state of facts, or the applicability of this reasoning to our own country? Let us look at our criminal trials, and — blush! In the same way, the frequent assassinations which are charged against the Javanese are really less numerous, and far less guilty, than the most revolting murders in the most refined capitals of

Europe. It is to the last degree unfair to charge them as the general indication of a natural delinquency against the Javanese nation. They are as much crimes, in the general appreciation of the Javanese people, as they are with us; but in Java the law is weak; the force of customs, where these are reprobated even by the popular prepossessions that tolerate them, is tamely submitted to; and known offenders beard with impunity the fettered authority of justice. They are in a condition of apathy, which the more immediate contact of British institutions would again, as it did under Raffles, speedily dispel. A hired assassin, according to an eminent authority, may be hired in Java for twenty shillings sterling, "provided the party to be assassinated is a blebeian." Chiefs they will on no account attack. This forbearance toward chiefs is, we fear, but a northern clansman's legendary virtue. Of piracy, however, the darling sin of the great aggregate of the archipelagic population, the Javanese are comparatively guiltless, as we purpose hereafter to show. But, in truth, their pursuits and amusements are of a far more refined character than those which prevail among the other islanders. Their passionate love of music, the delicacy of their ear, and their extraordinary success in dramatic representations, make the native players and musicians welcome guests at the European houses on the island, especially of the Dutch residents at Anjere Point (a view of which illustrates this paper). Craufurd and Raffles concur in the opinion that "the Javanese are the inventors of the Polynesian drama, and throughout the archipelago are celebrated for their invention, and their idea of scenic effect." The same might be said of their dancing, if the people of Celebes did not dispute the palm with them in that accomplishment. Of the loftiest "measures" in this kind are the war dances of the latter people. If a warrior throws out a defiance to his enemy, in which he brandishes his spear and his *kris*, pronouncing an emphatic challenge, he performs his part in what our ancestors under the Tudors and the first Stuarts

would have called "a high Coranto." Imagine a commander-in-chief making such a demonstration, and pirouetting sword in hand, in our day, at Buckingham Palace, or at a drawing-room at St. James! "If a native of Celebes," says Mr. Craufurd, "runs a muck, ten to one but he braves death in a dancing posture." Was the Frenchman, who altered, as he too modestly termed it, the tragedy of "Hamlet" into a ballet of action, aware of this authority for his "movement"? When the same people swear eternal hatred to their enemies, or fidelity to their friends, the ceremony is accompanied by a dance. This is a dance, too, of far more expression and vivacity than is usually witnessed in Oriental saltation. It is a practice that may boast a high antiquity, for it seems to us to have a prototype in the act of David dancing before Saul on a somewhat analogous occasion. But the dancing passion is yet stronger, if possible, in Java.

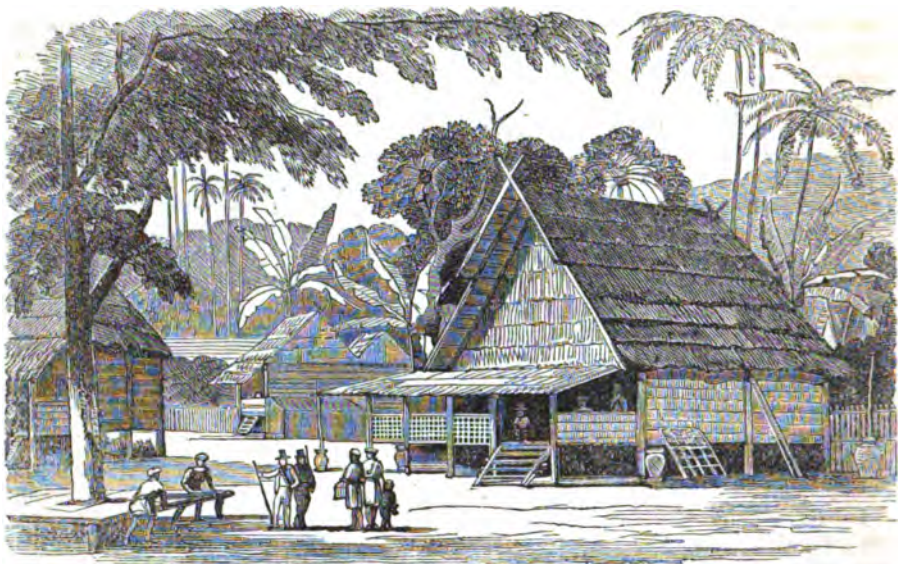
All orders executed in the presence of a Javanese monarch, on public occasions, are accompanied by a dance. Thus, when a message is to be conveyed to the royal ear, the messenger advances with a solemn, *minuet*-like, and very discreet movement; and, having discharged his duty, he retires from the presence, literally retracing his "steps." The ambassador from one native prince to another in Java follows a similar course, on coming into or retiring from the sovereign to whom he is accredited. In our mind's eye we have just caught a glimpse of Mr. Henry Bulwer, charged with missives from Queen Isabella, at Madrid, to the Queen Mother, at Burgos, and trembling on a well-maintained *balancez* whilst "waiting for an answer." But in Java, (at the "Royal hunts," as they would be termed here,) where the court assembles to shoot tigers who are cooped up in a great cage, surrounded by a compact of spearmen for the protection of the Sultan and his courtiers, the persons whose business it is to let the tigers loose from the cage of wooden beams and stakes into the lower square formed by these spearmen, when they have per-

formed that duty and received the royal nod to retire (an occasion upon which dancing, one would think, might well be dispensed with,) they do so in a solemn dance, and with a measured sort of strut, not without some risk of being devoured by the tigers in the midst of their performance.

The Javanese have a great passion for combats between wild beasts; but they are a courteous, well-conducted, quiet race in their domestic intercourse, with some remarkable peculiarities and customs to be hereafter noticed. We now proceed to consider the nature, extent, and value of the whole commerce of Java, viz., with the other islands of the archipelago, with China, with Hindustan, and all other foreign countries.

In approaching the consideration of the commerce of Java, its staples, its past history, present condition, and capacity for improvement, we must necessarily limit what notices we propose to give to a mere outline or sketch of the mass of details applying to them. But we may premise that we know of no instance in which Nature has so visibly indicated the destination of a large territory as she has in the figure and the features she has impressed on the coast-line of Java, independently of that felicity of geographical position to which we have already adverted. Its native appellations seem to imply an early consciousness of its commanding aspect. These are "Tana" (*the land*), and "Java," or, sometimes, Nasa (*the island*.) It is also observable that the Arabs, in their extant systems of geography, apply the name of Java generally to the whole of the great group afterwards denominated the Sunda Islands. We may, therefore, surmise that the Javanese thus proudly distinguished their own land, even from Sumatra and Borneo, its superiors in geographical extent, and, indeed, the largest islands in the world. And, in truth, Java is singularly favored above them; in the first place, by the number of her beautiful rivers and streams, and the accessibility of a greater extent of coast. Of these streams there are probably fifty, which, in the wet season, bear down to the coast rafts

of timber and other rough products of the country. No less than five or six of them are, at all times, navigable to the distance of several miles inland. Java is thus enabled to supply, and European craft are enabled to load, with great facility, fine ship timber and spars, either as commodities for trade or for their own use and refitting. The most important river in the whole island is the Solo ("the Great,") or, as it is called by the natives, the Benj'naar. The second in rank and utility is the Surrubiqu, or Pearl River. Both these have good depth of water, fine creeks, abundant springs on their shores, all natural facilities for the operations of trade, all the conditions for secure and agreeable navigation. The soil of their banks and their vicinity, and of not unfrequent tracts of enormous extent, is of surprising fertility. It is not only exceedingly rich, but, for the most part, of remarkable depth; in its color and its productiveness resembling the richest garden soil of Europe. Ages of vegetable decomposition, and the comminuted *debris* washed down in almost unceasing accumulation from the mountains and valleys that run throughout the whole central plane of the island, have been, doubtless, the main agents in the production of this true and inexhaustible treasure. Yet, of the soil thus teeming with all the creative elements of boundless production, seven parts out of eight (as we have already stated, No. 1, p. 4.) are permitted to slumber on in undeveloped repose, in unreclaimed waste! These rivers roll on in their accustomed course, diffusing as they flow the ever-aggregating elements of human subsistence and happiness. But the miserable policy of an European and even a Christian Government, instead of leading the van in that career of social civilization and prosperity which Providence has presented them with so admirable an opportunity for entering upon, timidly shrinks, on the one hand, from the duty of extracting and combining these elements, and illiberally, on the other, shuts the door upon all who desire to contribute their own efforts to the attainment of so desirable an end. There can be little



MALAY VILLAGE.

hope for the elevation of Java to that rank in the scale of Asiatic nations which she is so well qualified by the bounty of nature to assume, whilst her resources are so largely controlled by the paralyzing administration of Dutch exclusiveness and monopoly.

The principal harbor of the island is that of Surabaya, formed by the concurring promontories of the northern point of Java and of the island of Madura. It is broad and spacious, secure from the violence of the seas and the winds, and may be considered impregnable to any hostile attack. The next in importance is that of Batavia, though the designation of the "roads of Batavia" would perhaps be a more proper one than "harbor." These roads are sheltered by small islands lying in the middle part of the bay. It being found, however, that they admitted of no permanent means for resisting the attack of any superior naval force, the Dutch Government, during the late war, were induced to fortify Merâh Bay, at the north-west extremity of Bantam. Along the northern coast of Java there are many admirable positions, for which Nature has done so much that they could be readily adapted by European art to the purposes of convenient harbors. But where Nature has further pro-

vided all along these shores excellent anchorages at almost all seasons of the year, and since vessels of any burden can approach all the principal stations at a perfectly convenient distance for the barter of merchandise; all the objects of commerce in these respects may be considered sufficiently provided for. The sea smooth, the weather moderate, throughout by far the greater portion of the year, even the native vessels and the smaller European and "country" craft are usually in perfect security. But, if the change of the seasons occasionally compel them to run for shelter, they find it readily by running along some of the numerous islands scattered along the coast of this mainland, or sailing up the rivers, which for the most part go far into the interior, and are navigable for vessels of much more than their average draught. These facilities for an almost boundless commerce (Java having, as we shall see, so many and such precious products to exchange against the valuable commodities of China, India, the other islands of the Archipelago, and the manufactures and hardware of Europe, especially of England) are increased, rather than obstructed, by the consequent variety of tastes generated by incidents connected with the distinctions of race,

customs, laws, &c. And these territorial divisions are so singular in themselves that we may well be pardoned for devoting a few words to them.

When the Europeans first visited Java the whole of it was under the sway of one sovereign. But this state of things did not continue long. The island soon passed to the government of two sovereigns, exercising each a dominion independent of the other, and over opposite portions of the island. The one established himself on and extended his authority over the eastern half; the other, in the same way, over the western; a division of which there are still many traces extant in the marked characters of distinction that respectively manifest themselves in the inhabitants of the two regions. The natives apply the term "Javans" to those only of the eastern division. These divisions are separated by the Lasuri, which forms the boundary between Cheribon and Brebes to the west. The north-west with a few of the inland districts and the island of Madura, are more or less connected with or under the control of European powers. The ordinary associations one connects with extensive, rich, low, alluvial soil, in some parts highly cultivated, in all susceptible of most productive cultivation, would be erroneous in respect of Java. The distribution of all the features of the coasts, as well as the island scenery, is generally picturesque. Large patches of carefully-tended plantations do not interfere with the grand and lofty character of the background usually skirting the districts in which they occur. This combination of the softer with the sterner aspects of island scenery is more striking in Java than in any other of the islands. It is well exemplified in any view of the Peaks in the Bamtarn province, where a mountain range thus closes in a scene of great beauty with a grand effect of abrupt and precipitous outlines. Passing from the coast, indeed, to the interior, this boldness and prominence of outline are most impressive. The eye is attracted, whilst the mind seems overawed, by the aspect of an uninterrupted chain of huge mountains, varying in

their altitude from 5000 to 12000 feet above the level of the sea, and exhibiting in their rounded summits unquestionable evidence of their volcanic origin. By natural formations of this kind and the course of rivers, no less than by the exceedingly well-defined gradations of climate to which we have already adverted, the island is divided into five or six separate territories, so that the artificial distributions effected by conquest, policy, or conventions, have but followed out and deepened the lines already traced by the finger of Nature herself. The Javan is not wholly insensible to the provision she has so bountifully made and so remarkably indicated for him. To engage, therefore, in commerce, is reckoned no dishonor among even the higher classes of this people. It is, on the contrary, their bent and instinct. Indeed, among the maritime tribes especially it is one of the most dignified occupations, even of the sovereign himself and of his principal officers; and the higher class of dealers, in point of moral character, are remarkable for their fairness, spirit, and integrity. The use of money, known to all the civilized tribes of the archipelago, is traditionally, as well as historically, familiar to the Javanese. This is one of the strongest evidences of early civilization, and infers that the Javanese have not retrograded from that much higher standard of antique refinement which, in common with the other islanders, they undoubtedly had once attained, so much as the people of Sumatra and many other nations of these marvellous seas. But, it must be acknowledged that in one of the most essential arts of commercial existence, navigation, they are at this day much inferior in point of spirit, prowess, and enterprise to the people of the Celebes. In the management of domestic life, however, and in the mastery of those means which contribute to the pleasures and convenience of social life, the Javanese are superior to all their insular compatriots. Thus the structure of their dwellings bespeaks both contrivance and observation, and a notion of picturesque effect.

Whilst on this topic of their devotion

to commerce, we must remark on the somewhat anomalous fact that the women, as in most countries of this archipelago, but in Java more particularly, are almost the sole *acting* merchants and factors, the men hardly ever interfering in either capacity with such transactions. Let us add, by-the-by, if this appear to our European prejudices and prepossessions a somewhat unfeminine occupation of mental talent and energy, there are others, the pursuits of war, for example, which are still more extraordinary objects of favor with the women of the archipelago. There was still living, about five and twenty years ago, the wife of a Macassar chief of some distinction, named Kreing Lembang Parung. This lady had acquired a military reputation, and was also esteemed one of the best politicians in Celebes.

Mr. Craufurd relates that he had seen her so far back as the year 1814 at Macassar. Her husband was the sovereign of the little state of Lepukase. She had the appearance of intelligence and resolution; and, but a few days previously, had presented herself among the warriors of her party, drawn up before their enemy, upbraided them with their cowardice in the attack, in lofty terms, and demanded a spear, in order that she might set them an example of gallant bearing. Encouraged by her vigorous exhortations, her followers went forth and actually routed the foe before whom they had previously fled. It has happened in Java as well as Celebes that women have been summoned to the sovereign authority, though they are not treated with quite so much distinction as in Celebes. Still the Javanese females are held in much consideration, and not subjected to that carelessness, brutality, or neglect which is too often their lot in oriental countries.

The first class of products which form the staple of the native trade of Java consists, of course, of those which are spontaneously produced or yielded by the bounty of nature, at little expense of labor and cultivation, or which are supplied by the soil improved for the production of commodities consumed for food or clothing. Of these the Javanese

can always raise an ample superabundance, to be exchanged against the products and merchandise of other countries which they do not raise or cannot manufacture themselves. This first class may be considered as comprehending rice, a variety of pulses and pease, vegetable oils, cotton wool, manufactured cottons, tobacco, salt, sugar, indigo; and to these may be added such domestic stock as fowls, &c., which they rear very largely. The second description of the products of Java embraces gold, tin, copper, ivory, catechu benjamin or frankincense, and other drugs. Diamonds are frequently found in the low lands; silver, we believe, never. But it is in the luxuries of foreigners that the most important branch of what may be called the national commerce of these Asiatic islanders consists. Edible birds' nests, trepang, or the *biche-de-mer*, black pepper, spices (as cloves, mace, and nutmegs), camphor, sharks' fins, tortoiseshell, tiger and other skins, are the abundant and costly materials they supply to meet those foreign demands. But the most extensive, and probably the most ancient, branch of the foreign commercial intercourse of the Indian islands is that with China. It appears that in past times the exports from Java to China alone formerly comprised elephants' teeth, rhinoceros' horns, gold, pearls, betel-nut, black pepper, and also (which is very remarkable) silver. Silver, not being known at present in Java, except as an exotic mineral, must either still exist among its several formations, or must have been imported from some other region in sufficient abundance, and on terms sufficiently advantageous to make its re-export a lucrative operation.

The former may well be the case; and this precious metal may one day be developed in Java in abundance. Thus for the clove, which she now raises in such abundant quantity, we know that she traded, as an importer, to the distant Moluccas so long ago as the year 1382. In the inland wilderness of Java it probably was growing wild at the time.

THE JUSTICE OF LOVE. — A just man hateth the evil, but not the evil doer.

MODERN AFFECTATIONS — NO. II.

ONE of the most whimsical of modern mutations has overtaken the numerous and many-titled progeny of our more ancient "wine-shops," kept by "tappers" or "drawers," called "coffee-houses." From about the time of Charles II., when they assumed, on his majesty's royal proclamation against them, the distinctive title of "coffee-houses," to the ominous era of the first great reduction of duty on coffee, upwards of thirty years ago, when the comparative lightness of the impost upon a commodity naturally so cheap made that which had been, for nearly two centuries, an elegant but expensive luxury, accessible only to the rich, a widely-diffused indulgence common even to the most indigent classes of society, "coffee-houses" continued to be the appellation of the most costly and luxurious houses of public entertainment, at which banquets could be given to political or festive associations, or dinners be provided for private companies or individuals. Although frequented by the highest nobility and the most distinguished commoners, and purposely removed, as much as possible, by the scale of their accommodations and the charges made for them, their viands and their wines out of the indiscriminate resort of the poorer and more common sort of idlers or revellers, they were, nevertheless, true *republics*, for all who had an adequate supply of money in their pockets. Oligarchs and aristocrats might be sublime in their lofty disdain of the plebeian obscure with whom they were there brought into contact; as they ever were in the classical commonwealths of the old world, and still are in the model ones of the new. But he who had gold pieces in his purse, and fed the waiters largely, commanded at least as much respect and attention as the man with fewer coins in his pocket, and more quarterings on his armorial coat. The world, in that respect, was neither younger nor older — less venal nor more liberal — than it is now. Sir Richard Blackmore, we have no doubt, was more

capped, and better attended to, than his much poorer, but much wittier satirist Tom Browne. The debauched, but wealthy Colonel Charteris, would have had his "call" responded to before that of the gallant and accomplished, but far less opulent Lord Peterborough, of as expensive tastes and economical management. Tonson, or even the scandalous Curll, we should surmise, would have been obsequiously welcomed, whilst an insulting slight would have been offered to any poor contemporary poet, though it had been Dryden himself; and a servile homage would have been rendered to a *rich* one; Pope, for instance, or Arbuthnot. But we can't persuade ourselves that Pope, in his own proper person, felt otherwise than neglected by servitors and all other men of vulgar minds, where his titled and wealthy patrons — the St. Johns, the Halifaxes, the Cavendishes, the Granvilles — were present in theirs. Everything "is in a name!" They were great lords, ready made to people's hands. The times in which great lords were so great in high places, the most trivial, as well as the finest things said or written by the great poet and little man, were yet to come. And now it has fallen to *his* turn to prove that there is *much* "in a name" to be remembered, when titled poets of meagre pretensions, and profligates of illustrious birth, who, in his own time, gave the tone to society, and dictated the canons of fashion as well as of criticism, are forgotten. But the glory of coffee-houses has declined, as the great renown of their illustrious frequenters of past centuries has been confirmed by the dispassionate award of posterity. The higher class of coffee-houses have given place to club-houses, built, furnished, and appointed with almost royal magnificence. The lower class have retired before their unworthy representatives, of whom we spoke in our last paper, in connection with the equivocal refreshment administered to cab-drivers and other votaries of late hours, in houses of very humble pretensions. We smile at the primitive notions of our great grandfathers and their fathers, who could reckon only their "White's" and their

"Cocoa Trees," their "Wills," "Tom's," and "Rutter's." We think of the dinners at our Clarendon, the apartments at our Mivart's, the suppers at our Long's, the baths at our Thomas's, and we generally forbear to push comparisons so "all to nothing" in our favor. And yet, if we pause to think of the *sort* of men who take up their quarters in these and other such handsome quarters now-a-days, and contrast them with the shadowy forms which emerge from many a dingy nook and alley of the city, and of Westminster, in the shape of the great "English classics," arriving sedately, and sedan-carried, at "early eve," and departing at various hours, some stealthily, some link-lighted homewards, some eloquently excited, some downright rollicky, and if we see beneath grotesque wigs and under uncouth-looking doublets the Priors, the Swifts, the Addisons, the Congreves, the Wycherleys, the Steeles, the Gays, the Vanbrughs, the Farquhars, who — alas! that this should be as fatally true as it is absurdly trite — who are, indeed, *no more* — we are not merely content to regard the houses they frequented, in the flesh, with reverence, but we learn to pronounce the homely titles of the "coffee-houses" they thus honored, with some portion of the affection we bear to their own illustrious memories. Yes! there is this magic "in a name."

But the same Augustan age, and the years just preceding and following it, have left us notices by other contemporary writers of these "supper-houses." They speak of these with that air of complacency which is natural to men who suppose that the celebrities of their own day will be the celebrities of all time to come. Well! nearly a century and a half after they have given this testimony, men still eat suppers (too many, perhaps,) and drink wine with them (haply, too much,) on their return from the theatres. Our modern fine gentlemen, unlike the dull fellows who frequented the "Devil" by the Temple, or the "Chapter" by Saint Paul's — ordinary-looking places to be sure, but where *not* ordinary men were generally to be met with — our fine gentlemen, on their return from similar dramatic pilgrim-

ages, usually resort to "saloons," as our "modern affectations" denominate them. These saloons have as little resemblance to the gorgeous chambers, the renown of which still lives in that designation, as to the brilliant company that frequented, in their palmiest state, the Hôtel Richelieu, the Palace of the Luxembourg, or the Masques at Whitehall. We do not undertake to divine on what consists the relation between the courtly festivities, and pageants, and receptions, that are the memories which cling to the "saloons" we have an uncontrollable habit of conjuring up among our other "historic fancies;" and the veritable saloons of Dgury Lane and Covent Garden, and their vicinities, in the Regent's Quadrant, the Adelphi, &c., &c., where the "suppers" are not the "petits soupers" nor the company the *distingués* whom the same "fancies" recall. There is in our London saloons of which we write, no very refined assortment of company; and if oysters and lobster salads, and all kinds of bad wines and "evil" spirits, do not supply the other conditions necessary to the analogy, we doubt whether there exists any analogy at all between the saloons of the past and the present. Is it a similar doubt that induces another class of after-play suppers-out to eschew "saloons" and patronize "cider-cellars?" Why, this is to discard one anomaly and take up with another. For what is a cider-cellar? A subterranean *salle-d-manger*, where no other liquids are ever served except wine, and ardent spirits of all descriptions, and malt drinks of every variety, and the viands are whole hecatombs of rump steaks — of chops, cutlets, and sausages, contributed by mutton, veal, and pork; and poached eggs by "thousands and tens of thousands." There you sit in an atmosphere impregnated with the soporific fumes emitted by hard smokers, only to be dissipated by the uproarious discord of many tempestuous vocalists, the occasional blast of whose "harmony"!! (so they call it!) rescue you from otherwise inevitable suffocation. In this singular region the mention of cider does not survive even in the traditions of the writers.

There is one phase in which these

"Modern Affectations" of misnomers meet us at every turn, wherever we go, in London or through the country, and it is *that* in which we regard the various aspects that "schools" are now made to present themselves under. Schools, indeed? They talk of the "schoolmaster being abroad." Our schools must have positively gone out of the country. They are no longer to be found in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred in which, until within these few years, they were modestly content to be *called* what they profess to be. Schools! Their places are remembered, but *they* "are not." "Schools" for young gentlemen, for young ladies, — for adults; — "schools" preparatory; — "finishing" schools; "schools" for "limited numbers of pupils;" for children between the ages of five and twelve; commercial "schools;" boarding, day, morning, evening schools; and all the schools distinguished by appellatives which were flatly impeached by the first glance at the locality: the "Prospect House," "Paradise-row," the "Mount Pleasant" schools respectively situated opposite to a dead wall, a muck heap, or a knacker's yard; the "Lawn House" (in virtue of its green and mildewed gravel fore-court of four yards square;) the "Rose Cottage" (adjoining a soap-boiler's;) the "Grove" (in respect of three polled horse chestnut-trees poking out the eyes of outside stage-coach passengers, and threatening those of the inside parlor visitors;) the "Laurel House" (known as such for the first three months of its being tenanted, being the whole period that the "well-selected shrubs" in the front area could be persuaded to survive;) Norfolk, Devonshire, Buckingham, Beaufort, Richmond, Cleveland House "schools" and schools named after every county in the three kingdoms, and every great man produced by any one of those counties — these "schools" we can remember in all directions "thick as autumnal leaves." Since Lord Brougham's Education Bills came out, however, they have all gone up. From the modern Plato they have received a species of "*afflatus*." The impulse to become sensible of nobler destinies than their original signboards announced — to expand — to rise — has become irresistible. They

have risen accordingly in the scale of ministers and functionaries of teaching. They aspired from masters of "schools" to become heads of "seminaries." Seminaries — hem! More sonorous, more figurative than "schools" perhaps not quite so definite or significant; but then how much more genteel! "Seminaries" had their day; so had the Academy of Athens. Then our heads of seminaries became masters of academies. But whether the youthful *Bullites* of this country were less tractable, spiritual, enthusiastic, exalted, metaphysical, or acute than the disciples of the Athenian sages, or that the devices even of pedagogues are as mortal as the discipular institutions of Plato, our London and provincial "academies" became rank, languished, and went out. Then came a new order of things called "establishments." In these establishments, by some sort of inherent aristocracy or other, "schoolmasters" rose "*per saltum*" to the dignity of "principals;" and "ushers" burst (like the emancipated chrysalis becoming a butterfly;) into full-blown "assistant masters." Some of these we see, still sustained on the breath of "Modern Affectations," flutter about as if that friendly zephyr would keep them aloft for ever. Others who were wisely distrustful of its caprice, have taken advantage of another favoring current to waft themselves into the empyreal of "institutes." The "principal" of an "institute" ranks (in his own estimation,) in relation to a mere schoolmaster, much the same as an Emperor of China to a "Sampan" boatman. We have actually seen at a suburb over the bridges a school of classes announced on a show-board, the statements of which would not occupy more than an hour in the perusal (to any man who has a vast superfluity of spare time,) as an "educational establishment" on one side, and as "the institute" on the other. To him who marvels from what language the epithet "educational" is derived, the word "institute" will suggest a wholesome answer to the question, "What's in a name?"

It is really remarkable that the only "schools" which retain that generic or family name to themselves are —

1. Those which, understanding its force and significance in other pre-existing cases, have very properly assumed it for their own, which are rival institutions.

Under this head we find Schools of Art, Schools of Engineering, Schools of Mechanics, and Schools of Practical Science.

2. Those which, not understanding the force and significance of the description, have very improperly assumed it for their own purposes.

Under this head comes Schools of Dancing, Shooting, *Coat-cutting*, *Hair-cutting*, Gymnastics.

3. Those which glorify themselves upon the description, and with reason, on account of having done so much to illustrate it.

Eton College School, Winchester, Rugby, Paul's, Westminster, Tunbridge, Reading, Berkhamstead, and other Endowed, Free, or Proprietary Schools in various parts of the kingdom. These are very many of them, so ably and worthily represented by contemporary *alumni* in parliament, in the professions, in public and in private station, that any caprices less eccentric than "Modern Affectation" would have eagerly upheld a name common to institutions thus recommended.

FOOD OF NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA.

GENERALLY speaking, the natives live well ; in some districts there may at particular seasons of the year be a deficiency of food, but if such is the case, these tracts are at those times deserted. It is, however, utterly impossible for a traveller or even for a strange native to judge whether a district affords an abundance of food, or the contrary ; for in traversing extensive parts of Australia, I have found the sorts of food vary from latitude to latitude, so that the vegetable production used by the aborigines in one are totally different to those in another ; if therefore, a stranger has no one to point out to him the vegetable productions, the soil beneath his feet may teem with food, whilst he starves. The same rule holds good with regard to animal productions ; for example, in the southern parts of the continent the Xanthor-

rea affords an inexhaustible supply of fragrant grubs, which an epicure would delight in, when once he has so far conquered his prejudices as to taste them ; whilst in proceeding to the northward, these trees decline in health and growth, until about the parallel of Gantheaume Bay they totally disappear, and even a native finds himself cut off from his ordinary supplies of insects ; the same circumstances taking place with regard to the roots and other kinds of food at the same time, the traveller necessarily finds himself reduced to cruel extremities. A native from the plains, taken into an elevated mountainous district, near his own country, for the first time, is equally at fault. But in his own district a native is very differently situated ; he knows exactly what it produces, the proper time at which the several articles are in season, and the readiest means of procuring them. According to these circumstances he regulates his visits to the different portions of his hunting-ground ; and I can only state that I have always found the greatest abundance in their huts. There are, however, two periods of the year when they are at times subjected to the pangs of hunger ; these are in the hottest time of summer, and in the height of the rainy season. At the former period the heat renders them so excessively indolent, that until forced by want they will not move ; and at the latter, they suffer so severely from the cold and rain, that I have known them remain for two successive days at their huts without quitting the fire ; and even when they do quit it, they always carry a fire-stick with them, which greatly embarrasses their movements. In all ordinary seasons, however, they can obtain in two or three hours a sufficient supply of food for the day, but their usual custom is to roam indolently from spot to spot, lazily collecting it as they wander along.—*Captain Gray's Journals.*

TRUTH.—Sincerity is the truth of the heart, and veracity the truth of the lips. What truth is to the mind that is good to the will, that is, its most proper object.—*Watts' Ontology.*



Will you hear a Spanish lady
How she wooed an English man ?
Garments gay as rich as may be
Deck'd with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie ;
Cupid's hands did tie them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favor him in anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned, .
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, " Full woe is me !
O let me still sustain this kind captivity !

" Gallant captain, show some pity
To a lady in distress ;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness :
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee."

" How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe ?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee :
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
" All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous
knight,
God graat the same upon my head may fully light.

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" Blessed be the time and season
That you came to Spanish ground ;
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found :
With our city you have won our hearts each one ;
Then to your country bear away, that is your own."

" Rest you still, most gallant lady ;
Rest you still, and weep no more ;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous store."
" Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted
kind.

" Leave me not unto a Spaniard ;
You alone enjoy my heart ;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert :
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest ;
The wife of every English man is counted blest."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence:
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee wher'er thou go."

"I have neither gold or silver
To maintain thee in this case:
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown."

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
"Well, in truth, I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous lady, leave this fancy;
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold or gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

"Oh! how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence."

"Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token,
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, and not for me."

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy;
In a nunnery will I shroud me
Far from any company:
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee, and for thy love, I will not miss."

"Thus farewell, most gallant captain,
Farewell to my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!"
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie."



ADVENTURE OF AN ENGLISH CARLIST.

DURING the summer of 183—, Don Carlos took up his quarters in an old ruined Carlist castle in the valley of the Bastan, in Navarre. The king occupied a room which had escaped the general wreck, while his ministers, generals, and agents, lodged as they best might. The soldiery, such as they were at that time, were scattered over the country, sleeping under hedges, in groves, or, in some few instances, occupying the huts and farm-houses of the Navarrese. I slept in the remnant of a stone kitchen, near the ruined gate of the castle. A pile of straw, with my cloak, formed my bed, with my saddle-bags for a pillow, and there was I disposed, ruminating over the events of the day, and endeavoring to snatch a portion of rest, which I much required. My position in Don Carlos's establishment will explain itself in the course

of my narrative; I need only here mention that I had been, at the date I now write, about three years in his service, and a great portion of the time in constant and confidential communication with the claimant to the throne of Spain, Charles V.

I lay on my bed, I have said, and had gradually dropped off into a happy state of oblivion, when I heard the heavy tramp of a spurred and booted foot approaching along the stone passage that led to the kitchen. The sound of footsteps ringing in the deserted halls of the castle, woke me at once to consciousness; my slumbers being soon further dissipated by the sound of a rough voice calling for Don G—. Springing on my feet, and clutching sword and pistol, I answered the call, and next moment one of the lancers composing the regal body-guard stood before me. 'His majesty, signor,' said the soldier, uncovering him-

self, 'commands your presence immediately.' I signified my readiness to obey, though displeased at the whim that robbed me of my sleep, and followed the messenger, who bore in his hand a wretched oil lamp, which scarcely sufficed to illumine the long dark passage sufficiently to save me from tumbling against the scattered stones and rubbish which encumbered them.

At length a sentry at a door in the only clear passage of the castle proclaimed the king's apartment. I knocked, and received an instant summons to enter. The room was of the usual bare description, but vast in its dimensions. A bed stood in one corner, very little better than that which I have above described. At a table sat the king, writing by the light of two oil-lamps. I advanced, and, according to custom, knelt and kissed his hand. He rose and spoke, with one hand resting on the table, and the other hanging by his side. 'Don G——, when will you be ready to proceed to Paris?' 'At once, sire,' I replied. The king smiled, and said, 'Many thanks; to-morrow morning will be time enough. Be ready then. There are your instructions. You will have an escort to the frontier. Once there, you will act on your own responsibility. Somehow or other you must reach Paris without exciting suspicion: thence you will proceed to the Hague, and return to Spain with despatches. I know your ability in these matters: I trust all the details to you.' After a few more verbal instructions, Don Carlos gave me his hand to kiss, smiled most graciously, promised never to forget my zeal in his service, and dismissed me to his minister's room, where the despatches lay. I received these important papers, and once more retired to my old stone kitchen, rest having become now still more necessary to me. The task was no easy one. As an agent of Don Carlos, the French government would certainly stop me, if I should fall into their hands. My despatches I was sure to lose in the event of discovery, and their contents would be instantly made known to the Christino party. With this conviction, I felt the necessity of using every available precaution to avoid being arrested in France.

At dawn I was on foot, and equipped for the journey, while a party of twenty lancers, in their gallant and picturesque costume, awaited my orders. We started immediately, and halted only when, having crossed the Pyrenees, we reached the banks of the Bidassoa. While yet on Spanish ground, I dismounted from my mule, and assuming the costume of a Basque peasant, dismissed my escort. I was now alone, with France before me: I was unarmed; while a purse and my despatches were as carefully concealed as possible. While awaiting the disappearance of my Spanish lancers, I sat down and endeavored to mature my plan of operations. I had no passport. Three documents of that nature, made out in three several names, were at my lodgings at Bayonne. I knew that, were I made a prisoner, my passport would be at once taken from me; whereas, if found without that necessary protection, I should have leisure to decide upon which of my three characters I should assume. It will be seen at once what a precarious and anxious life is that of a secret diplomatic agent.

The bridge near Zugaramurdi lay about a mile below; but my policy was to swim the Biassoa. Accordingly, no sooner was my escort out of sight, than I approached the water's edge, looked carelessly up and down the opposite banks, and seeing no sign of any living being, plunged in, and made for a spot fringed with thick bushes. A brief space of time brought me within twenty feet of the French shores, when, quick as thought, two gun barrels were protruded from amid the bushes, and I was summoned to surrender. In two minutes more I was in the safe keeping of a couple of douaniers — armed custom-house officers. 'Ha! ha! Carlist,' said one of these whiskered gentlemen; 'we've caught you, have we?' I at once threw aside all idea of disguise, and played the Englishman. 'Gentlemen,' said I, quietly eyeing my two antagonists, 'take care what you are about. I am an English gentleman rambling about for my amusement; beware how you offer me any insult.' 'If monsieur is an Englishman, he has of course a passport?' 'Unfor-

fortunately I have left it at Bayonne.' This of course led them to suppose that my residence was at Bayonne, the very object for which I had lodgings there. 'Well, sir,' said they, 'Englishman or not, we find you crossing the Bidassoa in a suspicious manner. You have no passport, and it is our imperative duty to take you before the maire.' I made no opposition to this command; and away they started with me, walking one on each side, to their quarters. The beginning of my journey, though unpropitious, was, however, exactly as I expected.

On reaching the maire, we found the maire not at home, and I was unceremoniously walked into the public room of an auberge, the solitary window of which overlooked a paved yard, with very high walls, composed of loose stones. I seated myself at a table, and at once, on plea of my walk and the consequent hunger, ordered dinner, inviting the douaniers to join me. The invitation was immediately accepted; and from that instant the worthy satellites of the custom-house treated me with the utmost deference. After dinner, I ordered brandy and cigars; but feigning not to smoke myself, demanded permission, while they were inhaling the weed, to walk up and down the yard. To this my now merry guardians made not the slightest objection, and into the yard I went. To escape was impossible; besides, the very fact of my doing so would have been betraying my secret. My object in entering the yard was far otherwise. After talking some time through the window with the douaniers, and when I saw clearly that the wine and brandy had somewhat confused their intellects, I seized a favorable opportunity, removed a stone from the wall, thrust my despatches therein, and returned the stone to its place. My heart was now as light as a feather — my despatches were safe.

Shortly after dinner I was taken before the maire, and questioned. With him I assumed a higher tone than with the douaniers; said I was an Englishman, as he could well see; complained bitterly of having been arrested while pursuing my pleasure; and demanded imperatively to be taken to Bayonne, where my passport

was, and where *my friend*, the maire would satisfy them as to my innocence. The words, '*my friend*, the maire of Bayonne,' startled the worthy magistrate, who became excessively polite; and in a few minutes more I was on my road to that town. The maire of Bayonne was my friend, but under circumstances which I cannot here explain. I little knew, however, that the government suspected him of being a Carlist.

On arriving at my destination, I went with the douanier to the street in which my lodgings were situated — induced him to wait outside — and in a very few minutes again stood before him in the costume of an English gentleman, and with my passport in my pocket. The maire was at home — immediately satisfied the douanier — vised my passport for Paris; and I was at once placed, without any difficulty, in the very best position possible, not being supposed to have come to Spain at all. Under this comfortable impression I returned with the douanier, secretly obtained my despatches, and booked myself in the diligence for Paris direct. But the little maire had his suspicions still, and next day the telegraph was at work; and long before I reached Paris, the fact of my being on my road there was known, and a plan of operations decided on. The little maire was too cunning for me.

Unconscious of this circumstance, I left the diligence at the messageries of Lafite and Gaillard, with my little valise under my arm, and immediately retired to a bed-room, there to wash off the dust and other marks incident to a long journey, preparatory to dining. I had been in the room five minutes, and had, luckily, not opened my valise, when I heard a polite knock at the door. Perfectly unprepared, I opened the door, and one glance told me the intruder was a commissary of police. I knew my fate hung on a word — a look; and, young diplomatist as I was, I acted with a presence of mind which since has many times astonished me. 'Mr. —?' said he, politely mentioning my name. 'Mr. — is up stairs at No. —,' said I, without flinching, at the same time smiling most benignly. 'Oh, ten thousand pardons,

monsieur, for the mistake: what number did you say, sir?' I repeated the number; the commissary of police thanked me, re-entered the passage, and began quietly to ascend the stairs. Before he had reached the summit of the flight, I was in the street with my valise in my hand. With such a police as Paris can boast of, to have taken a *fiacre* or cab would have been to betray my hiding-place at once. I therefore hurried along on foot, plunged into the *cité*, reached as low a neighborhood as I could find, and entered a house of very suspicious character, where, however, I was quite safe until dark. Here I dined: as soon as night came on, sallied forth in search of a more safe place of concealment.

In a street in the Quartier Latin, some months before, I had often spent an evening with a very clever, but very poor young artist. We had been great cronies, and to him I determined to apply for shelter for the night. With some difficulty I found the house, and being admitted to the porter's lodge, inquired for Monsieur Jules Victor, '*Au quatrieme*'—[On the fourth floor,] said the laconic Cerberus, and up the stair I at once sallied. After a journey up a narrow and dark flight of stairs, I reached the desired door, and knocked: 'Entrez,' said a soft female voice. I started, but still obeyed the summons, and found myself in the presence of a very pretty and neatly-dressed young Frenchwoman. 'This is Monsieur Victor's apartment, I believe?' said I with some hesitation. 'It is; he will be here directly. Will monsieur be seated?' said she with a most engaging smile. I seated myself, and Victor instantly came out of the adjoining chamber. 'Delighted to see you, my dear fellow; what earthquake has cast you up? But excuse me; allow me to introduce you to Madame Victor—Madame Victor, Monsieur——!' This announcement rather disarranged my plans; but determined to make a trial, I sat down, and at once told my story, concluding by casting a sly look at madame, and saying, 'Had you been a bachelor, I meant to beg half your bed?' 'And of course now you will stay?' said

madame kindly; 'we will do the best we can for you.'

This point settled, I rose from my chair, and drawing my passport from my pocket, burned it quietly before them. Very much surprised, they inquired the reason, which, however, was obvious—that I could no longer travel under my own name, and another had become absolutely necessary. I spent a most pleasant evening with this worthy and kind couple; amused them with my multifarious adventures; and next morning sallied forth to call on an intimate English friend. With him I could not be explicit; but, after the ordinary topics which occur to men meeting after an absence of some duration, I said, 'I have lost my passport. Will you go to the English embassy with me, and vouch for my respectability?' 'Certainly.' 'But will you be quite silent with regard to my real appellation? My name is Henry Seymour.' He started. 'I do not ask you to say my name is Henry Seymour, but simply to say you know me.' Though very much surprised, he agreed; and away we went to the English embassy. We saw the usual official—the usual questions were asked—my friend vouched for my respectability. I mentioned that I had lost my passport. A new one was made out at once; and after the usual particulars, the official said, 'What name?' 'Henry Seymour.' 'Where last from?' 'Calais.'

That night, after transacting my business in Paris, and perfectly satisfied with the neat manner in which I had eluded the vigilance of the police, I was on my road to Brussels. But the eternal telegraph was at work. Ere I was half-way on my road, the deceit I had practised was suspected, and intelligence transmitted, with orders to watch me closely. On arriving at Brussels I gave up my passport, and in an hour afterwards called for it at the police-office. The commissary eyed me in a hesitating manner, quite sufficient to awaken alarm, and told me to call next morning. This was enough for me: I knew at once that I was suspected.

I must here mention that Belgium and Holland were at war—the former being,

with France, opposed to the Carlist dynasty, and the latter in secret league with Don Carlos. My plan of operation was at once decided on. I left the hotel (*the Grand Laboureur*) at which I had taken up my quarters, and fixed myself in a cabaret. As soon as night came, I sent for one of the common carts of the country, and offered the driver a handsome sum to get me across the frontier. 'But you will be taken prisoner, sir,' said he. 'The very thing I want, I thought to myself. I contented myself, however, with saying that I would risk the danger. Tempted by the somewhat brilliant offer I made him, he agreed, and I mounted the cart, lay down on a pile of straw, threw my cloak over me, and in a very short time was fast asleep. Having scarcely had a proper night's rest since I left Spain, my slumber was heavy and unbroken, and I only woke when challenged by the Dutch sentinels. I at once knew that I was within the lines of the Hollanders, and demanded to be taken before the distinguished general in command. His name, and what passed between us, I cannot now reveal; suffice that I instantly received a pass, and reached the Hague without farther molestation.

My despatches presented, and my mission fulfilled, I sailed for England, and thence took ship again for Spain. Such was my adventure—one of many which I underwent when in the secret diplomatic service of Don Carlos. What the exact object of my journey was, it is not for me to reveal; suffice it, however, that my return was hailed with delight, as I brought with me that from the want of which monarch and peasant equally suffer—GOLD.

THE BLIND SQUATTER.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

NEARLY four hundred miles up the Trinity river, Texas, at the extreme point to which the flat-bottom steamboats run up in search of cotton and other productions is Robins' Ferry. Below, the river is narrow, with high steep banks,

within the deep shadow of which the waters roll noiselessly and swiftly towards the ocean, while groves of somewhat stunted trees run down to the very edge of the cliffs: here, however, the stream expands into a broad and shallow lake, the shores of which are low, and even unsightly, as is generally the case in Texas.

We arrived at a landing-place three miles below the junction of the lake and river late one night, and early the following morning I was paddling up against the stream in a light bark canoe, which, having but a slight hold in the water, served better to stem the current than one of larger dimensions. For some time I continued within the shadows of the cliffs in comparative gloom; but, after a somewhat fatiguing hour, my eye first caught a glimpse of the shallow lake, where I hoped to find sufficient abundance of wild-fowl to glut my most murderous appetite as a sportsman. The dawn had long since passed, but nature appeared yet asleep, so calm, so still was that almost untrodden spot. Gliding swiftly out of the influence of the current, I allowed my canoe to stand motionless, while I gazed around. Far as the eye could reach, spread a perfect wilderness of waters, forward, to the right and to the left, perfectly unruffled, for not so much as a blade of grass or a leaf was stirring on the shore. Here and there rose huge trunks of trees, borne from above by the almost periodical inundations, and which, reaching some shallow part, became stationary, until time and decay removed them by degrees from their resting-place. Snags were visible all around, while a low bushy island lay about a quarter of a mile to the southward. The waters sparkled in the sun, revealing at some distance the presence of hundreds of ducks, geese, and swans floating upon the surface. For some time they remained unheeded, so charmed was I by the quiet beauty of the landscape; but at length the prospect of a late breakfast awoke my killing propensities, and, raising my paddle, I gave a true Indian sweep, and glided noiselessly towards the little island alluded to.

My progress was rapid, but not a sound could have been detected by any save an aboriginal. The bevy of ducks which had drawn me in that direction were sailing towards the island, and I was within gun-shot long before I was perceived, as, the better to deceive them, I lay almost on my face at last, and paddled with my hands. At length I allowed the canoe to drift with whatever impulse it had previously received, and cautiously clutching my double-barreled apology for a Joe Manton, rose in the boat. Ere, however, I could gain my feet, crack! crack! went the two barrels of a fowling-piece, a whistling was heard close to my ears, and the ducks, save and except a few victims, flew away with a loud rustling of wings. I was astounded. My first impulse was to return the fire at random, as the idea of Indians crossed my brain. I could, however, plainly detect the presence of a fowling-piece by the peculiar report, while it was clear the ducks had been the object aimed at. Still, the proximity of the lead to my ears was far from pleasant, and I hastened to prevent a recurrence of so dangerous an experiment. "Hollo! friend," cried I, in a loud and somewhat angry voice, "are you duck-shooting or man-shooting, because I should like to know!" A man rose instantly above the bushes. "Merciful Heaven," cried he, "have I wounded you, sir? Come in, and I will explain this accident."

I readily complied, and a few minutes placed me beside the sportsman. I at once saw that he was blind. Nearly six feet high, thin, even gaunt, he presented a most remarkable appearance. Clothed in the ordinary garb of a backwoodsman, there was yet an intellectuality; and even nobility of character in his features, which struck me forcibly, while the sightless orbs at once revealed the cause of what had nearly proved a fatal accident. "You are not alone?" said I, glancing curiously around the bushes. "I am," he said with a smile, "quite alone. But let me most sincerely beg your pardon for having endangered your life." "No excuses," said I, depositing the victims of his volley at his feet; "but if you would explain to me how you are here alone,

and how, being here, you are thus employed, you will assuage a very strong feeling of curiosity." "With pleasure," he replied, "I owe you an explanation; and besides," he continued, "I believe we are countrymen, and this meeting gives me true delight." "I am an Englishman," I said. "And I a Scotchman. In Britain it makes us countrymen; in a strange land it makes us brothers."

Struck by the blind man's manner, I loaded, prairie fashion, a couple of corn cob pipes with some excellent leaf tobacco, and handing him one, seated myself quietly by his side. Closing his eyes, from habit, as if to read the past, he was silent for a few moments. "My name is Campbell," he said at length, without further preface, "and by trade I am a cabinet-maker. To begin at the beginning. When I was twenty, and that is not so long ago as you may think, I received an offer to go to New York. I was engaged to be married to a sweet cousin of mine. Poor Ellen! I could not go without her, and yet it was, they said, owre young to marry. Still the offer was good, and rather than I should lose the opportunity of advancing myself, they all consented that it should be a wedding. The day after our happy union we sailed for the far west.

"We reached New York in safety; I entered upon my employment with a firm and settled determination to secure, if not fortune, at least competence. Wages were in these days very high; I was a good workman; my master had confidence in me, and besides my wages as journeyman, paid me a salary as his foreman and clerk. As determined to lose no opportunity of advancement, I kept all his books after my regular day's work was done. I saved more than half my earnings, and was as happy, I believe, as an industrious honest man can be; and if he, sir, cannot be happy, I know not who can." "You are right," said I; "an honest, sober, industrious workman, with ample employment, respected by his masters, with a little family around him, should be the happiest of created beings. His wants are all supplied, without the cares and troubles of wealth." "So it was with me; I was very happy.

At the end of ten years I had saved a large sum, and then, and only then, my wife presented me with my first and only child.

"With the consent, and by the advice even of my employers, who had my true interests at heart, I determined to start in business for myself; but not in New York. New Orleans was a money-making, busy place, and thither I removed. My success was unexpectedly great; my own workmanship was eagerly bought up, and I employed many men at the enormous wages of the south. Two misfortunes, however, now clouded my felicity; both attributable, I fear, to my desire for independence. The south did not agree with my wife, and ere I could restore her to a genial climate, she died. Sir, my sorrow was the sorrow, I hope, of a man and a Christian: but I felt it sorely. He only who has seen wife or child removed from him by death, can estimate my feelings. Existence for a time was a blank. I worked mechanically, but no more did her cheerful voice encourage my labors. I ate, I drank; ah, sir! it was then I missed her; at the morning meal, at dinner, over the tea board. As my eye rested on the empty chair on the opposite side of my little table. I could see in it the accustomed form; and then my heart seemed to turn cold, and the very blood to cease to flow. He who has not lost a wife or child, knows not real sorrow in this world. It is the severest trial man ever is put to. Well, sir, she died, and I was left alone with a little image of herself, my Ellen. A gayer, happier being never lived—always smiling, always singing. In time, she brought back some glimpse of joy to my soul.

"One morning, I awoke with a peculiar sensation at my heart—I had caught the yellow-fever. I will not detail the history of this illness. Suffice, that it was three months ere I was restored to health; and then, by some extraordinary accident, it proved that I was blind; while my business was gone from me. I knew not what to do. You know, sir, the usual course of ruined men in New Orleans; they sell off secretly, shut their shutters, write G. T. T. (Gone to Texas)

on the door, and are no more heard of. But I, sir, could not do this. I was, however, no longer fit for business: a quiet retreat in the woods was my best course of proceeding. Besides, my health was shattered, and I should not have lived in New Orleans. Accordingly, I contrived to raise a thousand dollars when I wound up my accounts, and with this and a negro slave, I and my child started for Texas. Blind, I was not fit to cope with men, and my object, therefore, was to retire, as far as was consistent with safety, into the woods.

"Eight years ago I journeyed up this river, and reached this very spot. Francisco, my negro, was a devoted and faithful fellow, and worked hard, because I was a good master to him. We erected a hut upon yonder shore: it was a laborious operation; but it was at length completed. I have said I was a cabinet-maker; so was my negro; we therefore furnished the place elegantly for a back-wood's dwelling.

"Now to speak of my daughter. When we left New Orleans she was eight years old, and up to that age had been educated most carefully, her existence being, of course, that of a town girl. You know, sir, the lazy luxurious habits of the pestilential city, and how little they fit one for roughing life in the woods. Well, Nelly was transplanted hither, preserving and increasing her accomplishments, and yet has she become a perfect prairie bird. Her fingers ply the rude needle required to make these coarse garments; she and Francisco prepare them for use. We have a female slave, Francisco's wife, but hers is out-door work; and Nelly makes butter, cooks, ay, sir, and even cleans. And she is quite happy, singing all day long; and if an hour can be found for a book, she is in paradise.

"Singular as it may seem, I do most of the hunting; at all events, all the wild-fowl shooting. With the dawn I am up; and in my dug-out, which I pull, while Nelly steers, I land here, and conceal myself in the bushes, while she returns to prepare breakfast. With my loss of sight I have gained an additional strength of hearing. I can detect imme-

diately the approach of the ducks and geese on the water, and if once they come near enough, am sure not to waste my powder and shot. After about a couple of hours she returns for me. Her time is now nearly up: you shall see her, and breakfast at New Edinburgh."

At this instant a diminutive sail caught my eye at the distance of a hundred yards. Rising, I perceived a small canoe gliding before a slight breeze which had arisen, and rapidly approaching. The foresail and mainsail concealed its occupant; but presently a melodious voice was heard carolling a merry ditty.

"There is my child," said Campbell, his voice hushed to a whisper; "there is my child. I never hear her sing but I see her mother before me."

"Well, father," cried Nelly, taking in her little sail; "no ducks for me to pick up? not one. You are unlucky this morning."

At this moment she caught sight of my naval uniform, and stopped short. "This gentleman was kind enough to pick them up for me, and you must give him a seat in the boat."

Nelly approached. Though tanned by the sun, one could still see the blue-eyed Scotch girl in her. Light curls fell from beneath a vast straw-hat over her shoulders, while a simple fur pelisse, and buckskin moccasins, with red worsted stockings, was all her visible attire. But never had I seen anything more graceful or more elegant. A woman, and yet a girl, she had evidently the feelings of the first, with the joyous artlessness of the second. We were friends directly, while I mentally compared her with my interesting Irish friends Mary Rock and her sister.

In a few minutes more we were sailing for the shore, and in a quarter of an hour were in sight of New Edinburgh. To my surprise I discovered a substantial log-hut, several outhouses, Indian corn-fields, while pumpkins, &c. flourished around in abundance. Two cows were grazing in the neighborhood; as many horses were near them; while pigs and fowls were scattered in all directions. I was amazed, the blind Scotchman's industry was so novel in Texas. I ex-

pressed my surprise. "Eight years of perseverance can do much," said Campbell quietly: "thank Heaven I am very happy, and my Nelly will not be left a beggar." "But you must find her a steady, hard-working young fellow for a husband," replied I, "to preserve all this." "I think," said he, smiling, "if you were to ask Nelly, she would tell you that that was done already." The slightly heightened color of the maiden was her only answer, and at that moment we reached the landing, where the negro couple and their pickaninnies were standing. The slaves were sleek and hearty, and showed their white teeth merrily.

Campbell led the way to the house, which was, for Texas, superabundantly furnished. Comfort was everywhere, and abundance. The breakfast was, to a hunter, delicious, consisting of coffee, hot corn cakes, venison steaks, and wild honey, while a cold turkey graced the centre of the board. What I enjoyed, however, better even than the breakfast, was the attention of the daughter to her blind father. He seated himself at the board, and Nelly having first helped me, supplied all his wants with a care and watchfulness which was delightful to behold. She anticipated all his desires, her whole soul being seemingly bent to give him pleasure. She was, in fact, more like a mother with a child, than a daughter with a father in the prime of life. Breakfast concluded, we talked again of his history, particularly since his arrival in Texas.

The routine of the day was simple enough, as they explained to me. The negroes, overlooked by the father and daughter, worked in the fields from dawn until six in the evening, the father fashioning some rural implement, an axe or plough handle, while the daughter plied her needle. They breakfasted at half-past six, dined at half-past eleven, and supped at six: after this last meal, Nelly generally read to her father for two hours. Their library was good, including several standard works, and the first two volumes of "The Family Magazine."

Campbell went out into the air after a while to talk to the negroes, and I was left alone with Nelly. I took advantage

of his absence to learn more of her character. Never was I more delighted. Not a regret, not a wish for the busy world of which she read so much; while it was quite clear to me that her lover, whoever he was, had only succeeded by promising to reside with the father. To leave her blind parent seemed to her one of those impossibilities which scarcely even suggested itself to her mind. Yes! Nelly Campbell was a sweet creature, perhaps the only truly romantic recollection I bore with me from Texas.

I remained with them all day; I visited their whole farm; I examined Nelly's favorite retreat, in a grove at the rear of the house, and then I left them. We parted with a regret which was mutual; a regret which, strange to say, was quite painful on my side, and I never saw them again. Still I did not lose sight of them. I always wrote by the steamer to Nelly; and many a long letter did I obtain in reply. More and more did I discover that she was a daughter only, and that even a husband must for a time hold a second place in her heart. At length she wrote—"And now, sir, I am married, and I am very happy, though I almost sometimes regret the step, as I can no longer give my whole time to my dear blind father. He is, however, so happy himself, that I must resign myself to be less his nurse, especially as the only quarrel John and I ever have, is as to who shall wait on him. If he has lost part of his daughter, he has found a son." This picture of happiness made me thoughtful, and I owned that, great as is the blessing of civilization, and vast and grand as are the benefits of communion with your fellows, a scene of felicity might yet be found in the woods. Though I am a strong lover of mankind, and wish to be among them, and to enjoy the advantages of civilization, yet do I think, if I were an old blind man, I would be a backwood squatter, with a daughter such as Nelly.

I heard no more from them, as I soon after returned to England, and the busy life of the world and other avocations have always prevented me writing. Should I, however, ever revisit Texas, my first care will be to run up the Trinity, and once

more enjoy hospitality at the table of the BLIND SQUATTER.

LANDED PROPERTY IN THESSALY.

OCCASIONALLY we passed a piece of magnificent rye, in full ear at that early season, with straw the longest I ever saw in my life; while the number of wild pigeons that kept constantly rising out of these and other fields of corn, as we rode past them, was positively marvellous. The plain must be marshy in winter; but the whole of it might be easily kept dry enough for cultivation by a few cross-dikes, the parts which are cultivated being drained effectually in that manner. On passing one very magnificent piece of wheat, I observed incidentally to the surrigger that it was in fine condition, and asked if he knew to whom it belonged. "How can I tell?" was his reply; "any one that can afford to watch and guard it may sow wherever he pleases; and when the time of harvest comes he may reap it, if it has not been stolen before that; and then some one perhaps sows there the next year, and the man who has had the crop sows somewhere else." "Then am I to understand that the land belongs to no one, and that any one may plough or sow where he pleases?" said I, somewhat surprised. "How can the land belong to any one?" asked, in reply, the equally astonished Albanian. "If I sow corn there, the corn is mine; if you sow, it is yours; if I see good grass there, I feed my horses, or sheep, or oxen, if I have any; and any other person may do the same; but the land is not mine." "But to whom then does the land belong? May I come and turn out your flocks or sow seeds where you want to sow?" "Of course you may, if you can; but if I sow corn there, or feed my flocks there, I take good care to watch it, and not let you."—*Captain Best's Excursions in Albania.*

LOOK UPON EVERY DAY as the whole of life, not merely as a section; and enjoy the present without wishing, through haste, to spring on to another lying before the section.—*Richter.*



STOCK EXCHANGE, CAPEL COURT.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

TOWARDS the close of the last century the increased scale of transactions in the Funds, and the new loans which were continually being raised, induced the principal frequenters of the stock-market to subscribe for the erection of a building for their accommodation. Capel Court, on the east side of Bartholomew Lane, once the residence of Sir William Capel, Lord Mayor in 1504, was fixed upon as a convenient situation for the purpose. The first stone was laid on the 18th of May, 1801, and contains an inscription, which states, for the information of remote posterity, that the national debt was then upwards of five hundred millions. This building, which is the present Stock Exchange, was opened in March, 1802. The entrance to Capel Court is nearly opposite the door at the east end of the Bank, leading to the room in that building called the Rotunda.

No one is allowed to transact business

at the Stock Exchange unless he is a member. If a stranger unluckily wanders into the place, he is quickly hustled out. There are about three hundred and fifty firms of stock-brokers in London, whose places of business are situated in the streets, courts, and alleys within five minutes' walk of the Royal Exchange. To these we must add thirty or forty bullion, bill, and discount brokers. All the more respectable of these money-dealers are members of the Stock Exchange, and the total number of members is at present about six hundred and fifty. The admission takes place by ballot, and the committee of the Stock Exchange, which consists of twenty-four members, is elected in the same manner. Every new member of the "House," as it is called, must be introduced by three respectable members, each of whom enters into security in £300 for two years. At the end of two years, when the respectability of the party is supposed to be fairly ascertained

and known, the liability of the sureties ceases; but, as each member of the house is reëlected every year, if in the course of the preceding twelvemonth there is anything discreditable in his conduct, he is not reëlected. If a member becomes a defaulter, he ceases to be a member; though, after inquiry, he may be reëmitted on paying a certain composition; but he must be reëmitted, if at all, by vote of the committee. When a member becomes unable to pay his creditors, there are certain official assignees who receive all the money due to him and divide it amongst his creditors. No man can be reëmitted unless he pays 6s. 8d. in the pound, from resources of his own, over and above what has been collected from his debtors. As some of the practices of the Stock Exchange are contrary to law, and cannot be enforced in the courts, the members are only to be held to them by a sense of honor, and such restraints in the way of exposure and degradation as the governing committee may be authorized to apply by the general body of members. Cases of dishonorable or disgraceful conduct are punished by expulsion. The names of defaulters are posted on the "black board," and, in the language of the Stock Exchange, they are then technically called "lame ducks." In short, the committee have the power of effectually destroying the credit of a member whose transactions are of a dishonorable nature. They investigate the conduct of members whenever called upon by other parties, and give their award according to the evidence.

The two leading classes of men who have dealings on the Stock Exchange are the jobbers and the brokers, though the business peculiar to each is not unfrequently transacted by one person. Some members deal for the most part in English stocks, others in foreign, and many confine their attention principally to shares in mines, railways, canals, joint-stock banks, and other public companies; some call themselves discount-brokers and money-dealers, and transact business to a large extent in commercial securities—that is, in bills drawn by merchants and tradesmen on mercantile

transactions. Bargains are made in the presence of a third party, and the terms are simply entered in a pocket-book; but they are checked next day, and the jobber's clerk (their clerks are members also of the house) pays or receives the money, and sees that the securities are correct. There are but three or four dealers in Exchequer Bills, and the greater number of these securities pass through their hands. The majority of the members of the Stock Exchange employ their capital in any way which offers the slightest chance of profit, and keep it in convertible securities, so that it can be changed from hand to hand almost at a moment's notice. The brokers are employed to execute the orders of bankers, merchants, capitalists, and private individuals; and the jobbers on Change are the parties with whom they deal. When the broker appears in the market, he is surrounded by the jobbers. One of the "cries" of the Stock Exchange is "Borrow money? borrow money?" a singular one to general apprehension; but it must be understood that the credit of the borrower must either be first rate or his security of the most satisfactory nature; and that it is not the principal who goes into this market, but his broker. "Have you any money to lend to-day?" is a question asked with a nonchalance which would astonish the simple man who goes to a "friend" with such a question in his mouth. "Yes," may be the reply. "I want £10,000 or £20,000." "On what security?"—for that is the vital question; and that point being settled, the transaction goes on smoothly and quickly enough. Another mode of doing business is to conceal the object of the borrower or lender, who asks, "What are Exchequer?" The answer may be "Forty to forty-two." That is, the party addressed will buy £1000 at 40s., and sell £1000 at 42s. The jobbers cluster around the broker, who perhaps says, "I must have a price in £5000." If it suits them they will say, "Five with me, five with me, five with me," making fifteen; or they will say each, "Ten with me;" and it is the broker's business to get these parties

pledged to buy of him at 40, or to sell to him at 42, they not knowing whether he is a buyer or seller. The broker then declares his purpose, saying, for example, "Gentlemen, I sell to you £20,000 at 40;" and the sum is then apportioned among them. If the money were wanted only for a month, and the Exchequer market remained the same during that time, the buyer would have to give 42 in the market for what he sold at 40, being the difference between the buying and the selling price; besides which he would have to pay the broker 1s. per cent. commission on the sale, and 1s. per cent. on the purchase again on the bills, which would make altogether 4s. per cent. If the object of the broker be to buy Consols, the jobber offers to buy his £20,000 at 96, or to sell him the amount at 96½, without being at all aware which he is engaging himself to do. The same person may not know on any particular day whether he will be a borrower or lender. If he has sold stock and has not repurchased, about one or two o'clock in the day he would be a lender of money; but if he has bought stock, and not sold, he would be a borrower. Immense sums are lent on condition of being recalled at the short notice of a few hours. These loans are often for so short a period, that the uninitiated, who have no other idea of borrowing than that which the old proverb supplies, that "He who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," would wonder that any man should borrow £10,000 or £20,000 for a day or at most a fortnight, and which is liable to be called for at the shortest notice. The facilities which the Stock Exchange affords for the easy flow of capital in any direction where profit is to be secured will explain the mystery. The directors of a railway company, whose receipts are £12,000 or £14,000 per week, instead of locking up this sum every week in their strong-box, as a premium for the ingenuity of London thieves, authorize a broker to lend it on proper securities. Persons who pay large duties to government at fixed periods, and are in receipt of these duties from the time of their last payment,

make something of the gradually accumulating sum by lending it for a week or two. A person whose capital is intended to be laid out in mortgage on real property finds it advantageous to lend it out until he meets with a suitable offer. The great bankers have constantly large sums which are not required for their till, and they direct their brokers to lend this surplus cash on the Stock Exchange. One banker lends about £400,000 to the jobbers on every settling-day. Bankers are also borrowers at times, as well as lenders. The Bank of England sometimes, and also the East India Company, employ their brokers to raise money on the Stock Exchange. Some members of the Stock Exchange call themselves, appropriately enough, "managers of balances." Whatever the market rate of interest may be, it is more advantageous to a capitalist to employ his resources at the smallest rate of profit rather than it should remain idle. Sometimes the jobber, at the close of the day, will lend his money at 1 per cent. rather than not employ it at all. But the extraordinary fluctuations in the rate of interest, even in the course of a single day, are a sufficient temptation to the money-lender to resort to the Stock Exchange. During the shutting of the stocks money is invariably scarce; but as soon as the dividends become payable, it is again abundant. At other times, on one day, the rate of interest will be 10 per cent., and the next day only 2. The rate of interest offered in the morning will also frequently differ from that which can be obtained in the afternoon. Instances have occurred in which everybody has been anxious to lend money in the morning at 4 per cent., when about two o'clock money has become so scarce that it could with difficulty be borrowed at 10 per cent. For example, if the price of Consols be low, persons who are desirous of raising money will give a high rate of interest rather than sell stock. Again, an individual wants to borrow £100,000 on Consols, but they happen to be in great demand, and the jobber may borrow on them at 2 per cent., and lend the very same money on another description of government se-

curity at 5 per cent. The constant recurrence of these opportunities of turning capital is of course the life and soul of the Stock Exchange.

The profit of the jobber, after he has concluded a bargain, depends upon the state of the market, which may be depressed by extensive sales, or by the competition of buyers. These jobbers are middle men, who are always ready either to buy or sell at a minute's notice, and hence a broker, in dealing for his principal, who wants to borrow money, has no need to hunt after another broker, who has money of another principal to lend, but each resorts to the jobber, who is both a borrower and lender. The following information as to the transactions of a firm of stock-brokers, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, of money-dealers, or, to use the technical phrase, "managers of balances," is official, and may be fully relied on:—"Our business, in addition to that of mere stock-broker, extends to the dealing in money, that is, borrowing of bankers, capitalists, and others, their surplus or unemployed moneys, for the purpose of lending again at advanced rates, the difference of rate being our remuneration for the trouble and risk attendant thereon. By the general facility thus afforded, from our being almost always ready either to borrow or lend, we have become, as it were, a channel directly or indirectly for a great portion of the loans between Lombard Street and the Stock Exchange; and the magnitude of our money dealings will be at once understood when I state that we have both had and made loans to upwards of £200,000 at a time with one house; that the payments and receipts through our banking account on each side amount to eighteen or twenty millions per annum, but our loan transactions far exceed that sum, and extend to the vast amount of from thirty to forty millions a year. Our loans for the year ending October, 1841, exceeded thirty millions, being an average of three millions a month, or £100,000 a day; and generally, upon four or five days in every month, the loans have amounted to 150, 2, 3, 4, 5, and even £700,000 in a single day."

ROYAL HUSBANDMEN IN PERU.—

Within the city of Cozco, bordering on the side of that hill where the castle was built, there was a spacious walk or alley, containing many acres of ground, called *Colcampata*, and is still remaining, unless they have built houses upon it since the time I was there; the plat of ground on which it was took its name from the walk itself, being the best piece of land, and, as it were, the jewel and flower of all the estate belonging to the sun, and was the first plat of earth which the Incas had dedicated to him. This walk was like a garden, manured and cultivated only by Incas of the royal blood; nor was any other admitted to be gardener or laborer there under the degree of Inca or Palla, which was a lady of the royal family. All the songs they made were panegyrics in praise of the sun, and the substance of them was taken from the word *haylli*, which in the common language of Peru signifies triumph; as if they were victorious, and triumphed over the earth, when they ploughed and digged into its bowels, forcing it to fructify, and raking fruit from thence. With these sonnets they intermixed the quick and acute sentences and sayings of discreet lovers and valiant soldiers, tending to the subject and work in hand, concluding every staff or stanza of these verses with the word *haylli*, which was the burden of the song, and repeated as often as was necessary to fill up the cadence of the tune; and thus they sang, and worked backward and forward, as they made the furrows, with which cheerfulness the toil and labor were much alleviated. — *De Le Vega's Royal Commentaries of Peru* — (1688).

Who is the greater sage, he who lifts himself above the stormy time, and contemplates it without action; or he who from the high region of calmness throws himself into the battling tumult of the times? Sublime is it when the eagle soars upward through the storm into the clear heaven; but sublimer when, floating in the serene blue above, he darts down through the thick storm-cloud to the rock-hung eyrie, where his unfeathered young live and tremble.



ABBOT'S CLIFF TUNNEL, DOVER.

THE COAST LINE OF THE LONDON AND DOVER RAILWAY.

THE energy displayed by the South-Eastern Railway Company in the formation of this portion of their line was acknowledged by the Cinque Ports Corporations in a banquet given by them to

celebrate its completion. On that occasion, amongst the various mottos which decorated the apartments used for the festival, was the following,—"The Homage of Dover to Energy and Talent;" and seldom has tribute of respect been more justly bestowed, for works of greater extent or more extraordinary

character than those which the line exhibits have been rarely undertaken.

On leaving the vale of Folkstone, the railway crosses the Foord stream by a lofty viaduct of seventeen arches, and taking a northerly direction, enters, by the Folkstone tunnel, the flank of that magnificent range of chalk hills which extends from Portsmouth, through the southern counties, to the sea between the South Foreland and the town of Folkstone, where it forms a bold escarpment about twelve miles in length, and varying in height from two to six hundred feet. Along the first seven miles of this precipitous and lofty line the railway has been carried; and this has been done by tunnelling three of the larger headlands, blowing the smaller ones into the sea, carrying a sea-wall on the "unnumbered idle pebbles" which lie at the feet of others, and hewing immense cuttings through the slips and dislocations of the more chaotic masses; all of which have been accomplished with great apparent ease, though in the face of enormous and varied difficulties, by means of the irresistible power of scientific skill aided by ample capital.

The Folkstone tunnel is seven hundred and sixty-six yards in length, with an inclination of about one foot in two hundred and sixty-four — which is that of the rest of the line to Dover. For the most part the chalk through which it is pierced is very "shingly" in its character, wet, and a good deal mixed with a debris of blue clay and other argillaceous substances. The cutting of the tunnels was consequently a work of much difficulty, and there was a constant struggle with springs and noxious vapors. Nothing of any greater geological interest was found during this or the succeeding excavations than lumps of pyrites, sold by the laborers as "potato stones" or "diamond nutmegs," and preserved by the peasants of the neighborhood as mantel-piece ornaments or cabalistic wonders. The interior or "bore" of the tunnel is now well bricked; it is ventilated by several draft-towers; and — what struck us as a very useful adaptation of a recent invention — the roof is drained through-

out by sheets of fluted zinc, bent to the shape of the arch, each flute of the zinc acting as a gutter to carry off the drip. By this means passengers are effectually protected against wet, and the roadway of the tunnel is kept perfectly dry.

On leaving the tunnel, the line enters the great cutting known as "the Warren," a romantic undercliff of about two miles' length, running parallel with the sweep of East Weir Bay. Perhaps no more wonderful scene of wild natural beauty in connection with so imposing a display of industrial enterprise is to be seen in the world than the Warren presents, viewed from the summit of the Folkstone tunnel, a point which is reached by a precipitous sheep-walk from the "No. 1. Martello," north of the harbor. Beneath the eye, at the base of a line of cliffs five or six hundred feet in height, lies a belt of smaller cliffs, each one broken from its fellow, and occasionally tumbled one upon another in confused groups. Through this rocky wilderness the road is cut to a depth of about one hundred feet. The bottom is a firm dry rock; the sides are inclined at an angle of seventy degrees, and are "as smooth as a deal board." The coloring of the scene is of striking beauty. The chalk stained by impregnations of iron, presents a blended picture of bright red and yellowish tints, alternating with whites, and relieved in their seasons by patches of mares-tail, (*Equisetum palustre*) thrift, (*Statice Armeria*) the sea sunflower, (*Cistus Helianthemum*) and some other marine plants of florid character. During the calms of summer, also, the serene silence which ordinarily rests upon a sea-side landscape seems to become more intense here by the contrast furnished in the abrupt passage of a train, which, as it pursues its rapid course, sends a thousand reverberating thunders through the adjacent hills, and then subsides to stillness more suddenly than even the lazy flight of the coughts and crows, which, for a moment scared from their nests, wheel a hasty circle in the midway air, and straightway drop to rest again.

After passing the Warren, the line enters the Abbot's Cliff Tunnel, a stupendous work one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven yards in length, cut through chalk of so compact a structure as almost to rival limestone in hardness. This tunnel is nearly six hundred feet below the top of the cliffs, about twelve feet above high water mark, and one hundred and fifty feet from the sea. It is partly bricked, and is well-drained, and ventilated by side galleries opening in the face of the cliff. Our engraving shows a view of it from the Warren. A zigzag walk at the back, through beds of samphire and wild cabbage, leads to the top of Abbot's Head, where splendid views of the coast of France, and of our own coast to Dungeness Point, are obtained.

On emerging from the tunnel, the sea-wall is reached. This is a structure of concrete, built on the spreading and partially submerged feet of the cliffs, which, from the tunnel-mouth to Shakspeare's Cliff, have, with five or six exceptions, an inclination inland of some two hundred feet or more, forming an irregular bay. Across this rugged and unequal bottom a surface had to be cleared, and a superstructure reared, sufficiently strong to resist the action of the waves, high enough to be beyond the reach of the spray, and at a point so far removed from the actual face of the cliff as to be beyond the reach of falling chalk, which, after wet and frosty seasons, sometimes slips from the superficial layers. In effecting these objects, obstacles of the most extraordinary and apparently insuperable character have been overcome. Several cliffs were found to project so much on the course of the line, and others were discovered to be so loose in their composition, that it became necessary to remove them altogether. This was accomplished in the case of the Round Down Cliff—a noble headland—and some others, by charges of gunpowder fired by galvanic action. Here, then, where billows roared, and the restless fuci scarcely found a point to fix their fibres upon, a road—a “pleasure line”—

has been formed, as clear, as dry, and as safe as any old-established turnpike-road in the neighborhood.

The sea-wall conducts the line for a mile to the southern face of Shakspeare's Cliff, whose mighty mass, abutting in a huge promontory on the sea, seemed to forbid all farther progress in that direction. Its substance, too—such was the nature of its chalk—was found to be opposed to ordinary tunnelling operations: its texture was “crumbly”—its mass was cut up by slips and fissures—and the whole mountain was devoid of those girders of flint which in ordinary cases bind the great chalk formations together. What, then, could be done? To have turned the position, by building a circuitous wall round it, was impossible; and to have destroyed this cliff by gunpowder would, from its poetic association, have been considered, at the present time, as a crime almost akin to sacrilege. In this difficulty the sailor's motto of “go through it” was adopted, and, in spite of all the difficulties and of the opinions of its impracticability, a tunnel was commenced, and after a while a tunnel was made—and a very beautiful one it is, and perhaps, likewise, the safest that has yet been constructed. This arises from its being a *double* one; for the peculiar impediments of the passage make it necessary to increase the ordinary size of the opening, and this again involved the need of a central support for the superincumbent weight. The complete tunnel is formed of two pointed parabolic arches, twice the usual height, soundly built of five or six layers of brick, and from end to end measuring 1417 yards. The ventilation, which is very perfect, is secured by seven shafts communicating with the top of the cliff, and by occasional arches in the central pier.

Leaving the tunnel, the line arrives at a loose shingly beach, on which the sea continually beats, and in rough weather with great violence. Here, however, the intrepid engineer, by adapting his resources to the peculiar exigencies of the case, has succeeded in erecting a safe and convenient road.

A sea-wall would not in this instance have served the purpose; the sea would have washed it away. But where a solid structure would have failed, a light open timber-work framing, carrying the rails on an elevated platform, has been found to answer every requirement. A wooden viaduct exposed to the fury of a south-wester, is in fact as safe as Waterloo Bridge.

The mighty obstacles of sea and land had now been conquered—the line had reached to the very threshold of Dover: but, before it could enter its venerable walls, an impediment of another description had to be overcome. At the end of the Dover viaduct, and concealing the town from view, stands a small rock, surmounted by a fort, called, from its position, the Archcliff Fort. To carry the line into the town, this rock, not twenty feet in width, had to be tunnelled; but so great was the repugnance of the military authorities against having what was termed “one of the defences of the country” exposed even to apparent danger, that after the Company had surmounted every other difficulty, they were forbidden to take this the last step of their arduous journey. This difficulty was not removed without much trouble and delay, but at last, after many months of negotiation and dispute, the locomotive flag was planted on the chalk of the Archcliff, the *souterraine* was carried, the railway completed, and finally, on the sixth day of February last, the friends of the Company, with the writer of these notes, had the pleasure of celebrating their entire success, by riding through the fort-tunnel in the first train from London to Dover.

SELFISHNESS.

THE selfish look upon themselves as if they were all the world, and no man beside concerned therein; that the good state of things is to be measured by their condition; that all is well if they do prosper and thrive, all is ill if they be disappointed in their desires and projects. The good of no man, not

of their brethren, not of their friends, not of their country, doth come under their consideration.

This is the chief spring of injustice; for from hence it is that oftentimes men regard not what courses they take, what means they use (how unjust, how base, soever they be) toward the compassing their designs: hence they trample upon right, they violate all laws and rules of conscience, they falsify their trusts, they betray their friends, they supplant their neighbor, they flatter and colloque, they wind about and shuffle any way, they detract from the worth and virtue of any man, they forge and vent odious slanders, they commit any sort of wrong and outrage, they (without regard or remorse) do anything which seemeth to further their design.

Selfishness, therefore, is the great enemy to the common weal; that which perverteth all right, which confoundeth all order, which spoileth all the convenience and comfort of society.

The frame of our nature speaketh, that we are not born for ourselves alone. We shall find man, if we contemplate him, to be a nobler thing than to have been designed merely to serve himself and to satisfy his single pleasure; his endowments are too excellent, his capacities too large, for so mean and narrow purposes. How pitiful a creature were man if this were all he were made for! How sorry a faculty were reason if it served not to better uses! He debaseth himself, he disgraceth his nature, who hath so low conceits, and pursueth so petty designs.

Nay, even a true regard to our own private good will engage us not inordinately to pursue self-interest. As we are all born members of the world, as we are compacted into a commonwealth, as we are incorporated into any society, as we partake in any conversation or company, so by mutual support, aid, defence, comfort, not only the common welfare first, but our particular benefit consequently, doth subsist. On the contrary, our thriving by the common prejudice will in the end turn to our own loss. — *Barrow.*



A BRAHMEN EXPOUNDING THE VEDA.

THE CASTES AND TRIBES OF INDIA.

THE institution of castes in India is one of the most curious chapters in the social history of mankind. The distinction of ranks and the separation of professions appear to have been established before the remotest era which Hindoo tradition reaches. According to their sacred books the Brahmen proceeded from the mouth of the Creator, which is the seat of wisdom; the Cshatriya from his arm; the Vaisya from his thigh; and the Sudra from his foot. These castes comprise the four orders of a primitive

state of society. The Brahmen were priests, the Cshatriyas soldiers, the Vaisyas husbandmen, and the Sudras servants and laborers. The Hindoo religion teaches its followers that it would be impious to confound these different orders. This distinction of caste is the framework of Hindoo society, and all its inconveniences and palpable injustice have been submitted to for ages from a sense of religious duty. The punishment for crime varies in severity with the caste to which the offender belongs, and while the law is merciless towards the Sudra, its

force is mitigated when persons of the three higher castes are brought within its reach. In other matters the abuse of natural rights is equally outrageous. For the interest of money on loan the Brahmen only pays two per cent., while three per cent. is exacted from the Cshatriya, four per cent. from the Vaisya, and five per cent. from the Sudra. Mill says: — "As much as the Brahmen is an object of veneration, so much is the Sudra an object of contempt and even of abhorrence to the other classes of his countrymen. The business of the Sudra is servile labor, and their degradation inhuman. Not only is the most abject and grovelling submission imposed upon them as a religious duty, but they are driven from their just and equal share in all the advantages of the social institution." He then cites passages from the sacred books which show that the Sudra was created for the purpose of serving Brahmen; that he was not permitted to accumulate personal property; and that a Brahmen must never read the Veda (the sacred scriptures of the Hindoos) in the presence of Sudras. In the new edition of Mill, by Horace Hayman Wilson, Esq., the Professor of Sanscrit at Oxford, there is the following important note on this passage. Professor Wilson says:—"The law does not justify the term 'abhorrence.' Mr. Mill has collected the extreme texts, and has passed over all the favorable or qualifying passages. The condition of a Sudra in the Hindu system was infinitely preferable to that of the helot, the slave, or the serfs of the Greek, the Roman, and the feudal systems. He was independent; his services were optional; they were not agricultural, but domestic and personal, and claimed adequate compensation. He had the power of accumulating wealth, or injunctions against his so doing would have been superfluous. He had the opportunity of rising to rank, for the Puranas record dynasties of Sudra kings, and even Manu notices their existence. He might study and teach religious knowledge, and he might perform religious acts. No doubt the Sudra was considered in some degree the property of the Brahmen, but he had rights, and privileges, and freedom, much beyond

any other of the servile classes of antiquity." Mr. Mill himself, in a note elsewhere, observes that "so inconsistent with the laws of human welfare are the institutions described in the ancient Hindu books, that they never *could* have been observed with any accuracy; and when we consider the powerful causes which have operated so long to draw, or rather to force the Hindoos from their inconvenient institutions and customs, the only source of wonder is, that the state of society which they now exhibit should hold so great a resemblance to that which is depicted in their books." In certain cases of necessity the three higher castes were permitted to have recourse for subsistence to the employments of the class or classes below them; but the Sudra, being the lowest, was confined to the species of labor assigned to him, and in seasons of public distress the competition of the Vaisya, or third class, might come to aggravate his previous misery. But, as Professor Wilson points out, he had a resort which the other castes were denied, — emigration; and subsequently the institution of mixed or impure castes threw open their avocations to him. Of these lower castes we must here give a brief notion.

The origin of mixed or impure castes is to be ascribed to the force of circumstances which laws could not prevent. Children were born whose parents belonged to different castes, and they in consequence belonged to no caste, and could not fall into any of the established employments. The infringement of the sacred laws to which they owed their birth rendered them inferior to the degraded Sudra. Charity or plunder could alone furnish them with the means of subsistence. When the number of these outcasts became so great as to render them dangerous to society, the Brahmen, by supernatural means, as the sacred books allege, created a sovereign endowed with the power of arresting the evils of this disordered state. He classified these outcasts, and assigned to each its particular occupation. Instead of plunderers, they became artisans, practised handicrafts, worked in metals, the subdivision of classes being equal to the

number of additional occupations which the exigencies of society at the time demanded. This process, whenever it took place, marks the commencement of a new social era. The division of the older society into four classes, comprehending priests, soldiers, husbandmen, and servants, was too simple for a more advanced period. Thirty-six branches of the impure class are mentioned in the sacred books, but the number, as well as the avocation of each, is variously stated by different writers. The lowest caste of all is the offspring of a Sudra with a woman of the sacred caste. This tribe are called Chandalas. Carrying out the corpses of the dead, the execution of criminals, and other degrading and uncleanly employments, are performed by this caste. They are prohibited from living in towns, their very presence being regarded as a pollution; and on meeting a person of a higher caste they are compelled to turn aside lest he should consider himself contaminated by their approach; and yet, while this and other castes are submitting to these indignities and degradations, they are alive to the "pride" rather than to the "shame" of caste. Professor Wilson says:—"The lowest native is no outcast; he has an acknowledged place in society; he is the member of a class; and he is invariably more retentive of the distinction than those above him."

The Hindu account of the institution of castes has already been given, and it will be recollected that only four pure castes are recognized, the Brahmen or priests, the Cshatriyas, who are soldiers, the Vaisyas as husbandmen, and the Sudras as servants or laborers. Heeren supposed that the first three were a foreign race, who subdued the aborigines of the country, and reduced them to an inferior caste. These four classes constitute the elements of every society in an early period of civilization. In England during the Anglo-Saxon period the people would be found divided into the same number of classes, but then the distinction was not hereditary. Plato ascribed the origin of political association and laws to the division of labor. From this cause, he says, men are obliged to asso-

ciate, one man affording one accommodation, another another, and all exchanging the accommodations which each can provide, for the different accommodations provided by the rest. Herodotus and Strabo state that the Colchians and Iberians were divided into four classes whose rank and office were hereditary and unchangeable. The Levites were an hereditary priesthood. Mr. Mill, in his 'History of British India,' proves that amongst the Peruvians, the Medes, the Athenians, and other people in very early periods of history, the distinction of castes or classes existed. The institution of castes marks a more advanced stage of society than that which is constituted of families only; and it is a step not yet reached by the Arabs of the desert, or the roaming Tartars of the great plains of Asia. We may here remark that we have borrowed the word 'caste' from the Portuguese word 'casta,' which signifies a lineage or race.

Professor Wilson says, that everything in the Hindu Institutes indicates that the Brahmens originated not from political but religious principles. "Apparently," he says, the system "was contrived by a religious confederation, as the scheme best adapted to introduce order amongst semi-civilized tribes, and with no view to their own advantage or aggrandizement, or enjoyment of indolent ease. The authority of influence, of advice, the Brahmens necessarily retained, and they were the only competent expounders of the laws which they promulgated. They had no other means of protection than the character of sanctity with which they invested themselves, and which was equally necessary to insure attention to their instructions. They labored to deserve the opinion of sanctity by imposing burdensome duties on themselves of a domestic and religious character."

In the very rudest constitution of society the priest is to be found. In addition to the influence which he professes to have with good and evil spirits, he sometimes practises the medical art, and in various ways sustains his importance by superior cunning, working upon the superstition, ignorance, and fears of man in his most abject condition. Nowhere

has the influence of a priesthood been so paramount and extensive as in Hindostan. It is remarkable that the Brahmens never invested themselves with royal authority; but Professor Wilson observes that this probably proceeded from motives of prudence and policy, as well as from a feeling of true contemplative devotion, by which especially they retained their hold on the people. But then, as Mr. Mill shows, their power was really greater than that of the sovereign. The laws of Menu direct that "To one learned Brahmen, distinguished among the rest, let the king impart his momentous counsel." As the sole interpreter of the laws, they in reality possessed the judicial powers of government as well as those of a legislative character. The code was already perfect and complete, as coming from the Divine Being, and in no case could it be interpreted except in the sense the Brahmens were pleased to impose. The king was little more than a servant of the Brahmens. In order to have an adequate idea of the superiority of the ancient Brahmen, we must refer to the laws of Menu, which were probably promulgated three thousand years ago. While the Sudra, the lowest of the four castes, are represented as proceeding from the foot of the Creator, the Brahmen came forth from his mouth. He is declared to be the lord of all the classes, and from his high birth alone is an object of veneration even to deities, and it is through him and at his intercession that blessings are bestowed upon mankind. "When a Brahmen springs to light, he is born above the world, the chief of all creatures." The first duty of civil magistrates is to honor the Brahmens. "Whatever exists in the universe is all in effect, though not in form, the wealth of the Brahmen, since the Brahmen is entitled to it all by his primogeniture and eminence of birth." The sacred books are exclusively his; and while the other classes are scarcely permitted to read them, he is appointed their sole expounder. For offering to give instruction to Brahmens, hot oil must be poured into the offender's mouth and ears, and for contumelious language the punishment is almost as severe. Mys-

terious powers were assigned to them. "A priest who well knows the law needs not complain to the king of any grievous injury, since even by his own power, he may chastise those who injure him: his own power is mightier than the royal power." Again, it is said: "Let not the king provoke Brahmens to anger, for they, once enraged, could immediately destroy him;" and it is asked, "What man, desirous of life, would injure those by the aid of whom worlds and gods perpetually subsist, those who are rich in the knowledge of the Veda?" Extraordinary respect must be paid to the most humble Brahmen:—"A Brahmen, whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity." Thus, though Brahmens employ themselves in all sorts of mean occupations, they must invariably be honored, for they are something transcendently divine." The meanest Brahmen would be polluted by eating with the king, and death itself would be preferred to the degradation of allowing his daughter to be married to him. The worst crimes scarcely subjected them to punishment, though in other classes they were visited with cruel severity. "Neither shall the king," says one of the admirers of Menu, "slay a Brahmen, though convicted of all possible crimes." To confer gifts upon Brahmens was an essential religious duty. These gifts were a necessary part of expiation and sacrifice. The noviciates to the priestly office derived their subsistence from begging. Possessing all the realities of supreme power in the state, the Brahmens were, if possible, to a still greater extent the masters of private life. The Hindu ritual, as Mr. Mill remarks, extended to almost every hour of the day, and every function of nature and society; and consequently, those who were the sole judges and directors of its complicated and endless duties could not but be possessed of an enormous influence on the mental character of the people.

To the above extracts from authentic texts we must append the following important note from Professor Wilson's new edition of Mill's 'History of British India,' in which he observes that these texts are nevertheless calculated to give 'wrong

impressions.' He says:—"The Brahmens are not priests in the ordinary acception of the term, nor have they, as Brahmens only, such influence in society as is here ascribed to them. The Brahmens, in the early stages of Hindu society, were an order of men who followed a course of religious study and practice during the first half of their lives, and spent the other in a condition of self-denial and mendicity. They conducted for themselves, and others of the two next castes, sacrifices, and occasionally great public ceremonials; but they never, like the priests of other Pagan nations, or those of the Jews, conducted public worship, worship for individuals indiscriminately, worship in temples, or offerings to idols. . . . The whole tenor of the rules for the conduct of a Brahmen is to exclude him from everything like worldly enjoyment, from riches, and from temporal power. Neither did the Brahmens, like the priests of the Egyptians, keep to themselves a monopoly of spiritual knowledge. The Brahmen alone, it is true, is to teach the Vedas; but the two next orders are equally to study them, and were, therefore, equally well acquainted with the law and the religion. Even the Sudra was, under some circumstances, permitted to read and teach. In modern times the Brahmens collectively, have lost all claim to the characters of a priesthood. They form a nation, following all kinds of secular avocations. And when they are met with in a religious capacity, it is not as Brahmens merely, but as being the ministers of temples, or the family 'gurus,' or priests of the lower classes of the people, offices by no means restricted, though not unfrequently extended to the Brahmenical caste, and agreeably to the primitive system, virtually destructive of Brahmenhood."

SLAVERY IN RUSSIA.

SOME of Count Chérémétieff's serfs are merchants, and very wealthy. The riches of a serf are generally obtained by procuring his master's permission to leave his estate, and follow some trade in a

town where he can, without interruption, turn a small capital and his natural shrewdness to account. This boon is well paid for, if he is successful. In the country, in cases where the landlord's cupidity does not interfere with the provisions made by the law for the serf's benefit, they sometimes accumulate large sums; *for they spend but little upon themselves, and an increase of wealth does not make that alteration in their habits which might be expected.* The custom is to allow the serf three days of the week to cultivate the portion of land assigned to him by his master, for whom he works the other three; and in this case, also, he sometimes reaches a state of comparative affluence. . . . Many of Count Chérémétieff's serfs could of course, if permitted, purchase their freedom; but this nobleman has no idea of allowing them to take advantage of their own industry: on the contrary, it is a subject of self-gratulation with many to possess rich serfs, and it is affirmed that Chérémétieff is so proud of his, that no sum would tempt him to give them their liberty—a worthy descendant, truly, of his ancestor in the days of Catherine! With this man there is no plea of necessity, but it gratifies his vanity, for it has an effect when he invites foreigners to his country-seat. On these occasions the Count is received by one of his rich serfs, in a mean hut, built in the usual style of a Russian log-house, and fitted up with the rudest furniture; the table is covered with the coarsest linen, and a black loaf, with some salt, and a wooden bowl of borsch, are placed upon it. The party merely taste this humble refreshment, when the door leading to another house at the back is opened, and the noble proprietor and his friends are then ushered into an apartment handsomely furnished: the table here is loaded with plate, glass, fruit, and a profusion of viands, in the arrangement of which little taste is displayed; and champagne, quass, and vodka are served, one as freely as the other. The guests leave the house astonished by such an entertainment given by a Russian serf, fancying perhaps that, under the circumstances, the man is as well pleased to be a slave as free; and,

in some cases, they are likely to be right. In all probability the serf who has thus feasted his master and his friends can scarcely read, knows nothing of figures, counts with beads, and has a beard of enormous length: he makes, however, large sums of money, for he is shrewd, cunning, and saving. His moments of extravagance are when, as in this case, he receives his lord, or at one of his own children's weddings. *Jesse's Notes of a Half-pay in Search of Health.*

CHRISTMAS ON THE FRONTIERS OF LAPLAND.

How cold, how gloomy it is! The window-panes are covered with ice; the morning twilight extends its hand to the evening twilight, and the dark night entombs the day. In Nordland, however, the mid-day has a few bright moments; the sun sheds still a few feeble beams, then he quickly disappears, and it becomes dark. Farther up in the country, people know nothing more of day—the night endures for months. They say in the north, that “nature sleeps,” but this sleep resembles death; like death, it is cold and ghastly, and would obscure the heart of man, did not another light descend at the same time, if it did not open to the heart a warmer bosom and animate it with its life. In Sweden they know this very well, and whilst everything sleeps and dies in nature, all is set in motion in all hearts and homes for the celebration of a festival. Ye know it well, ye industrious daughters of home, ye who strain your hands and eyes by lamplight quite late into the night to prepare presents. You know it well, you sons of the house, you who bite your nails in order to puzzle out “what in all the world” you shall choose for Christmas presents. Thou knowest it well, thou fair child, who hast no other anxiety than lest the Christman should lose his way and pass by the door. You know it well, you fathers and mothers, with empty purses and full hearts; ye aunts and cousins of the great and immortal race of needlewomen and workers in wool—ye welcome and unwelcome-uncles and male

cousins, ye know it well, this time of mysterious countenances and treacherous laughter! In the houses of the rich, fat roasts are prepared and dried fish; sausages pour forth their fat, and tarts puff themselves up; nor is there any hut so poor as not to have at this time a sucking pig squeaking in it, which must endeavor, for the greater part, to grow fat with its own good humor. It is quite otherwise with the elements at this season. The cold reigns despotically; it holds all life fettered in nature; restrains the heaving of the sea's bosom; destroys every sprouting grass-blade; forbids the birds to sing and the gnats to sport; and only its minister, the powerful north wind, rolls freely forth into grey space, and takes heed that everything keeps itself immovable and silent. The sparrows only—those optimists of the air—remain merry, and appear by their twittering to announce better times. At length comes the darkest moment of the year, the midnight hour of nature, and suddenly light streams forth from all habitations, and emulates the stars of heaven. The church opens its bosom full of brightness and thanksgiving, and the children shout full of gladness, “It is Christmas! It is Christmas!” Earth sends her hallelujah on high!—*Frederika Bremer.*

FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN A TROPICAL COUNTRY. I took a walk in the country around Bahia this evening, and experienced those wild and undescribable feelings which accompany the first entrance into a rich tropical country. I had arrived just towards the close of the rainy season, when everything was in full verdure and new to me. The luxuriant foliage expanding in magnificent variety, the brightness of the stars above, the dazzling brilliancy of the fire-flies around me, the breeze laden with balmy smells, and the busy hum of insect life making the deep woods vocal, at first oppress the senses with a feeling of novelty and strangeness, till the mind appears to hover between the realms of truth and falsehood.—*Captain George Grey's Expeditions of Discovery.*



NO. III.

MARCH, 1846.

VOL. III.

A DAY'S EXCURSION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

It would not be easy to give a correct idea of a Newfoundland fishing village. Village! the word calls up visions of quiet hamlets embosomed in trees. We see cottages, each with its little garden, from which floats upward a scent of wall-flowers and stocks. The women are working at their open doors; the children are rolling on the green, or sailing their boats in the willow-shaded pond, or swinging in the old elm near the church. The church itself is half hidden by two or three dark yew-trees, that throw deep shadows over the daisied graves about them; and there is a winding walk that leads to the very gate of the pretty parsonage. The old manor-house is near, with its noisy rookery and its rich woods, from whose shades flows forth all day a stream of merry song; and far away are yet statelier mansions and broader parks.

Far other is the scene presented by a so-called village on the coast of Newfoundland. A few low wooden huts perched here and there among the rocks, with a rude path of communication between them; a small, plain church, also of wood; and a building, generally of more pretension, surmounted by a small cross, the Roman Catholic chapel;—such are its component parts. No flowers; no gardens, save here and there a patch of potatoes; no parsonage, for a clergyman comes from a distance to perform divine service on a Sunday.

Tier above tier along the coast, supported by fir-poles fixed in the rock, are the stages on which the salted fish is spread to dry. The scent rising from these is an antidote to all romance. The "breath of the sweet south," blowing fresh from the waters, passes over the "cod-flakes," and becomes tainted with the sickening odor. Even at a considerable distance from the shore the same annoyance is felt, poisoning the pure air of heaven. There are other horrors of a similar description connected with the fisheries, but I pass them by with a shudder.

The barefooted children, lying among the stones, raise their unwashed faces to watch the stranger with looks of stupid wonder. The women, if it be summer, sit basking in the sun; few, alas! great as the need may be, with needle in hand.

Their talk is of seals and codfish, of *hauling* and *jigging*; and their jargon generally betrays an Irish origin. All this is little cheerful, but there is a sadness induced by the silence of nature in the scenery of Newfoundland, that none that have not felt it can understand. You may pause again and again as you wander among the stunted woods, and strain your ear to hear the voice of a bird, the hum of an insect, in vain. All is lonely and desolate, yourself the only living, breathing creature far as the sight can reach. The continuous murmur of life and joy that fills the summer air of

our own country is unknown there. The wind cannot "shake music from the boughs" of the stunted fir-trees. Here and there a stream bounding along its rocky bed, or a stray ouzel, with its poor chirping, may strive to break the melancholy spell; but the general aspect of nature is mournful, and where beauty exists it is as the beauty of a statue—cold, and voiceless, and dead.

It was on a warm and sunny day in July that I first visited a fishing village, about nine miles from what was then my home in Newfoundland. The road (almost the only one the island could then boast,) after skirting the shores of a fine lake, entered a picturesque valley, the hills on either side rising in rich and varied undulations, clothed with the dark green foliage of the low fir-trees, varied occasionally by the white blossoms of wild pear and cherry, or the young leaves of birch and balsam-poplar. Here and there a huge mass of rock shewed itself above the trees; in one place stone was heaped on stone as if by the hand of man, and in the crevices, shrubs, and mosses, and wild-flowers, had found root, and were hanging like garlands round a gigantic tomb. As we neared the place of our destination the valley widened, the one range of hills stretching on to the right, the other trending away to the left along the coast of the bay, which lay calm and beautiful before us. An island, above whose rocky and precipitous coast were green slopes, to which a thin haze lent unwonted beauty, stretched across the quiet waters; and far away were the blue hills of the opposite horn of the bay. By the road-side a small stream from one of the hills danced along its way, broken by many falls, and tumbling headlong at last over a tall rock into the sea. There were fishing-boats moving in the bay, and the little packet-boat was waiting, with loosened sails, for a passenger, I suppose.

We spent some time in exploring on foot some of the rugged paths made by the water-courses of spring on the hill-sides, finding here and there patches of grass, and sometimes even of clover, and catching, as we rose higher, glimpses of scenery that awakened our admiration.

At length we made our way to the unsightly village, and visited the school. It was with a strange feeling that I heard the familiar words of holy writ stammered forth by the ragged children in that wild place. We obtained a holiday for the poor little creatures, and moved on towards the church. It was a low wooden building, with a disproportionately small tower at one end; the interior was plain and neat. The burying-ground about it was on the slope of a hill, so rocky and bare, that when a corpse was to be interred, the mould to cover it was necessarily brought from a distance. Scanty, coarse grass grew about the little mounds that were scattered here and there, with rude, unengraved stones at their head. Two graves were distinguished from the rest by a covering of stone, surrounded by a light wooden railing. One of them, I knew, contained the ashes of a little child, whose parents had chosen to bury her in that sad place; the other was the resting-place of one to whom a sorrowful history belonged. I had felt a strange interest in her who lay sleeping there, and now all I had heard of her trials came vividly back to my mind.

She was a member of a respectable family in the west of England, and had married with the consent of her relations. Soon after her marriage her husband proposed to visit America, where he was supposed to possess considerable property. Full of hope she accompanied him, leaving her home and all the long-trying love that had blest her there, to follow him with all a woman's fearless trust. He gave some plausible reason for calling at Newfoundland on his way to the continent of America, and she arrived there wearied and ill after a tedious voyage. Professing anxiety about her health, and assuring her it was absolutely necessary for the good of his estates that he should proceed on his way immediately, he left her in lodgings and sailed for America. A few days afterwards messengers from England landed at St. John's in search of the fugitive husband, who was no more than a common swindler.

Although deserted, a stranger in a strange land, yet the poor young wife

was not long friendless. Some benevolent persons offered her an asylum, and with them she found a home for some months. There was something inexpressibly touching in the gentle, uncomplaining patience with which, as I have been told, she bore the grief that had made life dark for her. She never mentioned him who had so heartlessly deceived and deserted her. Surely she had loved him well to leave country and kindred to follow him, and surely the grief that had the sharpest sting was the knowledge of his unworthiness! Her trust was broken forever; and as none could know the depth and sacredness of the love she had once felt, so none could have part in the bitterness of her disappointment and sorrow.

But, though her lips were silent, her pale cheek and failing frame bore witness to the trouble that was slowly consuming her life. No word ever came from him, whom, perhaps, even yet she regretted. She did not say she expected to hear, and yet surely her woman's heart must have clung to some faint hope that, after all, he might not be as they said, and that he would come or send, not leave her utterly desolate to die among strangers! But time passed on and brought no change, save that she grew weaker; and when, at last, the long winter was over, and the streams burst gaily from their icy bonds, the sorrowful stranger passed from the earth forever.

The remembrance of all this crossed my mind as I stood beside the grave, and tried to tear away the coarse grass that had forced its way between the railings, half hiding the stone slab. She who had been the darling of a happy home, who had been for awhile a happy wife, — she whose heart sorrow had broken, yet not embittered, — she, the grateful, patient, sorrowful woman, lay there at my feet! Of all to whom she had been most dear, not one had soothed her hours of sorrow, not one had held her dying head, not one had looked upon her grave; and I, a very stranger, stood there alone, with tears in my eyes and sympathy in my heart, for grief that had passed by forever.

In the meantime my companions had all left me, and, suddenly waking from

my meditations, I hurried after them to a small cottage, which we entered. There was but one person there, a very aged man, leaning over the expiring embers of a wood-fire. The wide chimney was the only passage through which the light entered, but it was a matter of little consequence to him, for he had long been totally blind. He was ninety-six years old, had left his native place in Devonshire at the age of five-and-twenty to seek his fortune in Newfoundland, and had lived for seventy long years in the village in which we found him — not in the same house, for he must, I should think, have outlived many such frail habitations. The schoolmaster, who had accompanied us, lifted the old man's red cap, and his long, snowy hair fell over his shoulders. One of our party was a little child, fair and gay, the petted darling of us all; and there was something very affecting in the contrast between the glow and beauty of her young life and the helplessness and poverty of that man's old age. "He had children," he said, "but he knew little of them now; he was very old; he did not often hear anything of them." Poor old man! My heart ached for him, and the merry child grew silent and grave, and crept closer to her mother.

But a slow step drew near, and an old woman entered the cottage, laden with sticks. She took little notice of us, but made her way to the chimney-corner, and, laying her hand on the old man's knee, bent over the fire and heaped on the sticks till there was a cheerful blaze. The schoolmaster told us she was the old man's wife, younger than himself by twenty years.

We turned away, and the door closed on the poor old couple. The sunshine could not enter their windowless dwelling; poverty and age were their daily companions; and yet there was something beautiful and soothing in the remembrance of that weak woman still fulfilling her labor of love! All was not dark in that poor hovel, for kindness and affection had lived on through time and change; and I thanked Heaven that such things could be.

I remember little else of our excursion.

There was a scrambling walk among the rocks, not the less agreeable for being *almost* dangerous. Then we made a hasty sketch of one of the little coves with which the shores of the bay abound, and then we all returned to the miserable inn and made ready for our homeward drive, lingering yet again to gaze on the sparkling waters—the only life-like things in the landscape.

About a year later my father again visited the old man I have mentioned. The long winter had tried him severely, and the hand of death was upon him. His mind, too, shared the general decay, and he wandered in his speech. In a few weeks the old fisherman was carried to his grave. The life of nearly a century was over, leaving no trace, save, perhaps, something of regret in the heart of the old wife, who must soon have followed him to the land of forgetfulness.

CITY TIME.

AMONG the many peculiar features which distinguish city from country life, not the least striking is the different estimation in which time is regarded. In the country, the rustic plods along the road, or leans over a stile, unknowing and uncaring for the hour, much less the minute. The deep tones of the church bell tell their tale to very careless and inattentive hearers; and the countryman thinks his watch correct enough if it be within a quarter of an hour of the village clock, in whose accuracy he places as much confidence as if old Time himself had the winding-up of it every day.

Very different, however, is the manner in which time is estimated in a large city. There, where thousands of persons congregate, and where business of great magnitude is hourly transacted, it is of importance that strict punctuality be observed—that the standard of time be correct—and that time, even in its most fractional parts, be not despised. Of course, without this arrangement, no plans or purposes could be satisfactorily carried out, and all would be disorder, uncertainty, and disappointment.

It is, however, in a colossal city like London that we see to perfection Time exercising his uncontrolled dominion; and perhaps no city in the world could furnish such striking illustrations of its paramount importance. Here it is not enough that your watch is right by the parish clock; the question is, is it in accordance with St. Paul's or the Horse Guards! No genuine Londoner would think of passing either of those chronological standards without setting his watch right by it; which, having done, he talks of the time with authority, and "right by St. Paul's" is an assertion which cuts short the dispute. In passing along the streets too, what anxious pulling out of watches by evidently-belated pedestrians is observable on every hand; what rating of omnibus-conductors for having stopped for "full five minutes." Here a traveller, with his greatcoat and carpet-bag, and his face glowing like a red coal, urges his way along the crowded street, fearful of being too late for the train; and there a cab is stuck fast in a crowded thoroughfare, the inmate of which raves that the steamer will have started in another three minutes. Here a tradesman from the west end is hurrying to get his check cashed at the banking-house, the appointed hour for closing which is even now ready to strike; and there a country gentleman has arrived, just in time to see the door of the public-office whither he was bustling closed against him. Appointments are made to the minute; and a delay of five or ten minutes in keeping one, is at the hazard of disarranging the next. Clocks are conspicuous in most of the better description of shops: watches are ticking in every business-man's pocket. "How goes the enemy?" is one of the commonest inquiries; and everything testifies to the immense importance of time in the social arrangements of a great city.

As in the immense establishments with which London abounds, and especially in the government offices, punctuality is of the first importance, some amusing illustrations of the value of time, even in its vulgar fractions, are there exhibited, which to the eye of a

stranger, are very striking, and are probably, from the national superiority of our business-habits, unique.

In the morning, as the clock is about to strike nine, omnibuses and stages draw up in the vicinity of the bank, filled with well-dressed, gentlemanlike men. The "thousand and one" clerks are arriving, all of whom are required to be at their post by the precise time, under pain of a fine. The old stager who has filled his situation there for the last quarter of a century, and fears lest, peradventure, something on the road might detain him, and who prides himself not a little on his punctuality, always contrives to leave his house in the suburbs, where most of the clerks reside, a few minutes before the necessary time; but some of the younger ones, who are not so wary, show by their flushed faces the quick step they have been obliged to adopt in order to arrive in time. Another and another omnibus unburdens itself of its load; quick as thought the "thirteen inside and five out" are hurrying to the bank gate; gouty old gentlemen hobble up to the entrance with all the quickness they can muster: and at ten minutes past nine, the twice five hundred men are at their desks ready for action.

Still more animated and striking is the scene at the General Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand a few minutes before six o'clock in the evening. At a quarter before six, the fray has scarcely commenced; there is ample time, and few care to hurry themselves, except it be some unaccustomed dame, who eagerly inquires whether she is too late to post her letter. But the minute-hand silently moves onwards, and boys arrive with bags of newspapers and packets of letters, which are poured in at the all-receiving window. Onwards, onwards moves the minute hand; only five minutes to the hour—and boys and men come hurrying in from all parts with letters and papers, the young urchins glorying in just "nicking the time." Bag after bag is thrown in at the window, at the peril of the official who stands there to receive them, packet after packet of letters being aimed at him by their respective and irrespective bearers. St.

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Paul's clock strikes—*one*; still more and more come running up the steps—*two*, a cab draws up, and a sack of newspapers is hastily hauled out and thrown in at the window—*three*, a porter puffs up at his very quickest speed with a bag of letters—*four*, a panting, meagre horse arrives, and another sack of papers is safely lodged—*five*, a young bare-armed paper-capped urchin pours in his armful of Suns and Globes—*six*, the window-keeper unceremoniously slams to the shutter, and the score of surrounding urchins, having safely deposited their burdens, salute with a shout of derision the disconsolate lad who rushes up to the place with his packet one minute too late.

ANTELOPE SHOOTING. — The antelope of this country, I believe to be different from all other known varieties, and it forms one of the most pleasing living ornaments to the western world. They are seen in some places in great numbers, sporting and playing about the hills and dales; and often, in flocks of fifty or a hundred, will follow the boat of the descending voyager, or the travelling caravan, for hours together, keeping off at a safe distance, on the right or left, galloping up and down the hills, snuffing their noses, and stamping their feet, as if they were endeavoring to remind the traveller of the wicked trespass he was making on their own hallowed ground. This little animal seems to be endowed, like many other gentle and sweet-breathing creatures, with an undue share of curiosity, which often leads them to destruction, and the hunter who wishes to entrap them saves himself the trouble of travelling after them. When he has been discovered, he has only to elevate above the tops of the grass his red or yellow handkerchief on the end of his gun-rod, which he sticks in the ground, and to which they are sure to advance, though with great coyness and caution, whilst he lies close, at a little distance, with his rifle in his hand; when it is quite an easy matter to make sure of two or three at a shot, which he gets in range of his eye, to be pierced with one bullet. — *Catlin's N. American Indians.*



BANDITTI DIVIDING BOOTY. — FROM PINELLI.

BRIGANDS.

FROM 1806 till 1815, or during the whole period of the French occupation of the south of Italy, brigandism raged in some parts of the States of the Church and of the Neapolitan kingdom—pure brigandism, or a brigandism mixed with patriotism, or a mortal hatred to the French conquerors. It was promoted and increased to a frightful extent by Napoleon's system of conscription, which seized upon all

classes, to make soldiers of them, and to send them to fight and perish in Germany, Spain, Russia, and half the countries in Europe. Many a young man, previously of respectable condition and conduct, fled to the mountains and joined the bands of irregular robbers, rather than be dragged to the army of the great and more regular robbers; others deserted at the first opportunity, and being safe from the pursuits of the *gens-d'armes* only in the wilds and wildernesses, became of

necessity fellow-denizens and co-mates with the brigands. For a long time Calabria continued to be the country most thronged with these banditti, and the portion of the south most fiercely and obstinately hostile to the French, who lost far more men there by the rifle, and the knife, and the malaria fevers, than they lost in several of their greatest campaigns and most brilliant conquests. From the first to the last they lost in the two Calabrias not fewer than twenty thousand men! The cruelties committed on both sides were atrocious. Mr. Elmhirst, an English naval officer, who, to save himself from drowning in a sinking vessel, took refuge on the Calabrian coast, and was made a prisoner of war by the French, had a near view of what was passing in the years 1809 and 1810, and has left upon record a terrific account of all he witnessed.* In the town of Monteleone he found an immense prison always filled by brigands or by men whom the French and their partisans chose to designate as such, and a high gallows constantly at work. Fresh prisoners were continually brought in; but the daily execution's prevented the prison from being too much crowded. These men were condemned with merely a shadow of a trial, by martial law, and the executions were conducted solely by the military. They were hung up without having their shoes or hats taken off, or any covering put over their faces; and as they were turned off, they were fired at by their savage executioners; not to lessen their sufferings, but from mere spite or wantonness, for none of those Mr. Elmhirst saw were shot in a vital part, but had musket-shots through their legs, arms, &c., which would rather protract than diminish their torture. They were usually executed early in the morning, and left on the gallows, in pairs, or in half dozens, until the following morning, when they were taken down and thrown into an immense pit dug for the purpose, other victims being strung up

in their places. Our worthy sailor had the curiosity and nerve to examine that horrible pit. Vast as it was, he found it filled almost to the brim, with a promiscuous heap of human bodies, thrown in one upon the other like dead dogs. The adjoining ground also was full of graves, which, being of no depth, the bodies had been occasionally disinterred by dogs and other animals, so that the surrounding fields were overspread with human bones and the fragments of dresses. Previously to this period all the brigands or insurgents taken in the province were brought to Monteleone, and shot in a pleasant picturesque valley, near the springs which supply the town with water; and were either left to rot and putrefy under the burning Calabrian sun on the surface of the soil, or thrown into holes scarcely a foot beneath the surface. The inhabitants were obliged to abstain from the water which flowed from those sweet and copious springs, and to bring their supplies from a rivulet at a considerable distance. The brutalized conquerors themselves felt the inconvenience, and chose a new Golgotha. There was a second prison in the town into which the French authorities shamefully threw the few English seamen that had run on shore to save their lives with Elmhirst, who now visited them every day to alleviate their sufferings. In this prison, which he describes as being the most filthy and horrible of gaols, he found, crowded and stifling together, a great many of the wives and children of the peasantry, who had been suspected of favoring and carrying provisions to the brigands in the forests, and mountains, and a number of respectable individuals, priests and country gentlemen, who were suspected of a too warm attachment to their Bourbon princes, now on the other side of the Straits of Messina, and whose slow martyrdom was in many instances worse than death. Notwithstanding these continual executions, and still more extensive massacres, occasionally committed in the field by movable columns, the French and those who submitted to their sway were hardly

* "Occurrences during a Six Months' Residence in the Province of Calabria Ulteriore," &c., by Lieutenant P. L. Elmhirst, R. N.

ever safe or free from alarm. No place, however near a town, was secure from the visits of the brigands; they concealed themselves among the rocks and bushes, the woods and olive groves, and from these retreats sprung unawares on heedless and defenceless passengers; so that it was usual for a person, even if he had to go but half a mile from his residence, to go well armed and to take two or three armed companions with him. Few or none escaped their violence except the rural priests and the mendicant friars. If one of their own countrymen, a Calabrian, or a man from any other province of the kingdom, fell into their hands without a pigtail at the back of his head, he had no mercy to expect; for the old-fashioned pigtail was their political index by which they judged whether men were Jacobins or Bourbonists. To the heads of many who had conformed to the principles or the fashion of the day, and had cut off their queues, they sewed the tails of sheep, by way of furnishing them with the loyal appendage, and in that condition dismissed them. "So that every man," says our honest lieutenant, "who regarded his personal safety, took care to preserve an exuberance of hair; for the more he had, or the longer his queue, so much the more was he esteemed loyal, or an enemy to the French." The brigands frequently scalped or otherwise maimed such Calabrians as had no pigtails; and at times, they cut off their fingers, and compelled them to eat them as the guilty instruments of a profanation of loyalty. Wherever our officer went he saw bleeding heads fixed on forked sticks. He declares, of his own knowledge, that many innocent and respectable men, innocent both of brigandism and of political partisanship, were executed while he was in the country. Some of the real bandits displayed a strategy which might have made them highly esteemed generals if they had been serving in the army of Napoleon; and many a time had the French cause to rue the self-confidence and contempt with which they engaged these robbers. On one occasion they were artfully

drawn into a frightful hollow at Longo-Bucco, one of the very wildest parts of the Calabrian Apennines, where nothing is seen but mountains rising in confused piles, and terminating in peaks; huge overhanging rocks, which threatened to crush and bury the wretched little villages beneath them; and torrents which roar from the bottom of deep and gloomy glens. On another occasion they were drawn into another deep narrow hollow, at the bottom of which stands the village of Orsomarzo, which looks as if it were placed at the bottom of a vast well; and at both these places they were nearly exterminated, the women and children fighting with the men, or loading their rifles for them, or rolling down big stones on the heads of the French with piercing shrieks and screams—"Screams," says a French officer who was engaged in both affairs, "which sounded in our ears like the shrieks of the furies, impatiently waiting the moment when they were to feast upon our blood."* After a long service in the country, which he calls the grave and slaughter-house of Frenchmen, this officer, most eager to be gone, turned his back on the two Calabrias, and in so doing expressed his conviction that notwithstanding all the courage, activity, and perseverance of Napoleon's troops, they were not a match for men born in the country, lightly armed, supported by a part of the population, and accustomed from their infancy to fire with a deadly aim. These considerations induced the government of Murat, who succeeded Joseph Bonaparte as king of Naples, to adopt a new system, according to which the troops were only to be employed in compelling the inhabitants to extirpate the brigands, under penalty of being regarded as their accomplices and abettors. The execution of this system was intrusted to the French general Manbes, a man of iron, incapable of mercy, who took with him an army of ten thousand men, which was gradually spread over the two provinces, in towns or fortified canton-

* "Letters on the Calabrias," by a French officer.

ments. Manhes improved upon the system. Any peasant, without distinction of sex or age, who was found going out to labor in the country with more in his wallet than a small flask of wine and a piece of bread, calculated to be just sufficient to support life for one day, was taken and shot; for, having made pretty sure of the towns and villages, whence the brigands could no longer supply themselves, he thought if he only could prevent the peasantry from smuggling out provisions to them, that they must either surrender, or die of want in the mountain fastnesses to which he had driven them. If a quiet honest man concealed or corresponded with or aided the escape of an outlaw—no matter were it his own father, or son, or brother, or bosom friend of former and happier days—he was tried over a drum-head and shot. If a Calabrian was found on the road, or in any other place, with a gun on his shoulder, or a knife in his girdle, and could not give a satisfactory account of himself, he was shot there and then. A captured and condemned brigand escaped from the cappella, or chapel, into which he had been allowed to go for confession and spiritual comfort before his execution; Manhes shot the poor priest and confessor, alleging that he must have aided the robber in his escape. If any town or village allowed the brigands a passage, it was visited with fire and sword, without any minute investigation as to its capability of resisting an armed band desperate as hungry tigers;—and Manhes had deprived the people of their arms. Yet, after all these vigorous measures, the French found that the snake was scotched, not killed; and though brigandism was restrained, it was not suppressed in the Calabrias until the spring of 1815, when King Ferdinand was restored to his dominions. Since that time there have been highway robberies in Calabria, as in better-governed countries; but of brigandism, properly so called, there has been little or nothing. Between the years 1816 and 1824, we several times traversed great parts of those provinces,

and whatever may have been our personal inconveniences in other matters, we had no reason to complain of the dishonesty of the people, or to fear any attack of brigands. The Abruzzi were still more tranquil and honest. But in Apulia and Basilicata, in the parts of the Terra di Lavoro which touch on the States of the Church, and within the frontiers of those States themselves, brigandism continued to flourish several years longer.

A KUZZAUK DINNER. — The food was now brought in, upon a dozen wooden bowls or platters, and placed before us. It consisted of boiled mutton, soused in its own soup. Bread and vegetables are things quite unknown in these parts. Kuzzauks are exclusively carnivorous. The whole party fell on, like a pack of wolves; my own stomach, weakened by sight of the victim's face, was quite turned by the scene before me. Never did I see so much flesh devoured in so brief a space. Yet I have witnessed the feasts of tigers and wolves. The father and son would not partake until the guests had concluded, although I entreated them to do so. The women did not appear until chins had done wagging; but two of the senoras entered afterwards, to serve out curdled milk (mahss) in large bowls. The broth of the mutton also was brought in and distributed; being swigged as if it had been beer. The bowls were handed to the women, who scraped them clean with their thumbs, then plunged those members into their mouths, and again into the bowls, with a rapidity truly admirable. The thumb and tongue are the only napkins in Khaurism; water is never thrown away upon either bowl or person. The Tartars are right not to eat with their women. Imagine a pretty girl with a sheep's head in both her lily hands, tearing off the scalp, picking out the eyes by the insertion of her fore-finger, cracking them between her teeth like gooseberries, thrusting the same pretty finger in after the brain, and sucking away at the apertures.

Capt. Abbot's Journey.



EXTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, ST. GILES'S.

CHRIST CHURCH, ENDELL STREET, ST. GILES'S.

THIS church forms the chief feature of the new street leading from Long Acre to Broad Street, High Holborn, now in progress under the direction of

her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and the making of which has been authorized by an act of Parliament for the improvement of the metropolis. The building is designed in the early English style, and is faced ex-

ternally with Kentish Rag and with Bath stone dressings. The west front is very striking, being adorned with fine lancet-headed windows, handsomely ornamented with dog-tooth mouldings; beneath which is the principal doorway, also highly decorated. There is another entrance on the north side of the tower; the latter is placed in rather a peculiar position, owing to the contracted shape of the ground upon which the building stands.

Internally the aisles are formed by columns and arches, and in the chancel by open wainscot screens. The columns of the nave are constructed of blue lias from Glastonburg in Somersetshire, in imitation of Petworth marble, which substance it greatly resembles. There is a gallery in each aisle, which detracts somewhat from the light appearance of the interior of the building, but which was rendered necessary in order to provide the number of free seats (1000) specified by the church commissioners. The roofing is constructed of open wood work, stained to represent oak; the whole of the seats which are free have no doors, and are stained in a similar manner. The chancel is paved with encaustic tiles, presented by Messrs. Copeland and Garrett. The east window is decorated with stained glass of rich and elegant design; and in the chancel are some obituary windows executed by Willement, and presented by him and others to the church. The building has been carried up to a considerable height in order to obtain light, and, therefore, the height in proportion to the length is very observable. The width of the church within the walls is fifty feet, length sixty-four feet six inches. The width of the nave is twenty-two feet six inches, and the height to the apex of the roof fifty-two feet six inches. The height of the tower and spire is one hundred and twenty feet.

The church was erected by the church commissioners, aided by grants from the metropolitan church fund, the incorporated society, and private subscriptions. The whole expense of the building, inclusive of every charge, will be under

£4800. A small fund has been raised by the rector of St. Peters, the Rev. James Endell Tyler, B. D., Minor Canon of St. Paul's, in whom the presentation is vested, for the endowment; and he has, as the first minister, nominated the chaplain of St. Giles's workhouse, the Rev. J. S. Brewer, M. A., late of King's College, Oxford. The architect of this most creditable work is Mr. Ferrey, pupil of the late Mr. Pugin, a gentleman who is already known as the architect of the Dorset county hospital.

A noticeable feature connected with this church is, that the old and infirm inmates of St. Giles's workhouse, to which it is contiguous, will have access to their seats without being exposed to the air.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—In the education of children, love is first to be instilled, and out of love, obedience is to be educed. Then impulse and power should be given to the intellect, and the ends of a moral being be exhibited. For this object, this must be effected by works of imagination; that they carry the mind out of self, and show the possible of the good and the great in the human character. The height, whatever it may be of the imaginative standard, will do no harm; we are commanded to imitate one who is inimitable. We should address ourselves to those faculties in a child's mind which are first awakened by nature, and, consequently, first admit of cultivation; that is to say, the memory and the imagination. The comparing power, the judgment, is not at that age active, and ought not to be forcibly excited, as is too frequently and mistakenly done in the modern systems of education, which can only lead to selfish views, debtor and creditor principles of virtue, and an inflated sense of merit. In the imagination of man, exists the seeds of all moral and scientific improvement; chemistry was first alchemy, and out of astrology sprang astronomy. In the childhood of these sciences, the imagination opened a way and furnished materials on which the ratiocinative power in a maturer state operated with success.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

PRISON ADVENTURES OF LAFAYETTE.

THE Marquis de Lafayette entered upon the scenes of the French Revolution with the idea fixed in his mind, that republican institutions were reconcilable with a monarchy. He was, therefore, a friend to the royal family, at the same time that he promoted the reforms which were successively conducted by the States-General and Legislative Assembly. His chivalric fidelity to Louis and Marie Antoinette was powerfully tried on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, when, as commander of the National Guards, he protected them from the populace who had assailed them in their palace of Versailles. Subsequently, when the king was deposed and imprisoned (August 1792), Lafayette, then with the army on the frontiers, endeavored to incite the soldiers to march upon Paris, in order to restore the throne, and put down Petion, Danton, and their associates. But the revolutionary tide, impelled as it was by the fears of the people for the foreign armies pressing on the country, was too strong to be thus resisted; and a few days thereafter, Lafayette was obliged to seek his own safety by flying from the kingdom.

He and the officers of kindred sentiments by whom he was accompanied, had scarcely passed the frontier, when their further progress was arrested by a body of the Limburg volunteers; and the national cockade, which, unthinkingly, they had retained, betraying them to the leader, they were, by his command, arrested and conveyed to the prison of Luxemburg, from thence removed to Wesel, then to Magdeburg, and lastly to Olmutz.

On the plea of Lafayette having been seized on neutral ground, and that, having ceased to be a soldier, he could not properly be considered a prisoner of war, strenuous efforts from all quarters were made to obtain his release; but the emperor of Germany, who regarded him as a principal instigator of the Revolution, as well as one of the chief instruments of the insulting degradation and subsequent death of the royal family

of France, was not to be moved. The vengeance of Robespierre for the loss of his victim was, meanwhile, wreaked with savage inveteracy against the unfortunate wife of Lafayette; for no sooner was the escape of her husband known, than that unhappy lady was arrested and thrown into prison. She escaped death by something like a miracle; different members of her family perished on the scaffold; and she herself, for the space of fifteen months, endured all the horrors of a loathsome confinement. On the death of the tyrant she was released from prison, and so soon as her health was sufficiently reinstated to allow of her undertaking so long a journey, without servants, or the means of procuring the most necessary comforts, she, accompanied by her children, set out for Vienna, and, throwing herself at the feet of the emperor, implored his influence for the liberation of her husband.

What Francis III. had denied to the various authorities interested in the fate of Lafayette, he yielded to pity; and, raising the suppliant, he granted her request, allowed of her repairing immediately to Olmutz, and held out the prospect of the speedy deliverance of the prisoner. Whether the emperor afterwards regretted the clemency he had shown, or that other powers were interested in prolonging the captivity of Lafayette, does not appear; but so far from obtaining his hoped-for release, Madame de Lafayette found herself and her daughters immured in the same dungeons that contained her husband. I have, however, anticipated this event, for it was not until within two years of the release of Lafayette, that his wife and family were thus unexpectedly made the partners of his imprisonment.

Two years of solitary confinement had, from the period of his capture, been dragged on by Lafayette, when the romantic scheme of procuring his liberation was formed by one, an utter stranger to the prisoner, and a foreigner. From motives of pure compassion, and an earnest desire to free from so galling a thralldom the great promoter of liberty, M. Balman, a Hanoverian by birth —

young, active, intrepid, and intelligent—repaired, alone and on foot, to Olmutz, there to gain such information as might enable him to judge of the best means of executing the purpose he had in view, and releasing Lafayette from the power of Austria. He soon found that, without an able coadjutor, the difficulties that presented themselves were insurmountable, and repaired, therefore, to Vienna, where he devoted himself exclusively to the society of young Americans; for among them, from their veneration of the character of Lafayette, he hoped to find one who, with enthusiasm like his own, would dare the great undertaking.

What followed is interesting as a proof that the spirit of nationality may engender a principle of gratitude. Lafayette, as is well known, had in his early youth proceeded to America, and served in her armies. Shipwrecked at his first arrival, he had been kindly received into the house of a gentleman named Huger, residing in Charleston. And by him was the youthful votary of liberty introduced to the American army. By chance, a son of this gentleman was now in Vienna, and to him did M. Balman apply. Although a mere child when the shipwrecked party visited his father's house, the young American retained a vivid recollection of, and the highest admiration for, M. de Lafayette; and he entered, therefore, with all the zealous ardor of youth, and the enthusiasm of a generous nature, into Balman's scheme for the release of his favorite hero.

From the vigilance of the Austrian police, and their jealous watchfulness of strangers, it was necessary that the greatest caution and secrecy should be maintained; and the scheme proposed promised well for the completion of their design. Huger assumed the pretence of ill health, and M. Balman, who had already adopted the character of a physician, was upon this account to travel with him. In company with only one servant, who was not intrusted with the secret, and mounted upon the best horses money could procure, the friends set out on their tour; and visiting different

places, the better to conceal their real purpose, and confirm the idea that curiosity was the motive of their journey, they lingered so long at each, that a considerable time had elapsed before their reaching Olmutz.

As they had desired, a rumor of their insatiable curiosity had preceded them thither; and, acting up to their assumed character, after viewing everything worthy of notice in the town, they repaired to the castle, examined the fortifications, and, having made acquaintance with the keeper, obtained permission to visit the interior of the prison on the following day.

Thus their first step being happily achieved, they continued, by frequent visits, to improve their acquaintance with the jailer; and now trusting that any suspicion of their intentions, had it ever existed, must be lulled to sleep, they ventured carelessly to inquire what prisoners were under his care. Among other names, that of Lafayette was mentioned, and they expressed curiosity to know how he contrived to occupy himself, how he bore his imprisonment, and whether greater indulgences were granted to him than to captives of lesser note. He was, they were informed, strictly confined, but, on the plea of bad health, had obtained permission, under charge of an armed guard, to take daily exercise without the walls. Besides this, he was allowed the use of books, pen, ink, and paper. M. Balman then remarked, that some new publications he had with him might afford amusement to the prisoner, and inquired whether he might be allowed to make the offer.

The jailer agreed, upon condition that they were sent open, so as to assure himself, he said, that no conspiracy was to be carried on against the state. This caution was complied with, and the same evening a book and open note, addressed to Lafayette, were sent to his care. As afterwards appeared, he was unacquainted with French, the language in which the note was written; but, suspecting no treachery where all was so openly carried on, he conveyed it to Lafayette. It contained apologies for the liberty thus taken by strangers, but as they

were anxious, they said, to contribute to his happiness, they hoped he would attentively read the book they had sent, and if any passages in it particularly engaged his notice, they begged he would let them know his opinion.

This unusual mode of expression attracted, as was intended, the attention of Lafayette, and carefully perusing the book, he found in certain places words written with a pencil, which, being put together, acquainted him with the names, qualities, and designs of the writers, and requiring his sentiments before they should proceed further. He returned the book, and with it an open note, thanking them for their civility, and adding that he highly approved of, and was charmed with the contents.

Having thus commenced a correspondence, no day passed in which open notes were not written and received. Some of these were brought for the inspection of persons acquainted with the French language; but so carefully were they worded, that no cause of suspicion appeared, and the correspondence was allowed to continue. A greater difficulty, however, now appeared, for the plan of escape being at length arranged, they were at a loss how to acquaint Lafayette with particulars that could not be hazarded in an open note. A happy expedient presented itself; the whole was written in lemon juice, and on the other side of the paper, a note of inquiry after Lafayette's health concluded with these words, "*Quand vous aurez la ce billet mettre le au feu.*" The experiment was a hazardous one, but it succeeded. The note was conveyed to Lafayette, and, obeying the injunctions given, on holding the paper to the fire, the writing that appeared made him acquainted with the well-digested scheme of his unknown benefactors.

The day following was that fixed for the attempted escape, and all the caution used by M. Balman and his friend was in truth required, to hold out any chance of success. The city of Olmutz, about thirty miles from Silesia, is situated in the midst of a plain extending three miles on either side, and bounded by dark woods, so that the smallest object

on any part of the level ground is distinctly visible from the walls. Sentinels, too, hold a continual guard, for the purpose of giving the alarm should any attempt at escape be made, and the whole people are bound to assist in the pursuit, while the successful individual is liberally rewarded for the recapture of a prisoner.

These obstacles to the success of their scheme were well known to the adventurous friends of Lafayette; but they were not intimidated, and the hour of exercise allowed to the prisoner was that selected for its completion.

In company of an officer, and attended by an armed guard mounted behind the carriage, Lafayette was in the habit of daily driving in an open cabriolet on the plain, and had so far won upon the confidence of the officer, that when at a distance from the walls, they used to quit the carriage and walk together.

The plan determined upon was as follows:—Balman and Huger were to ride out on the plain, the latter leading a third horse, while Lafayette was to gain as great a distance as possible from the town, and, as usual, quitting the carriage with the officer, draw him imperceptibly as near the boundaries as might be, without awakening his suspicion. The two friends were then to approach, and, if necessary, to overpower the officer, mount Lafayette on the led horse, and ride at full speed to Bautrapp, a town at the distance of fifteen miles, where a chaise had been prepared to convey the party to the nearest town on the Prussian dominions. In the morning, Huger had attempted to ascertain the precise time at which Lafayette would leave the castle, and then, with beating hearts, they set forward on their expedition; but having almost reached the wooded country, and still no carriage appearing, they believed some unforeseen accident had led to their discovery, and hesitated how to proceed, till, recollecting that their movements were in all probability watched from the walls, they slowly retraced their steps, and, on nearing the town, beheld, to their great satisfaction, the wished-for cabriolet pass through the gates. It contained two

persons. One was in the Austrian uniform, and a musketeer as usual was mounted behind. Neither of the friends being personally acquainted with M. de Lafayette, a signal had been agreed upon between them. In passing, it was made, returned, and the carriage moved on, they continuing for a time their ride towards the town, and then slowly following the cabriolet at such a distance as to allow of Lafayette's executing his part of the agreement. Upon the two gentlemen quitting the carriage, and continuing their exercise on foot, the friends gradually approached, and perceiving M. de Lafayette and the officer engaged in earnest conversation about the sword of the latter, which Lafayette held in his hand, they seized the favorable moment, and, putting spurs to their horses, galloped forward. Their rapid approach alarmed the officer: he attempted to draw Lafayette towards the carriage; and finding that he resisted, struggled to repossess himself of his sword. At that moment Huger reached the spot. "You are free," said he; "mount this horse, and fortune be our guide;" but the words were scarcely uttered, when the sun, glancing on the naked blade of the sword, startled the horse he led: he reared, broke his bridle, and galloped across the plain. M. Balman, in the vain hope of overtaking the frightened animal, rode after him, while Huger generously insisted on Lafayette mounting his horse, and making all speed to the place of rendezvous. "Lose no time," he exclaimed; "the alarm is given; the peasants are assembling; save yourself." Lafayette obeyed, and mounting Huger's horse, he left him on foot, and was soon out of sight. M. Balman had, meantime, pursued the flying animal, but perceiving it had taken the road to the town, he gave up the chase as hopeless, and returning to Huger, he sprang on the saddle behind him, and they galloped off together. But the double burden proved too much for the already wearied horse. He stumbled and fell; and M. Balman, thrown to some distance by the shock, was so injured, as with difficulty to be raised from the ground. Once more the gal-

lant Huger, with the same forgetfulness of self that had characterized him through the whole undertaking, sacrificed the chance of his own safety to secure that of his friend, and, assisting Balman to remount, he insisted that he should follow Lafayette, and leave him to make his escape on foot; for, as he was a good runner, he said he could easily reach the woody country, and then find a safe place of concealment. His friend consented with reluctance; but there was no time for argument: the whole occurrence had been seen from the walls, the cannon had been fired, the country was raised, and the plain covered with men, women, and children, all eager to join in the pursuit. By pretending to follow in the chase, Balman contrived to escape unsuspected. Huger was less fortunate. Noticed from the very first by a party who never lost sight of him, his fleetness of foot was of no avail; for his pursuers being constantly joined by new comers, fresh for the chase, they soon gained upon him, and at last, breathless and exhausted, he sank upon the ground. He was instantly seized; and further resistance being now hopeless, he was conveyed back to Olmutz in triumph; and while secretly consoling himself with the idea that, whatever might be his own fate, he had rescued from tyranny and oppression the man who, in his eyes, was one of the first characters upon earth, was consigned to one of the dungeons of the castle as a state prisoner.

M. de Lafayette had, meanwhile, followed the directions given by his gallant deliverers, and, without any obstacle, had reached a small town about ten miles off; but here the road dividing, he unfortunately took the wrong turn, and suspecting he had mistaken the way, inquired of a person whom he met the road to Bautrapp. The appearance of Lafayette, his foreign accent, the inquiries he made, and his horse covered as it was with foam, led the man to suspect the truth, and directing him to a narrow lane which, by a long circuit, led back to the town he had just left, he himself hurried there by a shorter cut; and thus, when about to regain, as he thought, the road which would secure

his retreat, Lafayette found himself surrounded by a guard of armed men, who, regardless of his protestations, conveyed him to the magistrate. His collected manner, the plausible answers returned to the interrogatories put to him, and the apparent truth of his story — that, belonging to the excise at Trappau, he had visited some friends at Olmutz, and having exceeded his leave of absence, was now hurrying back under the fear of losing his office — all so won upon the faith of the magistrate, that he was about to dismiss his prisoner, when the good fortune of Lafayette again forsook him. As he was about to retire, a young man entered the room to have some papers signed, and after fixing his eyes for a moment on Lafayette, he whispered to the magistrate that, having been present when the French general was delivered up prisoner to the Austrians, he could not be mistaken, and that the person now before him was he.

Lafayette intreated to be heard; but in vain. The indignant magistrate directed that he forthwith should be conveyed to Olmutz, where his identity would be ascertained; and, disheartened and hopeless, the unfortunate prisoner was thrust again into those miserable dungeons which but that morning he had left with so fair a prospect of liberty. M. Balman, the first instigator of the whole scheme, was now the only one who had successfully avoided the search of his pursuers. He reached in safety the place where the chaise had been ordered to wait their coming, and finding it still there, yet no appearance of Lafayette, he foreboded evil. For some time he lingered, in the hope of their coming, and then dismissing the chaise, trusted that his friends, having made their escape by a different route, might still meet, as had been agreed upon, on the frontiers of Prussia. Three days from that time a rumor reached him that Lafayette had been retaken, and, eager to learn the truth, he took the road to Olmutz. He was not long left in suspense; the whole story of the attempted escape and the recapture of the prisoner, was well known; and in addition to this he learned the fact of his

generous and disinterested friend, the young and gallant Huger, having shared the same fate.

This last seems to have been too much for the sensitive mind of M. Balman, and, in despair at having been the primary cause of misfortune to the young American, he resolved, since he could not rescue his friend from captivity, to share it with him, and voluntarily surrendering himself, he was committed a prisoner to the castle. Such was the unfortunate issue of a plan which, for skilful projection and generous self-devotion, merited a happier close. But even now, the friends little apprehended what was to follow. Being directed to prepare for examination, they believed that, having told their story, and declared the real motives of their attempt, they might be subjected to perhaps a short imprisonment, but no more: and great, therefore, was their amazement on finding themselves accused of having entered into a conspiracy against the Austrian government, and that they were consequently to stand a trial for life or death.

Huger was first placed at the bar. As he was unacquainted with the Austrian language, the examination was carried on by means of an interpreter — a young man who, by his looks and voice, seemed to compassionate the situation of the prisoner, and who, when repeating his answers to the court, omitted such expressions as he thought might tend to his disadvantage. Huger quickly caught at the good intentions of his new friend, and resolving to rely on his judgment, he took the kindly hints as they were intended. One examination followed another; and the repeated exhortation of the magistrate to prepare for the worst, for that there was little likelihood of a pardon being obtained, forced upon the unfortunate Huger the unwelcome conviction, that he had laid down his own life for the visionary project of rescuing a stranger from imprisonment. The severity of his treatment also exceeded that even of Lafayette; the dungeon in which he had been placed was without light, he was fed upon the coarsest food, during the night was

chained to the floor of the vault, and his own clothes, which had been taken from him, were replaced by those worn by many an unfortunate predecessor.

For three months he dragged on this miserable existence; but at the end of that time there was some amendment in his condition; he was removed to a better room, into which was admitted a small but welcome light; better clothes, and more wholesome food, were allowed him; and altogether, his circumstances were improved: but he still continued in total ignorance as to what his future fate was to be; for the jailer, the only human being he ever saw, was unable or unwilling to answer any questions on the subject. At length one day, much to his surprise and joy, his young friend the interpreter entered his cell, and nothing could exceed the delight of the poor prisoner at once again meeting with a kindly face. Huger now learned for the first time the total failure of their scheme — that Lafayette had been retaken, and that Balman, a fellow-prisoner, was under the same roof with himself. Shortly afterwards, he discovered him to be in the room immediately above his own; and, after various efforts, he succeeded in holding communication with him, in a manner as venturesome and ingenious as that adopted with M. de Lafayette. The window, which threw a borrowed light into his own cell, served likewise to light that of Balman, and, with a piece of lime taken from the wall, Huger contrived to scratch a few words upon a black silk handkerchief, which, by fastening to a stick, and climbing up the side of the room, he raised as near the common window as he could. It attracted the attention of M. Balman, and, after many efforts, making himself master of it, he returned an answer by the same method. From this time no day passed without their holding communication with each other; while to the exertions of the friendly interpreter they were indebted for the means of making their situation still more comfortable. By small presents and occasional bribes of money, he had secured the good offices of the wife of the jailer, so that, secretly, she provided them with

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books, food, wine, and warmer clothes. Through her interest also the two friends procured a long-wished-for meeting. At first the visit was short, but by degrees becoming less timorous, they were permitted to pass some part of every day together.

The government being at length satisfied that the attempt to liberate Lafayette had been planned independently by these two adventurers, and was not, as was supposed, a plot laid by the secret agents of France, they were remitted to receive sentence from the supreme magistrate of Olmutz. In this condition they were permitted every indulgence but that of liberty; and, in the enjoyment of each other's society, and the hope of a speedy release, were already beginning to forget past suffering, when, by a visit from their newly-found friend, the kindly interpreter, they learned with dismay that the intended punishment was to be heavy indeed, seeing it was no less than imprisonment for life. A hint was at the same time conveyed that, if by any means they could procure money, that sentence might be changed for one much less severe, as it was in the power of the magistrate to make it what he chose, and even to release them entirely.

This information seemed to bode the unfortunate prisoners little, at least of immediate good; for Balman had no fortune, and Huger being without credit in Austria, could not, within a short time, receive a remittance from England. Their friend, however, did not desert them; he withdrew, promising to use all his influence for their release; and it is probable he had already formed that design, which the generosity of another, equally a stranger to the prisoners, whose name, instead of being unknown, should be published aloud, enabled him afterwards so happily to carry through. A Russian nobleman of large fortune, residing near Olmutz, was perhaps, from a resemblance in character, the most intimate friend of the young interpreter, and from him had learned the whole story of the projected release of Lafayette, of its failure, and of the generous conduct of the two friends. To him W——, for the initial only has

been given for the name of the good Samaritan, flew for assistance in this new difficulty; and having stated the case as it then stood, he was about to intreat, in his own name, a loan for the use of the prisoners, when he was interrupted by an offer of whatever sum might be required to secure their release. Judging the heart of his noble friend by his own, he hesitated not for a moment to accept the offer, and scarcely affording himself time to speak the gratitude he felt, he hurried off to sound the sentiments of the magistrate. His situation as interpreter afforded him the desired opportunity, and he soon discovered that the hints thrown out of the chance of a large reward, led the upright judge to listen favorably to any proposal for mitigating the severe punishment of the prisoners. The show even of delicacy was then laid aside; an exorbitant demand was made; and, after some further discussion, W—— withdrew to arrange preliminaries, first with their generous benefactor, and lastly with the prisoners themselves. Matters now were soon settled; the term of their imprisonment was first fixed at fourteen years, then shortened to seven, soon after to one, then to a month, and lastly to a week, at the end of which time they were released from prison. The first use they made of restored liberty was, as may be supposed, to seek an interview with the Russian nobleman, and pour out their grateful acknowledgments for his unlooked-for and welcome munificence; while from the noble-minded and generous W——, to whose kindness they owed all the comforts they had experienced in prison, and to whose friendly and humane exertions they were ultimately indebted for their liberation, they parted with those feelings of esteem, admiration and gratitude, which never afterwards faded from their recollection.

The principal hero of the tale did not, however, meet with so speedy a conclusion to his misfortunes; it was not till the year 1797, when, a peace taking place between Austria and France, that Lafayette was released from confinement at the request of the then General Bonaparte.

COACHES IN YUCATAN. — I left Merida by coach for Campeachy. It started at five o'clock in the morning with three passengers; an elderly woman and man, and myself, composing the load. The team galloped off at the rate of ten miles an hour, and changed horses every hour during the route. The coach was one of four which were imported from Troy (U. S.), and, as a sample, was well worthy of the high reputation the Trojan carriages enjoy throughout the United States; but the horses and harness were in shocking bad keeping. The driver was an Indian; besides whom were two other attendants, who were needed, for the unskilful hands of the Indian and the wildness of the horses made the vehicle go on all sides of the road. It was no uncommon occurrence to be brought up against a stone wall at the side of the road; and, in one instance, we were foul of an Indian hut, which frightened the inmates to such a degree that they ran out, supposing it to be an earthquake. By combining the skill and strength of our whole party, we succeeded in getting the horses and coach again upon the highway. We stopped at a village to take breakfast, and passed through several towns on the road, but they afforded nothing worthy of remark. The country through which our route lay presented the same aspect as other parts we had visited. The fields were still covered with weeds, to burn which the proprietors of the soil were only waiting for dry weather. This is the only preparation the soil receives prior to sowing it. The progress of the coach afforded us much amusement by the fright which it appeared to occasion to all animated nature in our way. This line of coaches had been only a short time established, and its whirling along among people and cattle had a similar effect to that a locomotive has among the animals and their owners in the wilds of the far West. Nothing would stand before it. Away went horse and rider, mule and packs, to secure a safe retreat in the bushes, at the alarming sound of our approach. Our arrival in the town brought out the whole population. — *Norman's Ruined Cities of Yucatan.*



SKIRMISHING AT KOLAPORE.

SINCE I last wrote to you, little change and no improvement has taken place in the aspect of affairs in Kollapore and Sawunt Warree. The feeling of discontent and insubordination appears to be nearly universal amongst the people. So soon as the insurgents are put down in one place they make their appearance in another. We manage to capture their fortresses and destroy them in their artificial strongholds. When they retire to the jungles they defy us. We have now between 10,000 and 11,000 regular troops in the disturbed districts, yet it is clear that they make no impression beyond their picquets. They cannot move a step without being fired upon, the enemy often lurking within a few yards of their line of march, to make sure of his victims. In the Kolapore country, above the ghauts, the insurrections have abated since the capture of Punalia and Pawnghur, on the 1st of December. The principal part of our troops are posted along the line of precipices which overlook the low country stretching towards the sea. The most troublesome portions of the enemy sought shelter in the wild ravines and chasms by which the mountain streams are penetrated. To endeavor to drive from thence, a wing of her Majesty's 2d regiment of foot, commanded by Colonel Carruthers, had been ordered to move along the foot of the mountains, so as to hem in the bottom, when Gen. Delamotte and Col. Wallace closed up the top of the ghaut. The difficulty was, to penetrate from the lower to the upper line of posts. On the 31st of December, Colonel Wallace pushed out a reconnoitering party, which took a stockade, lost one officer and eight men, and had eighteen wounded, and then found themselves compelled to retire. On the following day a party was sent down to communicate with Colonel Carruthers. The precaution of raking the jungles with cannon shot was on this occasion adopted, and the measure was successful. It had been resolved to surround the principal villages held by the enemy, and three brigades, one above and two below

the ghauts, were directed to advance towards a common centre, the one above to pause till the other two had time to close in. Colonel Outram, who had taken command of a flying detachment of irregular troops, was ordered to push into the centre, and attack the insurgents, now enclosed on all sides. Fortunately it occurred to Col. Wallace, that good service could be done were he to lower his men by means of ropes and ladders down a precipice, and attack the insurgent villages in the rear. The practicability of this daring adventure had been shown by Lieut. Brassey, who suggested it, having himself descended by means of a rope. The first fall of the precipice was 110 feet: here there was a ledge from eight to twelve feet in width, leading by a circuitous route to the low country. Just beyond the ledge was a precipice of similar steepness, but somewhat greater altitude than the first. Ladders having been collected and constructed, the descent of the men commenced on the 5th, and by the 16th a detachment 600 strong had alighted on the ledge and marched towards the villages. Mortars, guns, tents, and commissariat supplies had been lowered by means of temporary cranes, fashioned on purpose from the jungle wood. The villages were now taken in succession, with but little resistance and no loss, the enemy escaping from the approach of our men. A party of 200 Europeans and 100 natives were on the 18th ordered to clear a pass stretching towards the low country, and still occupied by the enemy. The insurgents offered a stout resistance from behind stockades, and after a few volleys our troops found it expedient to retire. Colonel Carruthers meanwhile having attacked the pass from below, the enemy were compelled to abandon all their positions. Eight were killed by us and thirty taken prisoners. Two days afterwards the fort of Munogur was invested by the troops under Colonel Outram. On the 25th an attempt was made to carry a barricade. This proved unsuccessful. On the 27th the fort was taken possession of without resistance, the enemy having abandoned it.—*Englishman*.

ON THE PREPARATION OF DIES FOR COINS AND MEDALS.

A SLIGHT inspection of a newly-coined piece of money or an honorary medal must convince every one that the mould or original pattern whence it is produced must be a work of extreme nicety and importance. The outlines of the device are so fine, the legends and inscriptions so distinct, the head or other figure so gently and gracefully brought into relief, the surface of the sunken portions so smooth and regular, that it is evident that the coin or medal owes its main beauty to the workmanship of the die-sinker or engraver. A few words in explanation of the process of manufacturing these dies may not be uninteresting.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to remind the reader that coins are not *cast*; they are not produced by pouring melted metal into a mould as ornamental works in iron and brass are generally made; they are *struck*, that is, produced by forcibly driving circular pieces of cold metal into the engraved mould or die, and causing them to assume the form and ornamental features of the mould. It is also observable that in all coins and medals the device is given in basso-relievo, or low-relief; that is, raised slightly above the ground-work or general level of the coin.

Although the metals whereof coins and medals are generally made are by no means hard, yet it is necessary to have an extremely hard die for striking them, both to insure the production of many copies from one die, and to bring out all the fine lines which contribute so much to the beauty of the device. The dies are, therefore made of steel; but as the steel is annealed to a certain degree of softness for facilitating the labors of the engraver, and afterwards hardened for working in the press, the circle of labors includes many very complicated and difficult processes. The object, therefore, is to select a steel of a medium quality as to fineness of texture, not too easily acted on by dilute sulphuric acid, and exhibiting a uniform texture when its surface is washed over

with a little aquafortis, by which its freedom from "pins" of iron, and other irregularities of composition, is sufficiently indicated.

When a piece of steel, possessing the requisite combination of qualities, is selected, the process of formation commences. The steel is forged, at a high heat and with great care, into the rough die. It is then brought to a soft state by a delicate process of annealing, and in that state is turned, and smoothed to a proper diameter and shape. This annealing is effected by heating the steel to that point known among workers in metal as the "bright cherry-red," and subsequently imbedding it in a crucible containing coarsely-pounded animal charcoal.

The steel being brought to a proper state the engraver commences his operations. In the National mint this office of course devolves on a highly skilled individual. At the present time Mr. Wyon fills the office of "chief engraver," and Mr. Pistrucci that of "medalist;" the former being engaged principally on the dies for the coinage, and the latter, as the title of his office imports, on those for national and honorary medals. The manner in which these dies are engraved does not admit of being clearly described, and it may suffice, therefore, to say that the device is worked out in "intaglio," by means of small fine hardened steel tools. Every part which in the future coin is to appear raised is here depressed, such as the Queen's head, the Britannia, the letters, &c.; while those which are to appear depressed are here raised; the depressions in the die being equal in depth to the relief in the coin. In medals the device is generally bolder, or, as it is termed, in "higher relief," than in coins, and consequently has to be cut more deeply in the die. The engraver tests his progress by taking casts from the die, either in clay or by means of melted type-metal.

When the die is, after much tedious and delicate labor brought to a finished intaglio state, it undergoes the process of hardening as a preparative for the purposes to which it is afterwards to be applied. This process is of great

importance, for any defect in the mode of conducting it may ruin the labor of many weeks or even months. The hardening resembles the previous process of softening, so far as regards the application of a high heat; but in the latter instance the metal is cooled gradually in the charcoal, whereas the former derives its peculiar character from the sudden cooling of the steel after being heated. If a bar of soft steel be made red-hot, and then suddenly cooled by immersion in cold water, it becomes hard, brittle, and fragile; but this alone would not suffice in the case of the die, the engraved face of which might be injured by such a process. This face is covered with a protecting paste of pounded charcoal mixed with oil, spread in a thin layer; and the die is then placed with its face downwards in a crucible, and completely surrounded by powdered charcoal. It is heated to a "cherry-red," and in that state is taken out with proper tongs, and plunged into a cistern containing a large quantity of cold water; here it is moved rapidly about, so long as a bubbling and hissing noise is heard, and is then left in the water till quite cool. Mr. Mushet (*Encyclop. Brit.*) describes a somewhat different mode of conducting this process.

The hardened die undergoes one or two processes to render it more durable. It is in some cases immersed in water, which is then gradually raised to the boiling point, and as gradually cooled. It is also sometimes thrust into a red-hot iron ring, of such diameter as just to fit the die when the latter is cold; consequently the ring, by contracting as it cools, binds the substance of the die with great force, and renders it less liable to crack in the subsequent operations. The die, when hardened and strengthened, is cleaned and polished, and then obtains the technical name of "matrix." It is in a fit state to produce the devices on coins and medals; but lest any accident should happen to it, whereby the labor of the artist might be wholly lost, it is customary in practice to obtain several copies of this matrix, so that when one is injured, or worn out, others may be ready to replace it. A

block of steel is selected, carefully annealed, turned to the proper shape, and well polished. By the aid of powerful machinery it is pressed forcibly upon the matrix, and by virtue of its softness gradually conforms to the form of the latter. This however is not done at once, for the punch becomes hardened in the act of pressing, and requires to be repeatedly annealed or softened, otherwise it would either split into fissures or else injure the matrix. These processes succeed each other in a long series of alternations, viz., softening the steel by annealing, and then forcing it to assume the device of the matrix by powerful pressure.

From this punch may be produced any number of dies, each of which will resemble the original matrix. Pieces of soft steel, being impressed by this punch, and afterwards turned, polished, &c., become practically as useful as the original matrix, and are then used in the coining-press to produce the coins. In the Mint, the internal economy of which is arranged on the strictest principles (every official having his duties prescribed for him with the utmost exactitude), the two officers most closely connected with the preparation of the dies are the "clerk of the irons" and the "chief engraver;" and their duties are thus apportioned. The "clerk of the irons" is to superintend the die-press rooms: the purchasing and forging of the steel; the engraving, hardening, and turning of the dies; to keep a true account of all the blank dies, matrices, and punches belonging to the Mint; to receive from the master and comptroller, and to transmit to the engraver, all orders respecting the dies; to unlock and be present whenever the great die-press for multiplying the dies is used; to be responsible for the die-press not being used for improper purposes; and to see that no medal or coin be struck, but by a written order from the master or his deputy. The "chief engraver" is to make or receive draughts and models for dies, as the master may direct; to engrave the dies from the designs and models; to oversee the production of punches and dies in the

press-room; to receive from the clerk of the irons the dies for any particular coinage, and to see that they are in a fit working state; to make a monthly return of all faulty or worn-out dies to the clerk of the irons; and to see that, during the actual process of coinage, the dies are renewed from time to time, as soon as the impressions appear in the least defective.

"The number of pieces which may be struck by a single die of good steel properly hardened and duly tempered not unfrequently amounts at the Mint to between three and four hundred thousand, but the average consumption of dies is of course much greater, owing to the different qualities of steel, and to the casualties to which the dies are liable: thus, the upper and lower die are often violently struck together, owing to a fault in the 'layer-on,' or that part of the machinery which ought to put the blank into its place, but which now and then fails so to do. . . . There are eight presses at the Mint, frequently at work for ten hours each day; and I consider that the destruction of eight pair of dies per day (one pair for each press) is a fair average result, though we much more frequently fall short of, than exceed, this proportion. It must be remembered that each press produces three thousand six hundred pieces per pair; but, making allowance for occasional stoppages, we may reckon the daily produce of each press at thirty thousand pieces: the eight presses therefore will furnish a diurnal average of two hundred and forty thousand pieces." *

In the less frequent event of "medals" being struck, the operations of the press are much more difficult and slow than in producing coins, owing to the generally high relief which medals present. It is stated by Mr. Brande, that in a medal executed by Mr. Wyon, for the Royal Naval College, there was a representation of the head of the king in such bold relief, as to require thirty blows of a very powerful press to complete the impression; and that it was

necessary, on account of the hardening produced by the pressure, to anneal each medal after every third blow, so that they were placed in the furnace ten times during the process of stamping. About five years ago there was notice of a new method invented by Mr. Pistrucci, whereby medals could be produced without the process of engraving the dies; but we are not aware how far it has been practically applied.

GRECIAN AGRICULTURE. — I have before mentioned that the agricultural implements of the Greeks are exceedingly defective. The plough is the same as that described by Hesiod three thousand years ago; a simple piece of crooked timber, with only one shaft, and the ploughshare made of hard wood, sometimes tipped with iron. The harrow, the roller, the tormentor, the thrashing and winnowing machines, are perfectly unknown in Greece. The thrashing-floors, which generally belong to the commune, are circular pavements of about twenty yards in diameter, with a stake in the centre, and usually in an elevated position, to catch the wind, which is the Grecian winnowing-fan. To this stake are tied half-a-dozen horses, oxen, mules, and asses indiscriminately, and harnessed abreast, or rather tied together by a rope round the neck. The corn being strewed all over the floor, the cattle are placed at the outer circumference, and driven round and round, their circle becoming smaller and smaller every time, by the rope coiling itself round the post, till they necessarily come to a halt in the centre. They are then turned round, each circuit then extending by the cord unwinding, till they again reach the end of the pavement. In this manner the corn is "trodden out;" and it may be remarked that the Greeks rigidly observe to the letter the Scriptural injunction, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." — *Strong's Greece*.

Rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root.

* Professor Brande, in the "Journal of Science."



AN ENGLISH STEEPLE CHASE.

THE RAIN-MAKER.

FROM CATLIN'S "AMERICAN INDIANS."

READERS, did you ever hear of "rain-makers"? If not, sit still, and read on; but laugh not—keep cool and sober, or else you may laugh in the beginning and cry at the end of my story. Well, I introduce you to a new character—not a doctor or a high-priest, yet a medicine-man, and one of the highest and most respectable order, a "rain-maker"! Such dignitaries live in the Mandan nation, ay, and "rain-stoppers" too; and even those also amongst their *conjurati*, who, like Joshua of old, have even essayed to stop the sun in his course; but, from the inefficiency of their medicine or mystery, have long since descended into insignificance.

Well, the story begins thus:—The Mandans raise a great deal of corn, and sometimes a most disastrous drought will be visited on the land, destructive of their promised harvest. Such was the case when I arrived at the Mandan village on the steam-boat Yellow-Stone. Rain had not fallen for many a day, and the dear little girls and ugly old squaws, altogether (all of whom had fields of corn), were groaning and crying to their lords, and imploring them to intercede for rain, that their little respective patches, which were now turning pale and yellow, might not be withered, and they be deprived of the pleasure of their customary annual festivity, and the joyful occasion of the "roasting ears" and the "green corn dance."

The chiefs and doctors sympathized with the complaints of the women, and recommended patience. Great deliberation, they said, was necessary to these cases; and, though they resolved on making the attempt to produce rain for the benefit of the corn, yet they were wisely resolved that to begin too soon might ensure their entire defeat in the endeavor; and that the longer they put it off, the more certain they would feel of ultimate success. So, after a few days of further delay, when the importunities of the women had become clamorous, and even mournful, and almost insupportable, the medicine-men assembled in the council-house, with all their mystery

apparatus about them, with an abundance of wild sage and other aromatic herbs, with a fire prepared to burn them, that their savory odors might be sent forth to the Great Spirit. The lodge was closed to all the villagers, except some ten or fifteen young men, who were willing to hazard the dreadful alternative of making it rain, or suffer the everlasting disgrace of having made a fruitless essay.

They, only, were allowed as witnesses to the *hocus-pocus* and conjuration devised by the doctors inside of the medicine-lodge; and they were called up by lot, each one in his turn, to spend a day upon the top of the lodge, to test the potency of his medicine; or, in other words, to see how far his voice might be heard and obeyed amongst the clouds of the heavens: whilst the doctors were burning incense in the wigwam below, and, with their songs and prayers to the Great Spirit for success, were sending forth grateful fumes and odors to Him "who lives in the sun, and commands the thunders of heaven." Wah-kee (the Shield) was the first who ascended the wigwam at sunrise; and he stood all day, and looked foolish, as he was counting over and over his string of mystery-beads; the whole village were assembled around him, and praying for his success. Not a cloud appeared—the day was calm and hot; and at the setting of the sun he descended from the lodge and went home; "his medicine was not good," nor can he ever be a medicine-man.

Om-pah (the Elk) was the next; he ascended the lodge at sunrise the next morning. His body was entirely naked, being covered with yellow clay. On his left arm he carried a beautiful shield, and a long lance in his right; and on his head the skin of a raven, the bird that soars amidst the clouds and above the lightning's glare; he flourished his shield, and brandished his lance, and raised his voice, but in vain; for at sunset the ground was dry, and the sky was clear; the squaws were crying, and their corn was withering at its roots.

War-rah-pa (the Beaver) was the next; he also spent his breath in vain upon the empty air, and came down

at night; and Wak-a-dah-ha-hee (the White Buffalo's Hair) took the stand the next morning. He is a small but beautifully proportioned young man. He was dressed in a tunic and leggings of the skins of the mountain-sheep, splendidly garnished with quills of the porcupine, and fringed with locks of hair taken by his own hand from the heads of his enemies. On his arm he carried his shield, made of the buffalo's hide; its boss was the head of the war eagle, and its front was ornamented with "red chains of lightning." In his left hand he clenched his sinewy bow and one single arrow. The villagers were all gathered about him, when he threw up a feather to decide on the course of the wind, and he commenced thus:—"My friends! people of the pheasants! you see me here a sacrifice. I shall this day relieve you from great distress, and bring joy amongst you; or I shall descend from this lodge when the sun goes down, and live among the dogs and old women all my days. My friends! you saw which way the feather flew, and I hold my shield this day in the direction where the wind comes; the lightning on my shield will draw a great cloud, and this arrow, which is selected from my quiver, and which is feathered with the quill of the white swan, will make a hole in it. My friends! this hole in the lodge at my feet shows me the medicine-men who are seated in the lodge below me, and crying to the Great Spirit; and through it, comes and passes into my nose delightful odors, which you see rising in the smoke to the Great Spirit above, who rides in the clouds and commands the winds! Three days they have sat here, my friends, and nothing has been done to relieve your distress. On the first day was Wah-kee (the Shield); he could do nothing; he counted his beads and came down; his medicine was not good, his name was bad, and it kept off the rain. The next was Om-pah (the Elk); on his head the raven was seen, who flies above the storm, and he failed. War-rah-pa (the Beaver) was the next, my friends; the beaver lives under the water, and he never wants it to rain. My friends! I see you are in great dis-

tress, and nothing has yet been done; this shield belonged to my father the White Buffalo; and the lightning you see on it is red; it was taken from a black cloud, and that cloud will come over us to-day. I am the White Buffalo's Hair, and I am the son of my father."

In this manner flourished and manoeuvred Wak-a-dah-ha-hee (the White Buffalo's Hair), alternately addressing the audience and the heavens; and holding converse with the winds and the "je-bi" (spirits) that are floating about in them; stamping his foot over the heads of the magi, who were involved in mysteries beneath him, and invoking the spirits of darkness and light to send rain, to gladden the hearts of the Mandans.

It happened on this memorable day, about noon, that the steam-boat Yellow-Stone, on her first trip up the Missouri river, approached and landed at the Mandan village. I was lucky enough to be a passenger on this boat, and helped to fire a salute of twenty guns, of twelve pounds calibre, when we first came in sight of the village, some three or four miles below. These guns introduced a new sound into this strange country, which the Mandans at first supposed to be thunder; and the young man upon the lodge, who turned it to good account, was gathering fame in rounds of applause, which were repeated and echoed through the whole village; all eyes were centred upon him—chiefs envied him—mothers' hearts were beating high whilst they were decorating and leading up their fair daughters to offer him in marriage on his signal success. The medicine-men had left the lodge, and came out to bestow upon him the envied title of "medicine-man," or "doctor," which he had so deservedly won; wreaths were prepared to decorate his brows, and eagles' plumes and calumets were in readiness for him; his friends were all rejoiced; his enemies wore on their faces a silent gloom and hatred; and his old sweethearts, who had formerly cast him off, gazed intensely upon him, as they glowed with the burning fever of repentance.

During all this excitement Wak-a-dah-ha-hee kept his position, assuming the most commanding and threatening atti-

tudes; brandishing his shield in the direction of the thunder, although there was not a cloud to be seen, until he (poor fellow), being elevated above the rest of the village, espied, to his inexpressible amazement, the steam-boat ploughing its way up the windings of the river below; puffing her steam from her pipes, and sending forth the thunder from a twelve-pounder on her deck! . . . The White Buffalo's Hair stood motionless and turned pale; he looked awhile, and turned to the chief and to the multitude, and addressed them with a trembling lip:—"My friends, we will get no rain!—there are, you see, no clouds; but my medicine is great—I have brought a thunder-boat!—look, and see it! The thunder you hear is out of her mouth, and the lightning which you see is on the waters!"

At this intelligence the whole village flew to the top of their wigwams, or to the bank of the river, from whence the steamer was in full view, and ploughing along, to their utmost dismay and confusion.

In this promiscuous throng of chiefs, doctors, women, children, and dogs, was mingled Wak-a-dah-ha-hee, (the White Buffalo's Hair), having descended from his high place to mingle with the frightened throng.

Dismayed at the approach of so strange and unaccountable an object, the Mandans stood their ground but a few moments, when, by an order of the chiefs, all hands were ensconced within the piquets of their village, and all the warriors armed for desperate defence. A few moments brought the boat in front of the village, and all was still and quiet as death; not a Mandan was to be seen upon the banks. The steamer was moored, and three or four of the chiefs soon after walked boldly down the bank, and on to her deck, with a spear in one hand, and the calumet or pipe of peace in the other. The moment they stepped on board they met (to their great surprise and joy) their old friend, Major Stanford, their agent, which circumstance put an instant end to all their fears. The villagers were soon apprized of the fact, and the whole race of the

beautiful and friendly Mandans was paraded on the bank of the river in front of the steamer.

The "rain-maker," whose apprehensions of a public calamity brought upon the nation by his extraordinary medicine, had, for the better security of his person from apprehended vengeance, secreted himself in some secure place, and was the last to come forward, and the last to be convinced that this visitation was a friendly one from the white people, and that his *medicine* had not the least been instrumental in bringing it about. This information, though received by him with much caution and suspicion, at length gave him great relief, and quieted his mind as to his danger. Yet still in his breast there was a rankling thorn, though he escaped the dreaded vengeance which he had a few minutes before apprehended as at hand; as he had the mortification and disgrace of having failed in his mysterious operations. He set up, however (during the day, in his conversation about the strange arrival), his *medicines* as the cause of its approach: asserting everywhere and to everybody that he knew of its coming, and that he had by his magic brought the occurrence about. This plea, however, did not get him much audience; and, in fact, everything else was pretty much swallowed up in the guttural talk, and bustle, and gossip about the mysteries of the "thunder-boat;" and so passed the day, until just at the approach of evening, when the "White Buffalo's Hair" (more watchful of such matters on this occasion than most others) observed that a black cloud had been jutting up in the horizon, and was almost directly over the village.

In an instant his shield was on his arm and his bow in his hand, and he began upon the lodge. Stiffened and braced to the last sinew, he stood, with his face and his shield presented to the cloud, and bow drawn. He drew the eyes of the whole village upon him as he vaunted forth his superhuman powers, and, the same time, commanding the cloud to come nearer, that he might draw down its contents upon the heads of the corn-fields of the Mandans! In

this wise he stood, waving his shield over his head, stamping his foot and frowning as he drew his bow and threatened the heavens, commanding it to rain: his bow was bent, and the arrow, drawn to its head, was sent to the cloud, as he exclaimed, "My friends, it is done; Wak-a-dah-ha-hee's arrow has entered that black cloud, and the Mandans will be wet with the water of the skies!" His predictions were true; in a few moments the cloud was over the village, and the rain fell in torrents. He stood for some time wielding his weapons and presenting his shield to the sky, while he boasted of his power and the efficacy of his medicine to those who had been about him, but were now driven to the shelter of their wigwams. He at length finished his vaunts and his threats, and descended from his high place (in which he had been perfectly drenched), prepared to receive the honors and the homage that were due to one so potent in his mysteries; and to receive the style and title of "medicine-man." This is one of a hundred different modes in which a man in Indian countries acquires the honorable appellation.

This man had "made it rain," and, of course, was to receive more than usual honors, as he had done much more than ordinary men could do. All eyes were upon him, and all were ready to admit that he was skilled in the magic art; and being so nearly allied to the Great or Evil Spirit, that he must needs be a man of great and powerful influence in the nation, and well entitled to the style of doctor or medicine-man.

Readers, there are two facts relative to these strange transactions which are infallibly true, and should needs be made known. The first is, that when the Mandans undertake to make it rain they never fail to succeed, for their ceremonies never stop until rain begins to fall. The second is equally true, and that is, that he who has once "made it rain" never attempts it again; his medicine is undoubted; and on future occasions of the kind he stands aloof who has once done it in presence of the whole village, giving an opportunity to other young men who are ambitious to signalize themselves in the same way.

During the memorable night of which I have just spoken, the steam-boat remained by the side of the Mandan village, and the rain that had commenced falling continued to pour down its torrents until midnight; black thunder roared, and livid lightning flashed until the heavens appeared to be lit up in one unceasing and appalling glare. In this frightful moment of consternation, a flash of lightning buried itself in one of the earth-covered lodges of the Mandans, and killed a beautiful girl. Here was food and fuel fresh for their superstitions; and a night of vast tumult and excitement ensued. The dreams of the new-made medicine-man were troubled, and he had dreadful apprehensions for the coming day; for he knew that he was subject to the irrevocable decree of the chief and doctors, who canvass every strange and unaccountable event with close and superstitious scrutiny, and let their vengeance fall without mercy upon its immediate cause.

He looked upon his well-earned fame as likely to be withheld from him; and also considered that his life might, perhaps, be demanded as the forfeit for this girl's death, which would certainly be charged upon him. He looked upon himself as culpable, and supposed the accident to have been occasioned by his criminal desertion of his post when the steam-boat was approaching the village. Morning came, and he soon learned from some of his friends the opinions of the wise men, and also the nature of the tribunal that was preparing for him; he sent to the prairie for his three horses, which were brought in, and he mounted the medicine lodge, around which, in a few moments, the villagers were all assembled. "My friends!" said he, "I see you all around me, and I am before you; my medicine you see is great — it is too great — I am young, and I was too fast; I knew not when to stop. The wigwam of Mah-sish is laid low, and many are the eyes that weep for Ko-ka (the Antelope); Wak-a-dah-ha-hee gives three horses to gladden the hearts of those who weep for Ko-ka; his medicine was great — his arrow pierced the black

cloud, and the lightning came, and the thunder-boat also! Who says the medicine of Wak-a-dah-ha-hee is not strong?"

At the end of this sentence an unanimous shout of approbation ran through the crowd, and the "Hair of the White Buffalo" descended amongst them, where he was greeted by shakes of the hand; and amongst whom he now lives and thrives under the familiar and honorable appellation of the "Big Double Medicine."

THE THREE FRIENDS — AN OSAGE LEGEND.

THE tribe known as the Osages, or Wa-saw-sees, as they denominate themselves, wander perennially round the head waters of the Arkansas and Neosho, or Grand Rivers, hunting, fishing, and trading with the Americans at Fort Gibson, the outermost southwestern fort on the frontier of the United States. Tall, even gigantic in stature, they have many qualities which excite the admiration and applause of their white brethren. Like most Indians, they are brave and warlike; but their peculiarity consists in rejecting the customs of the whites, particularly the use of whisky. Wearing their wild and primitive costume, they stalk amid the hunters, squatters, trappers, and tramps that frequent the neighborhood of Fort Gibson, overtopping them in general by a head, but still more surpassing them in the essential virtue of sobriety and temperance — a failure in the exercise of which would doubtless soon remove them from the pre-eminence they now enjoy.

In a secluded valley, through which a stream that fell into the Neosho wound its way, lay some time back one of the villages of this nomadic tribe. The wigwams were about a hundred in number, scattered over the narrow plain near the mouth of the valley, and surrounded by a rude picket. Built of bark and reeds, they were evidently constructed simply for the necessities of the summer season, during which the warriors chased the deer and buffalo for immediate con-

sumption, and to lay up in store for winter. Overlooking the village was a grassy mound, that narrowed the mouth of the valley, and caused the rippling stream that flowed at its feet to turn abruptly from its course. From the summit of this hillock, the lodges wore the appearance of a huge congregation of bee-hives, while the eye rested pleasantly on many adjuncts to the scene, which rendered it agreeable and picturesque. The village was alive with a busy throng of women, few if any men being discovered; while children were seen at every point, adding still greater animation to the picture. The first were all actively employed. Some stood at the entrance of their wigwams, busily engaged in cooking; others were drying and packing the results of the hunting of the warriors; while others, again, were laboriously occupied in cleaning fresh buffalo skins, preparatory to their being cured for use as robes. Not a married woman was idle. Not so, however, the maidens. They were yet enjoying the sweets of a liberty which, however, despite the hardships incident to the married state in the wilds, they were no less anxious to sacrifice than are many bright-eyed beauties nearer home. The Osage girls — and many of them were exceedingly pretty — were congregated near the edge of the stream, in which dozens of little urchins were bathing. Dancing was usually their chief amusement; but on the present occasion they were spectators of a scene which possessed more immediate interest.

Somewhat apart from the maidens was a group, on which the Osage girls gazed curiously and enviously. Three Indian youths, all under twenty, nowise related by blood, but connected only by the bonds of friendship, stood on a rising bank, in deep abstraction. Nah-come-shee, Koha-tunha, and Mun-ne-pushee — for such were the names of the young men — had at an early age contracted for one another one of those peculiar affections which inexplicably arise sometimes between persons of the same sex, and which often are more sincere and durable even than love. So wedded

were they to this feeling, as to have publicly declared their intention of never marrying, in order that their amity might suffer no division. Their hearts, they said, were so occupied by friendship, that love could not find the remotest corner to creep into. How many smiling faces were clouded by this strange announcement, we cannot say; but sure we are, if any had before suffered them to occupy their thoughts, this resolution increased the number of their admirers manifold. Indian girls have ways and means of setting their caps at young men, as the phrase is, as well as more civilized damsels, and the Osage maidens were not idle on this occasion. Besides that many really loved the youths, the honor of the sex was concerned. It was not to be borne that friendship should triumph over love, and it may therefore be readily conceived what an artillery of bright eyes was reproachfully opened upon the three friends. They, however, remained insensible to all the attractions of female society; they joined not in the dance, nor told nor listened to the tale of love or war by the evening fire; but rode together, hunted together, trapped together, and earned the highest renown as indefatigable and bold huntsmen.

The ambition of the three friends, however, reached to higher flights than emulating the first hunters of their tribe. They wished to equal in renown the greatest warriors of the Osage nation; and it was a knowledge of the fact, that they were about to start on a marauding expedition, which created so great a sensation in the throng of maidens. The three youths had been deeply engaged in discussing their plans, and were, at the moment we speak of, uttering a silent prayer to the great Manitou for success in their undertaking. Tall, erect, and admirably proportioned, they presented an excellent group for a statuary. While their shaven heads were adorned with the helmet crest and eagle plume, they bore round their necks ornaments of the gayest kind. A magnificent cloak of buffalo skin adorned their shoulders, while a spear, shield, tomahawk, bow and quiver, formed their arms. Leg-

gings, moccasins, with wampum garters tied below the knee, completed, with the waist-cloth, their attire. Three fine horses were tied to an adjoining tree, showing that they were in every way ready for the expedition. It was still morning, and many miles of ground were to be crossed before night, the youths having signified their intention of making an excursion into the Pawnee Pict territory.

As soon as their silent invocation was ended, the Osage braves stalked gravely towards their richly-caparisoned steeds, and mounting them, rode slowly from the camp. For some miles, their course was along a wide-spread rolling prairie; but soon the presence of trees gave sign of their approaching a river. It was not, however, until nightfall that they gained the banks of the Arkansas. Hitherto, their progress had been open and bold, being within the hunting-grounds of their own people; but now the frontier line of the Pawnee Picts lay before them, in the shape of the dark rolling waters of the Arkansas, and it was time to use caution and artifice. It was determined, as their horses were somewhat fatigued, and as they depended on them for escape in case of need, that they should seek repose upon the friendly side of the river, and cross the Arkansas in the morning. Their horses were accordingly tethered, a diminutive fire lighted in a deep dell or hole, and every other needful preparation made to pass the night. A frugal repast was consumed, and then each warrior leant against a tree, and, smoking his pipe, gravely conversed upon the best mode of acquiring distinction and renown. Many opinions were given: but nothing less than surprising a whole Pawnee village, slaughtering the inhabitants, and returning to their homes loaded with scalps, appeared to the heated imaginations of the youths a sufficiently glorious enterprise to satisfy their ambition. At length the fatigues of the day overpowered them, and the three friends fell into a deep sleep.

The sun had just tipped with gold the summits of the trees, the wild cock was crowing in the woods, the thousand

choristers of the forest were pealing in rich harmony, when the Osage warriors awoke. They smiled grimly on one another, and then started, each man mechanically placing his hand upon the back and crown of his head. Their scalp locks, helmet crests, and eagles' plumes had all disappeared. Petrified with astonishment, they started to their feet. Who could have done so daring a deed? Not an enemy surely, or they would have taken the lives thus placed within their power. The friends wasted their thoughts in vain conjecture, and then, burning with indignation, turned to seek their horses. The long sweeping tails of these animals had also been cut off. That it was the Pawnee Picts, they no longer doubted; and fearful was the ire of the Osages at the contempt with which they had been treated. The trail of their night visitors was plainly marked, and led towards a copse, where they had evidently left their horses. It then turned to the river bank, and was lost. Nah-com-e-shee, however, glancing his eye over the opposite plain, gave a cry of delight, and pointed out to his companions the flashing of spears in the morning sun.

To plunge into the river, to reach the other shore, and to ride madly over the plain in chase of their audacious foes, was the work of an instant. In vain, however, they strained their eyes to catch another glimpse of the retreating party, until again the flashing of the spear-heads was seen near at hand, and plunging over the next hillock, the friends found themselves in presence of — three lances stuck in the ground. If the Indians boiled with passion before, their rage now knew no bounds: they vowed, with little consideration for the possibility or probability of the matter, to exterminate every Pawnee Pict from the face of the earth. This resolution being unanimous, a halt was made, and a council of war held. Some ten minutes were passed in discussion, and then away went the Osages on the trail of their foes, just as they caught sight, in the rear, of a perfect cloud of horsemen pouring over the plain in the distance. It was a war-party of the Pawnee

Picts, about twenty of whom came riding fast in pursuit of the three friends. A thickly-wooded ravine lay about a mile distant. Towards this the Osages hastened for refuge, their souls bounding with delight at the prospect of a contest which now opened before them.

The ravine was soon reached. It was narrow, and on both sides thickly wooded, while several clumps of timber lay near its mouth. The Osages saw that the only hope of coping with a superior force was by defending the entrance; and, accordingly, dismounting from their steeds, turned them loose, and strung their bows. On came the Pawnee Picts, riding furiously over the prairie. The intentions of the Osages were too plain to be mistaken, and none of their pursuers ventured to brave the discharge of arrows which was ready for their reception; but, imitating the example set them, cast loose their horses, and sought the shelter of a copse. The unequal struggle now commenced, and loud war-whoops rang through the valley. Arrows flew constantly from foe to foe. The Pawnees, having a great superiority in numbers, succeeded oftener in wounding their adversaries. Still they gained not upon them; the Osages, though soon severely hurt, preserving the same undaunted front, and returning their missiles with unabated vigor.

At length, however, their arrows were spent, and clutching their tomahawks, the friends, casting a glance of stern but undying affection on each other, prepared to die like men. On came the Pawnees, yelling the fearful war-whoop, and waving their hatchets on high. Already were a dozen of them within a few yards of the devoted trio, when their yell was echoed from the forest, and three of their foremost warriors lay low, slain by a flight of arrows from the top of the ravine. Back turned the Pawnees to their shelter, while the Osages, taking advantage of their confusion, snatched the usual trophy of victory from their fallen foes, and then, catching their steeds, mounted and fled. Guided by the trampling of horses, they rushed in pursuit of those to whose timely assistance they owed their lives. In vain,

however, did they urge their steeds; their unknown assistants were not to be overtaken. For about an hour the three friends continued their ride, and then halted to bind up their wounds, and conceal themselves for the rest of the day.

The spot selected was admirably adapted for the purpose, being an open glade in the forest, surrounded on all sides by trees. Here they turned their horses loose once more, and lay down upon the grass, weary and faint. To find herbs, and with them to form a kind of poultice, fastened on with bark by means of ligatures of grass, was their first duty, and then the inner man was considered. None of them had tasted food since the previous night, and there was none in their possession. Nah-com-e-shee, being the warrior who was least severely wounded, and having picked up several Pawnee arrows, started into the forest in search of game. With the keen perception of an Indian, he selected that side which appeared a little inclined to descend, as it naturally excited his suspicion that a stream lay in that direction. This was the more probable, that a little purling spring that bubbled up in the green open glade tended thither. Nor was the warrior's sagacity at fault, for a smart walk brought him to the banks of a narrow and slowly-running river. Within sight of this Nah-com-e-shee concealed himself, and prepared to wait even for hours the passage of a deer or elk. His patience was not, however, put to so severe a test, as, ere long, a rustling in the bushes opposite attracted his attention. Raising his eyes from their fixed position, he saw the antlers of a buck rearing themselves over a thicket of brush, and next moment a noble deer bounded to the bank to drink. An arrow pierced its heart from the Indian's unerring bow ere its lips had touched the water, and Nah-com-e-shee rushed eagerly towards the spot. Three mounted warriors were before him, and while he sought cover, captured and bore away the prize.

The Osage knew that it was useless to remain on the watch any longer, and, pursuit being madness, turned back and sought his companions, who were more

indignant than ever at this new outrage. Repose was, however, absolutely necessary, and was now sought, all trusting to the keenness of their senses to awake ere they could be surprised. It was dark night ere they awoke, and then the three friends groaned with rage that was absolutely frightful. Each felt himself ornamented by a squaw's petticoat, thrown loosely over him. Burning with passion, they grasped one another's hands, and vowed terrible vengeance.

At this instant a dim light was seen through the trees, blazing up at a considerable distance in the forest. It was the fire of a camp, and the hearts of the Osage warriors were at last glad. They had been so often outwitted, that the utmost caution was used. Each divested himself of every unnecessary article of clothing, while their tomahawks were the only arms they preserved. Clutching these, they crept stealthily, and with a serpent's tread, into the forest. As they advanced, the glare of the fire grew brighter; and at length, when within a couple of hundred yards, they could plainly hear the green wood crackling in the full stillness of evening. A faint odor of broiled venison came pleasingly to their nostrils, and then three figures were plainly discerned round the fire.

Between the spot occupied by the Osages and the hostile camp lay a rough piece of ground, full of holes and natural ditches. Across this the three friends began to crawl, holding their breath, and clutching their deadly weapons, while their hearts beat with anxiety lest their victims should escape. Half the distance was passed over, and still more strongly was the cooking made evident to the hungry senses of the creeping Osages. Still the unconscious warriors moved not, but kept their backs turned to the approaching foe. They were evidently eating, and holding converse at intervals. At length, as the friends came still nearer, they appeared to finish their meal, and sunk gradually on the leafy ground to rest. The Osages breathed more freely, and advanced with less caution, until at length, when within half-a-dozen yards, they rose, gave the terrific war-whoop, and leaped madly

upon the camp. It was vacant—their victims had escaped. The friends, amazed, were about to fly from their dangerous proximity to the light, when three distinct laughs were heard.

The Osages stood immovable, gazing at one another with a grim, half-angry, half-comic expression, and ere they could speak, three maidens disguised as warriors stood meekly, one before each brave, a horse's tail in one hand, and the other trophies in the other. The friends tried the utmost to look angry; but the countenances of the girls were so meek, and yet so malicious, that the gravity of the braves was overcome, and they laughed heartily at the conclusion of their expected deadly struggle.

The girls then explained that, for reasons of their own, disapproving of the celibacy of the three friends, they had resolved to excite their admiration and interest; that they had followed them immediately after their departure, had crept on them in the night, and divested them of their crests, &c., and played them every other trick which has been recorded in this legend. The warriors listened, and when they narrated how they had saved their lives in the ravine, seemed each struck with the same sudden conviction; namely, that the lives thus preserved belonged to the preservers, and at once made public their opinion. The damsels laughed gaily, and promised to entertain the notion, but recalled their lovers to a remembrance of their hungry state. Merrily and blithely supped the three maidens and the three friends that night beneath the greenwood tree; and when in after years they met at eventide, all happy husbands and wives, with dusky boys and girls crowding round them, that it was the brightest moment of their existence, was the oft-repeated saying of the THREE FRIENDS.

THE KELP MANUFACTURE IN THE ORKNEYS.—During the last war, in consequence of the importation of barilla being interrupted, or burdened by high duties, the price of kelp was sometimes 18*l.* and 20*l.* sterling per ton, and the

profits of shore proprietors were enormous. Now, from the numerous insular divisions of the Orcadian territories, almost all the proprietors here are possessed of coast, and the manufacture of kelp during the prevalence of the higher prices became an object of vast importance. It is said that small farms of 40*l.* of yearly rent speedily rose to 300*l.*, and large estates attained a proportionate increase of value. . . . When the manufacture was first introduced into Orkney, more than a hundred years ago, the employment, being new to the people, was opposed with great vehemence. . . . The subsequent benefits which ere long accrued to the community from the kelp manufacture effected a change in public feeling. The value of coast estates rose so much in value, that attempts were even made, with some success, to cultivate or increase the supply of sea-weed by covering sandy bays with stones. By this method, according to Dr. Neill, a crop of fuci may be produced in about three years, the sea itself everywhere abounding with the necessary supply of seeds. Dr. Barry informs us that, for ten years, from 1790 to 1800, the quantity of manufactured kelp occasionally amounted to 3000 tons, and as the price was then from 9*l.* to 10*l.* per ton, the annual income from this source alone was sometimes 30,000*l.* sterling. He adds, that in a period of about eighty years from the commencement of the manufacture until the close of last century, the proprietors of these islands, with a land-rent not exceeding 8000*l.* a year, have, with their tenants and servants, received, in addition to their ordinary income, the large sum of 595,000*l.* sterling. The kelp manufacture of Orkney, however, has now been entirely destroyed as a remunerating occupation, partly by the reduction of duty on Spanish barilla, an article of superior value for the purpose of making soap and glass, and partly by the almost entire removal of the duty on muriate of soda, or common salt. It may fairly be presumed the fisheries will compensate the disadvantages arising from the loss of kelp, and the sea-ware is still available as manure.—*Wilson's Coasts of Scotland.*



NEW CHURCH OF ST. MARY'S, LEEDS.

NEW CHURCH OF ST. MARY'S, GARFORTH, YORKSHIRE.

A DESCRIPTION of the above church, now in course of erection on the site of the old one, may, in these church-building times, be acceptable to our readers generally, and to our architectural friends in particular. Our space will not admit

of that minute detail which ecclesiologists expect, but we shall endeavor to make our remarks as comprehensive as possible. The old church having become inadequate to the wants of the parish, and fallen into great disrepair, it was determined on the part of the rector to erect an entirely new and more commodious edifice in its stead. This had

been a favorite theme with the reverend gentleman even when a youth, when his father preceded him in the incumbency; and accordingly he availed himself of the professional skill of Mr. Geo. Fowler Jones, architect, of York, who prepared the design now being carried out. The style chosen belongs to the early pointed period of mediæval art. The plan is cruciform, with aisles to the nave. The arches, or bays, in the length of the latter are three in number, there being at the west end, on either side, an unpierced portion of wall, carrying it to the extent of another bay beyond the aisles, so that, externally, the church terminates there with a gable corresponding in width with those to chancel and south and north ends of transept. In the westmost of these three bays, on either side, or rather in that position in the outside walls, which are so divided externally by buttresses as to correspond with them, are the entrance doorways, that on the south having an arched and shafted porch of good shadowy depth, with gable and cross. The tower and spire stand on four massive and shafted piers at the intersection of the nave with the transepts. The nave, transepts, and chancel are alike in width, diverging from the tower-openings, which are lofty, and have deeply-moulded archivolts. In the north-east angle, between transept and chancel, partly within the great pier there, but projecting externally in the form of an octagonal turret, and forming a picturesque feature, is the stair to bell-chamber. In the south-east pier is the stair and arched opening leading from vestry to the stone pulpit. Beyond the pulpit, in the south side of chancel, it is proposed (but not resolved) to place sedilia, containing three seats at levels graduated to correspond with the broad steps, or degrees, which separate the communion from the first platform of chancel. These sedilia, as designed, are shafted, trefoil-headed, and gabled, with bosses and finials of early foliage. Eastward of this it is proposed, also, to place a piscina, in a trefoil-headed niche, with label; and on the opposite side a square aumbrie with oaken door and elaborate hinges, &c.,

of iron. The chancel is also proposed to be enclosed with an oaken screen, seven feet and a half high, divided by buttresses into three equal compartments, the dado (according to modern parlance) being filled in, and the portion over it formed into a trefoiled arcade, with open spandrels and straight capping, with hollow and ball-flower ornaments. The arch-formed trusses and other timbering of roof will be left open to view — a practice now generally followed in church architecture, and which is highly conducive to wholesome ventilation, both as regards the health of the congregation and the durability of the timbers. With a further regard to this important particular, provision is made for a thorough ventilation (without upward draught) under the floors of the pewing; and ample facility will be afforded for heating in a vault under the vestry, and passages for pipes leading under the church. It is believed that two ladies of large property in the West Riding, and who are eminent for their support of church extension, contemplate presenting stained glass windows for the triplet in east end of chancel, in addition to the handsome contribution they have already made to the building. The cost of erection will be £2,910, the seat accommodation, 535. The following are the principal dimensions: Extreme length from west to east, outside the walls, 102 feet; extreme length of transept, 62 feet 5 in.; width of nave, transepts, and chancel, 21 feet 8 in.; width of nave and aisles, 41 feet 5 in.; height of north, south, and west gables, 50 feet; height of east gable, 45 feet; height of tower and spire, 122 feet 6 in.

PEASANTS OF CATALONIA. — These wear a high conical hat, with a broad brim, embroidered and tasselled; a coat of green velvet, with a richly embroidered collar and breast, a waistcoat of brocaded satin, a red, or sometimes lilac, silk scarf tied round the waist, brown striped velvet culottes, garters embroidered in gold, blue stockings, and sandals. Some have a large brown cloak hanging over one shoulder, which does not conceal their brilliant attire, and they hold it with such a graceful and regal air, that one cannot imagine those majestic and most independent beings can be peasants.

THE LEFT-HAND GLOVE, OR CIRCUMSTANTIAL TESTIMONY.

ON the summit of a hill near Muhl-bach, a small town of Rhenish Prussia, there is a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph. Being a place of pilgrimage, this chapel is on festival days visited by many of the inhabitants of the surrounding country; but on other days of the year it seldom happens that the sound of a human foot-step disturbs the sacred solitude.

Very early on the morning of the 19th of July, 1818, a peasant proceeding to work, was wending his way along a narrow path at the foot of the hill. His dog was running before him. Suddenly the animal stopped short, and in another moment darted off rapidly in the direction of the chapel. The dog soon returned to his master, howling piteously, and betraying unequivocal signs of terror. The peasant quickened his pace, and turned directly into the path leading up to the chapel. On coming within sight of the portal of the little edifice, he was horror-struck to behold, stretched on the steps, the lifeless body of a young man.

The terrified peasant hurried to the neighboring village with tidings of what he had seen. The news spread with the swiftness of lightning, and, in a very short space of time, the magistrate of the district, accompanied by the village doctor and schoolmaster, and followed by a crowd of country people, were ascending the hill in the direction of the chapel.

The body was found precisely on the spot and in the position described by the peasant. It was the corse of a very handsome young man; part of the clothing, viz., the coat and waistcoat, had been taken off, and beneath the shirt there was found a piece of cloth of a bright red color, apparently the fragment of a shawl. This piece of cloth was laid in several folds over the region of the heart. It was fastened by a band of fine lawn or cambric which was rolled round the body, and the whole was firmly fixed by a mass of congealed blood. On the careful removal of these bandages, there was discovered a deep wound, which had divided the carotid artery.

The deceased wore light-colored pantaloons, boots with spurs, and on one of the fingers there was a massive gold signet-ring. The ground round the spot where the body lay exhibited no trace of any struggle; but prints of footsteps, partially obliterated, were perceptible. These marks were traced to a neighboring wood, and in the direction of an eminence which towered above the trees, and whose summit was crowned by the ruins of the old castle of Ottenberg — a place which the neighboring country people believed to be haunted.

Whilst the doctor and others were engaged in examining the body, some of the rustic crowd mustered courage to trace the foot-prints, which apparently led to the ruined castle — their superstitious fears being doubtless lulled by the conviction that ghosts are not prone to wander in the bright sunshine of a July morning. One of the party was soon seen running back to the chapel in breathless haste, announcing that the scene of the crime was discovered. The magistrate proceeded to the ruins of the castle, and what he saw left no room to doubt that the murder had actually been committed there. The floor of the spacious area (once the banqueting hall of the castle) was stained with blood. The walls, the table, and the seats, also presented similar stains. On the table were the remains of a repast which had evidently been partaken of at no very distant date, for there were fragments of bread and fruit, and a broken bottle in which some wine still remained.

On further examination, deep prints of footsteps were perceived leading from the ruins of Ottenberg to the high road of Beking, in a direction quite opposite to that of the chapel. A little further on in the same track was found a piece of red cloth; and on comparison it was ascertained to belong to the same shawl, a fragment of which had been used to stanch the wound of the victim. At the foot of a tree lay a lady's glove, nearly new, but stained with blood. Nothing more was discovered, and in the evening the body was interred in the village church-yard, after being throughout the day exposed to the public gaze.

On the following day, an innkeeper presented himself to the magistrate of the district. He had recognized in the murdered man a traveller who slept in his house on the night of the 15th of July, and who left early on the following morning. He knew neither the name nor the condition of the stranger; nor had he heard from whence he came, or whither he was going. The innkeeper observed that he had a gold watch and chain, a red morocco pocket-book, and a green silk purse; moreover, that he wore two rings, one of which he had recognized on the dead body.

An active inquiry was set on foot; but no circumstance of importance was brought to light, until about six weeks afterwards. The police then ascertained that a gentleman named Von Bergfeldt, who had been residing for some time at Coblenz, had suddenly disappeared. He came from Frankfort, and to all appearance possessed plenty of money. He had made several excursions to various parts of the adjacent country, and his journeys had extended as far as the mountains of the Vosges. An old soldier, who had been his servant, and the proprietor of a house which he had hired, came to Muhlbach; both had a perfect recollection of the watch and the two rings remarked by the innkeeper; the servant positively affirmed that the boots found on the dead body belonged to his master.

Several months elapsed, and public interest, which had been powerfully excited by this mysterious event, was gradually subsiding, when a gentleman of rank, travelling to the waters of Podelwitz, happened to pass through Muhlbach. Hearing of the murder, he was struck by the name of the victim—Bergfeldt being the name of one of the most ancient and noble families in Silesia. He knew their armorial bearings, and he expressed a wish to see the signet-ring which had been found on the body. The engraved coat-of-arms was identical with that of the Silesian Bergfeldts; viz., quarterly Sable and Azure, on a Chief Or, a Serpent between Two Bees.

The *Ober-Procurator* of Muhlbach

lost no time in addressing a letter to the authorities of Breslau. An answer was speedily returned enclosing a letter signed Ferdinand von Bergfeldt, the writer of which described himself as being the second son of the old Baron Franz von Bergfeldt. He stated that his elder brother had, about two years previously, left home to make a tour in various parts of Europe, and that the family had received no intelligence of him for a very considerable time.

"Every circumstance," pursued the writer of the letter, "leads to the supposition that the victim of the recent murder is no other than my unfortunate brother. Our family has the greatest interest in elucidating this mystery, inasmuch as our patrimonial estates are entailed on heirs male. My brother was married, but had separated from his wife, by whom he had a daughter, who died in infancy. I shall set out forthwith for Muhlbach."

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt arrived at Muhlbach in December; he examined the effects of the deceased, and the documents¹ relative to the examination of witnesses. It appeared evident, beyond doubt, that his brother had perished by the hand of a murderer; but, nevertheless, it was requisite he should be provided with an attested certificate of his death, before he could take possession of the inheritance, which would devolve on him as next heir, at the decease of his then very aged father.

He engaged the assistance of the advocate Schelnitz, a lawyer of justly reputed intelligence and activity; and with him he proceeded to Coblenz. The mystery of the case, the important interests involved in it, and the rank of the family, all contributed to stimulate the zeal of Schelnitz, and he speedily brought to light certain facts which promised to lead to the detection of the criminal.

Ferdinand and the lawyer visited the house which had been occupied by Edward von Bergfeldt, at Coblenz. Seals had been affixed to all the drawers, trunks, &c., and on a careful examination of the effects, there was found in the pocket of a coat a note written

in French. The address had been torn off, but the note was as follows:

"I grant the interview on condition of its being the last. Your threats can never intimidate me. I defend myself with the arms of virtue and honor. This is my last communication. Secret correspondence must not continue.

"C—."

"July 13th."

As soon as Ferdinand von Bergfeldt perused this note, he felt convinced that he was on the right track for the discovery of the murderer.

"It has been conjectured," observed he, "that robbery was the motive for taking my brother's life—no such thing! I feel assured that the fatal blow was struck by a female hand—the same hand to which this glove belongs, and the same hand which traced this note. Every one of our family are aware that my brother did not behave well to his wife; and that his conduct caused them to separate shortly after their marriage."

The active inquiry now set on foot brought to the knowledge of the magistrates various circumstances worthy of attention.

A country girl deposed that, while she was engaged in cutting wood in the neighborhood of the castle of Ottenberg, on the morning of the 16th of July, she had seen a gentleman in a hunting-dress walking with a lady. She described the lady to have worn a straw bonnet, a bright-colored dress, and to have carried a parasol.

The keeper of the baths of Podewil, near Muhlbach, furnished testimony somewhat more important. He stated that, about noon on the 16th of July, a lady, elegantly attired, but pale and evidently suffering from fatigue, came to the door of the bathing establishment, and wanted some person to tie a bandage round her right hand, which she said she had accidentally cut. The wife of the bath-keeper washed and bandaged the wound. The cut was long, but not very deep, and appeared to have been inflicted with a knife. The lady requested to have a clean white handkerchief, which was

furnished to her; she left a ducat in payment, and went away hurriedly. An old man, dressed like a wood-cutter, had been observed waiting for her at some distance, and, the lady having joined him, they went away together. From the evidence of a person living near the baths, it appeared that, being at work behind a hedge, he had heard a short colloquy between the lady and her guide. The former was weeping, and appeared greatly distressed. The old man said to her, "In the name of Heaven, madam, be calm! Tears cannot recall the dead to life—from me you have nothing to fear—I will be silent—silent as the grave!"

These witnesses described the lady to have had a light-colored parasol, a straw bonnet trimmed with flowers, and a green silk dress.

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt now entertained no doubt that the investigation would speedily lead to a satisfactory result. In a letter, which he addressed to the magistrate of Muhlbach, he said, "We shall soon unravel the truth. We have the glove, and it will not be long ere we have the hand. It is a right-hand glove, and, on turning it inside out, I have made a discovery which has heretofore escaped observation. In the inside is written a name, part of which is obliterated, the letters *Henr—F—ke* being all that are legible." But was this the name of the wearer or the maker? With the view of solving this question, the glove was transmitted to an experienced agent, who had orders to spare no exertions for the elucidation of the fact.

At this juncture an unexpected circumstance intervened. A festival day was at hand, and in preparation for it the chapel of St. Joseph was swept and cleaned. The box destined for receiving donations for the poor was opened; within it was found a green silk purse, containing a considerable sum in gold and silver, together with a slip of paper, on which were written the following words: "Give the dead man Christian burial, and Heaven will reward you!" It will be recollected that the innkeeper had seen a green silk purse in the hands

of the stranger who had slept a night in his house. He was shown the purse found in the poor-box, and he identified it as the same.

Meanwhile, Ferdinand von Bergfeldt received letters from Silesia, acquainting him with his father's sudden death. He hurried home without delay. He was aware that, in the event of his brother Edward's death being proved, it would be necessary that he should go immediately to Berlin to obtain the requisite authority for entering into possession of his inheritance. In this matter he counted on the support of his sister-in-law; as the widow would be entitled to an annuity much more considerable than the sum she had received as alimony since her separation from her husband.

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt was not on friendly terms with the family of his brother's wife. Some overtures for effecting reconciliation between the husband and wife had been obstinately opposed by the father of the lady, General Count Hildenrath. This circumstance had in no slight degree wounded the pride of the Bergfeldts.

On the 28th of June, 1819, Ferdinand arrived in Berlin, and he lost no time in visiting General Hildenrath, by whom he was not received in a very cordial manner. Edward's widow, Charlotte von Bergfeldt, was from home. Whilst Ferdinand was relating to the general all that he had learned respecting his brother's death, a carriage stopped at the door, and in a few moments Charlotte entered the drawing-room. At sight of Ferdinand, who advanced to meet her with respectful interest, she turned deadly pale, staggered, and seemed on the point of falling, but as if by a sudden effort, recovering her self-possession, she courtesied and withdrew. Ferdinand was vexed at this behavior, which he regarded as an unequivocal sign of animosity, and after a little further conversation with the general he took his leave.

He subsequently saw Charlotte several times, and though she did not seek to avoid him, yet she behaved with coolness and reserve. Though she had just

ground of complaint against her husband, yet she rendered the due tribute of regret for his sudden and unfortunate death. About the end of August, Ferdinand received a letter from Schelnitz, which was in substance as follows:

"I have some particulars to communicate, which appear to me to be of the utmost importance, and to which I beg your earnest attention. In the first place, I have to inform you that we have found *the left-hand glove*. The name Heinrich Finacke is legibly written in the inside. It is supposed to be the name of the manufacturer, and we have taken measures for ascertaining this fact. The glove was discovered in the following manner: In the course of his investigations, the police agent, who had possession of the right-hand glove, showed it to a milliner of Muhlbach named Mademoiselle Enkel. A lady named Raumer, who was a customer of the milliner, happened to see the glove, and examined it attentively. This lady knew that I was engaged in investigating the affair of the murder at Ottenberg. Three days afterwards, Mademoiselle Raumer called on me and presented to me *the left-hand glove*. This lady is an intimate friend of the family of the Protestant Pastor Gaeben. She related to me that, one day whilst she was visiting the daughters of that clergyman, a discussion arose on some point of dress, and one of the young ladies having opened a drawer to search for something, accidentally drew out a glove, which fell at the feet of Madame Raumer. On picking it up, she perceived something written in the inside, and she mechanically read the name *Heinrich Finacke*.

"Where did you get this glove, my dear Caroline?" inquired Madame Raumer.

"From the *femme de chambre* of a lady who was here last summer from Berlin," was the reply.

"I lost no time," added Schelnitz, "in writing to the Pastor Gaeben, and he called on me this morning, accompanied by his daughter Caroline. They were very uneasy lest the discovery of the

glove, a circumstance in itself so trivial, should place them in an unpleasant position. I tried to dispel their apprehensions, and begged the young lady would tell me candidly how the glove came into her possession.

"She informed me that a young widow lady, Madame Weltheim, a resident of Berlin, had some time ago been on a visit to Baron Schonwald, at his castle near Muhlbach. Caroline, who was a good musician, frequently went to the castle to sing and accompany the lady on the pianoforte. When Madame Weltheim was about to leave the castle, Caroline assisted the *femme de chambre* to pack up. In a small box filled with ribbons, flowers, and other trifles, the glove was found. Being an odd one, the lady's maid threw it on the ground as useless. Caroline, admiring the small size and elegant form of the glove, picked it up, and said she would keep it as a memorial of Madame Weltheim. I am fully convinced," pursued Schelnitz, "that all the young lady has stated is strictly true.

"You remember the letter written in French which was found among your brother's effects. Its signature was the letter C. Now I am informed that Madame Weltheim's *femme de chambre* was a French girl, and that her name was Cecile. You will, no doubt, be struck with this coincidence. Cecile is described as tall and slender; Caroline Gaeben is, on the contrary, of short stature. All that I can learn of Madame Weltheim is, that she is a lady of good family, and moves in the best society of Berlin."

It is strange, thought Ferdinand, when he had finished reading the letter, that Schelnitz should attach so much importance to coincidences which seem to me the mere result of chance. He went out to call on Count Hildenrath, with the intention of communicating to him what he had learned. The count was from home, but the countess, who had just arrived from the country, received him with great kindness. She was full of curiosity respecting the murder, and pressed Ferdinand to inform her of all the particulars.

"Your brother was buried near the spot where his body was found, I believe," said the lady.

"Yes, madam, his ashes repose in the little village churchyard, not far from Muhlbach."

"Muhlbach!" exclaimed the countess. "Oh! what would have been poor Charlotte's feelings had she known that. She was not far from Muhlbach at the time."

"How, madam! Was my sister-in-law near Muhlbach?"

"She was passing some time at the castle of Baron Schonwald, which is only a few leagues from Muhlbach. Don't you know Baron Schonwald? He is a very pleasant man, only so exceedingly fond of hunting. And the baroness—she is quite an oddity! In her youth she was one of the maids of honor to the electress? There was no king of Saxony in those days. But everything is changed now; and as I was observing a day or two ago to my friend Madame Schlichtegroll, I don't know what we have gained by all these changes!"

In this way the loquacious old lady gossiped for some time, unheeded by Ferdinand, who was absorbed in profound reflection.

"How!" thought he to himself; "Charlotte so near the scene of the crime, and we not know it! She and her father have been silent on a fact of which they ought to have apprised me the very first moment I was in their company."

He took leave of the countess, and returned in a very pensive mood to his hotel. He once more read the letter of Schelnitz, and pondered on every line of it. Another initial C. had now come to light. Was it the one they were in quest of? Could the accusatory glove belong to Charlotte? Had she assumed the character of a widow with the false name of Madame Weltheim? These and a thousand other perplexing thoughts and suspicions haunted the mind of Ferdinand throughout the night.

Next morning he again repaired to the hotel of Count Hildenrath. He found the countess and her daughter together in the drawing-room. The

conversation naturally turned on the legal inquiries which were going on for the verification of his brother's death. Charlotte at first betrayed no sign of embarrassment or uneasiness.

"I believe, madam," said Ferdinand, "you are acquainted with the family of Baron Schonwald, who reside near Muhlbach?"

"I have some slight acquaintance with them," replied Madame von Bergfeldt.

"Do you happen to know the daughter of the Pastor Gaeben, who lives in the neighborhood of the castle?"

"He has several daughters."

"I mean the second daughter; Caroline, I think, is her name."

"Yes, I know her. She is a charming girl, and a great favorite of mine."

"I have just learned that she is implicated, in a very serious way, in the horrible affair which we are investigating. The police has discovered—"

"What! what has been discovered?" exclaimed Charlotte, her eyes staring wildly, and her cheeks turning pale. "Can it be possible! Poor Caroline! She is innocent—quite innocent! I will go immediately to Muhlbach—I must save her!"

She sank on the sofa, apparently in a state of unconsciousness. The countess rang the bell violently, and the servants having come to her assistance, Ferdinand hurriedly rushed down stairs, and left the house.

"The mystery is revealed," thought he. "Charlotte undertakes to prove the innocence of Caroline! This is equivalent to admitting that she knows the author of the crime! Discovery is now at hand. I need not stay longer in Berlin."

He was about to order post-horses for the purpose of departing, but in the course of the afternoon, a note was delivered to him. It was from Charlotte, who wished to have a private conversation with him.

Madame Von Bergfeldt received her brother-in-law with the most perfect composure, though she had not entirely recovered from the emotion which had so suddenly overcome her in the morn-

ing. She was very desirous to know what was the charge against Caroline Gaeben, and what discovery had implicated her.

Ferdinand evaded these questions by observing that the letter he had received from Schelnitz was very vaguely expressed; and that, though he stated that serious suspicions hung over the pastor's daughter, he had not stated the circumstances on which they were grounded. Charlotte informed him that it was her intention immediately to set out for Muhlbach, where she could produce testimony to prove the innocence of her young friend. Her mother was to accompany her; the count, who was suffering from severe illness, being unable to undertake so long a journey. This plan entirely coincided with Ferdinand's wishes. Resorting to a pardonable dissimulation, he pretended that it was his purpose to return home to Silesia immediately. That same night, however, he left Berlin, and took the road to Muhlbach, with the view of reaching that place before the arrival of his sister-in-law.

On reaching his destination, the first thing he did was to call on Schelnitz, to whom he communicated all that had transpired at Berlin.

"I have a few additional particulars to relate to you," observed the lawyer; "I have collected them from a domestic who recently quitted the service of Baron Schonwald. The 16th of July was a Saturday; it was a festival day, and the Schonwald family went to Muhlbach. Madame Weltheim did not go with them, but she went thither in company with a lady (Madame Rosen) and her two daughters. The party reached Muhlbach in the morning, and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Madame Weltheim left her friends, and did not rejoin them again till evening. Now," observed Schelnitz, "it would be very important to ascertain where she went, and how she was employed during this interval of absence. The Schonwalds and the Rosens might possibly furnish information on that point; I therefore advise you to see them. Madame Rosen wishes to dispose of her estate. You

may present yourself as a purchaser. By that means you will be sure of a favorable reception. Draw the ladies into conversation, and try to learn from them all that took place on the 16th of July."

Ferdinand followed his advice. He learned from Madame Rosen that, whilst the ladies were breakfasting at Muhlbach, a country girl brought a letter for Madame Weltheim. She stated it to be from a very old friend, a Madame Treskoff, who resided in Muhlbach, and who wished particularly to see her. Madame Weltheim hastily put on her bonnet, and departed, followed by the girl. It was night, and candles were lighted when she returned. She seemed agitated, and the redness of her eyes denoted that she had been weeping. The ladies anxiously inquired the cause of her trouble, and she replied that her feelings had been deeply moved by finding her friend, Madame Treskoff, in great distress.

Continuing his interrogatories, Ferdinand was further informed, that though Madame Weltheim frequently wore a green silk dress, yet it was not positively remembered whether she wore it on the 16th of July.

"She was much agitated on her return," observed one of the ladies, "and she had *only one glove on*. [These words made Ferdinand almost leap from his chair.] This struck me as very remarkable, as she was always most precise in the details of her dress. I remarked to her that she had only one glove, to which she replied, 'Ah! I was not aware of it. I suppose I must have dropped it at my friend's!'"

Ferdinand had thus learned more than he expected. Taking a hurried leave of Madame Rosen and her daughters, he went immediately to Schelnitz. The latter was of opinion that nothing now remained to be done but to denounce Charlotte von Bergfeldt as the murderer of her husband. He inquired in Muhlbach and its neighborhood whether a lady named Treskoff had lived there in the month of July. Her name was unknown to any one.

"There can be no doubt," said

Schelnitz, "that Charlotte von Bergfeldt struck the fatal blow. It is useless to endeavor to sound the motives for a crime which Providence has miraculously disclosed by an unparalleled chain of concurring circumstances. She may have been prompted by jealousy — by hatred of a husband whose conduct it would appear was not free from blame — or by cupidity; for, on the death of Edward von Bergfeldt, his widow, by the terms of the marriage settlement, is to possess a considerable portion of the revenues derived from the estates. But, whatever may have been the motive for the crime, Charlotte von Bergfeldt is certainly guilty."

The minutes of the evidence for the prosecution were drawn up in due legal form, and laid before the *Ober-Procurator* of Coblenz. Meanwhile Madame von Bergfeldt, accompanied by her mother, arrived there. Full of anxiety to know what proceedings had been taken against Caroline Gaeben, she called on Schelnitz, whose name and address she had learned from Ferdinand. Schelnitz referred her for information to the *Ober-Procurator*, to whom he immediately conducted her.

"Madam," said the magistrate, addressing her, "your brother-in-law has charged Caroline Gaeben with being implicated in the murder of your husband. He assures me that he can produce satisfactory proofs of her guilt; but he has not stated to me what those proofs are. I understand that you have come here for the purpose of removing the suspicions which hang over that young lady."

"I have, sir; but I cannot conceive how suspicion can possibly attach to Mademoiselle Gaeben. She did not know my husband. She never even saw him!"

"How can you be certain of that, madam? You cannot know whom your husband may have seen during your separation from him. How long is it since you yourself saw him?"

Charlotte felt that she was approaching dangerous ground.

"The will of my parents," said she, "prohibited all communication between

me and the Baron von Bergfeldt after our separation; I do not consider it necessary to enter upon any further explanation on that painful subject."

Resolved, if possible, to elicit something decided, the magistrate, fixing his eyes sternly on her, inquired whether she had not visited Muhlbach on the 16th of July in the preceding year.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "I think I was there on that day."

"How did you employ your time during the morning?"

Charlotte was silent, and a livid paleness overspread her countenance.

"Madame Rosen and her daughters," pursued the magistrate, "have declared that you parted from them at an early hour, and that you did not rejoin them until evening."

"I cannot understand," said Charlotte, in a faltering tone of voice, "why those ladies have been examined; nor can I guess to what all these inquiries tend."

"Permit me to observe, madam, that you have not answered the question I just now put to you, and that an answer is necessary for your justification!"

"For my justification! Then it appears I am accused! I now understand the meaning of this captious interrogatory. I will not condescend to enter upon explanation. That would be beneath me. I will remain silent. Henceforth my lips are sealed on this subject. No power on earth shall draw a word from me. Now, sir, do whatever your duty may dictate! You know my determination."

The magistrate found himself obliged to sign an order for the imprisonment of Madame von Bergfeldt. Next day she was confronted with the keeper of the baths at Podewil and his wife. Both unhesitatingly recognized her to be the lady who, on the 16th of July, had presented herself at the door of their establishment. Her right hand was examined, and across the palm there was a mark which might have been caused by a cut; but the scar was so slight as to render this circumstance a matter of doubt.

An order was forwarded to Berlin for

putting under seal all the papers and effects belonging to Madame von Bergfeldt. They were previously examined in the presence of a magistrate. Among the papers nothing of importance was found, but in a jewel casket there was discovered a gold watch, which the accused lady had presented to her husband on his marriage, and a ring which Edward had been in the habit of wearing. How did these objects come into Charlotte's possession? Had her husband returned them to her at the time of their separation? These questions could be answered only by conjecture.

All this mass of evidence having been submitted to the consideration of the judges, the officers of police were directed to seek out three persons whose testimony appeared to be important. These were the old wood-cutter, who accompanied the lady when she called at the baths of Podewil, Cecile, the French *femme de chambre*, and the country girl who had conveyed the letter to Madame Bergfeldt (under the name of Madame Weltheim) at Muhlbach. The wood-cutter was nowhere to be found. As to Cecile, she had quitted her mistress's service on her return to Berlin, and was now married. In countenance and figure she was totally different from her mistress. No suspicion attached to her, and she could furnish no information calculated to throw light on the subject of inquiry. The girl who brought the letter to Madame von Bergfeldt was traced out, and she stated that, in 1818, she was in the service of a Madame Wunderlich at Muhlbach. She recollected that some time in the month of July a gentleman called on her mistress, who then desired her to take a letter to a lady, whose name she had forgotten. After reading the letter, the lady went with her to Madame Wunderlich's. The girl described the gentleman to have been tall and thin, with dark moustaches. He wore a green hunting-coat, light-colored pantaloons, and boots with spurs. This description corresponded with the appearance and dress of Edward von Bergfeldt.

These examinations being terminated, the case was deemed to be sufficiently

established to warrant an order for the trial of the accused before the criminal court of Coblentz.

On the day fixed for the trial, an immense crowd thronged every avenue leading to the court. Madame von Bergfeldt was conducted into the presence of the judges. She was dressed in deep mourning, looked very pale, and, though evidently deeply affected, she was still struggling to repress her emotion.

The witnesses, forty-three in number, were examined. Their testimony confirmed all the particulars already narrated, and though no new facts were disclosed, yet the interest excited by the trial continued to increase. At the close of the examinations the advocate for the accused entered upon her defence. He delivered a long and eloquent address, in the course of which he ingeniously set forth every argument that could turn to the advantage of the prisoner. He dwelt earnestly on the fact of there being no positive proof that the body found on the steps of St. Joseph's Chapel was the body of Edward von Bergfeldt. Referring to the annals of criminal jurisprudence, he adduced the cases of several persons who had on circumstantial evidence been condemned and executed for murder, and whose presumed victims were subsequently discovered to be living. He concluded by expressing regret that the accused had determined to remain silent under the charge brought against her, and to withhold all explanation respecting the events of the fatal day; but, unaccountable as that determination was, he observed, that it ought not to be regarded as an evidence of guilt.

The advocate had just closed his address, when a messenger hastily entered the court, and presented a billet to the president, which the latter read aloud. It contained the following words:

"I entreat to be heard immediately. I can prove the innocence of the accused!"

"Let the person be brought into court," said the president.

The utmost curiosity and agitation now prevailed, and several voices were

heard to exclaim, "Doubtless it is Edward von Bergfeldt!"

The unexpected witness presently appeared. He was a man of tall stature, and of military bearing. As soon as Charlotte beheld him she uttered a piercing shriek. Having, not without some difficulty, made his way through the crowd, the stranger at length stood before the judges.

"My name," said he, "is George von Rothkirch, and I am an officer in the 3d Dragoons. That lady, whose innocence I am enabled to prove, is bound by an oath which compels her to remain silent. I beg permission to address a few words to her, and afterwards I will satisfactorily explain the mysterious event which occupies the attention of this assembly."

The president consulted the court, and the stranger was permitted to speak to the prisoner.

"Madam," said he, "death has broken the bond by which you believed yourself to be bound. Your father is no more. He died invoking blessings on you, and in ignorance of the dreadful position in which you are placed. Permit me now to reveal the truth."

Charlotte replied by a look of gratitude and a flood of tears, and George von Rothkirch spoke as follows:

"Being in garrison at Coblentz in 1818, I met Edward von Bergfeldt, with whom I had formerly been acquainted. He then appeared ill and low-spirited, weary of life, and dissatisfied with himself. He spoke to me unreservedly of the differences between himself and his wife, acknowledged that he had not behaved well, but wished for reconciliation. I visited the family of Baron Schonwald, at whose house I met a lady, who was introduced to me as Madame Weltheim. I was charmed with her beauty and intelligence, and frequently spoke of her to Edward. He wished to see the lady whom I so highly extolled; but I could not prevail on him to accompany me to Baron Schonwald's. At length I had an opportunity of pointing out Madame Weltheim to him on a public promenade.

"My dear Rothkirch," he exclaimed, 'she is my wife!'

"He insisted on my conveying to her a proposal for reconciliation. Madame von Bergfeldt at first refused to listen to it, alleging that her parents would never forgive her if she saw or corresponded with her husband; at length, however, I succeeded in shaking her determination, and she consented to grant him an interview.

"It was arranged that, on a certain day, when she was to go to Muhlbach with some friends, an imaginary person, to whom we gave the name of Madame Treskoff, should send a message requesting to see her. She was then to join me at the residence of a lady in Muhlbach, and I was to conduct her to the castle of Ottenberg, where her husband had promised to be in waiting for her.

"On meeting her husband, Madame Bergfeldt was evidently agitated by painful emotions, which she vainly struggled to repress. Edward, on his part, was exceedingly gay and animated; he had brought with him a wood-cutter, who carried a hamper, furnished with a *déjeuner*. The husband broached the subject of reconciliation, which the wife endeavored to evade on the ground of the objections of her parents. The dialogue became warm, and reproaches were mutually interchanged. Edward complained of the heat, which was indeed excessive, and he frequently had recourse to the wine, of which he drank very freely. I observed that he was becoming greatly excited, and he even went so far as to utter threats of vengeance, if his wife did not accede to his offers of reconciliation. Madame von Bergfeldt wished to depart, but he seized her by the arm and detained her.

"*'Ah!'* he exclaimed, *'would you doom me again to the miserable life I have suffered for some years past? sooner will I end my days—'* and seizing a knife from off the table, he made a motion, as if intending to stab himself.

"*'Edward,'* said I, *'why terrify your wife by acting this farce?'*

"*'Farce!'* resumed he, in a tone of furious anger, *'do you suppose I fear death?'*

"By a movement more rapid than thought, he plunged the knife into his

heart. He fell at my feet deluged in blood, and Charlotte fainted.

"The wood-cutter, who had been sitting at some distance off, now ran to us. Edward was a lifeless corse. With some difficulty we recovered Madame von Bergfeldt, who in this terrible crisis evinced great energy and feeling. It was long before we could prevail on her to abandon the lifeless remains of her husband, for whom she was most anxious to secure a fitting burial. The wood-cutter suggested the idea of placing the body on the steps of the chapel, where, he said, it was sure to be speedily discovered. We removed some of the clothing, being desirous of creating the suspicion of murder rather than of suicide. Charlotte wished to have her husband's watch and ring which he wore; he had a second ring, but we found we could not remove it without mutilating the finger. We bandaged the wound in order to stop the effusion of blood, and then withdrew. Madame von Bergfeldt cut her hand slightly in her endeavor to snatch the knife from Edward; she was dreadfully agitated by the horrible scene, and reproached herself for having caused the catastrophe by violating her father's injunctions.

"*'But,'* said she, *'he shall never know what has happened—it would break his heart. Whatever may be the result—even though I should die on the scaffold—so long as my father lives, I will bury the knowledge of this sad event in inviolable silence!'*

"She made me and the wood-cutter take a solemn oath never to divulge what we had witnessed.

"Shortly after this event, my regiment was removed from Coblenz to a distant garrison. I heard nothing of Madame von Bergfeldt, and I dared not write to her. A short time ago I retired from the army, with the intention of proceeding to the United States, where my brother has long resided. Passing through the Rhemish Provinces, on my way to the port at which I proposed to embark, I heard of this trial—the whole truth instantly flashed across my mind, and I at once understood the chain of mysterious circumstances which

had fixed suspicion on Charlotte von Bergfeldt. I hastened to Baron Schonwald, who related to me all he knew of the case, and showed me a letter which he had received only a day or two ago, announcing the death of Count Hildenrath. There was not a moment to be lost, and I hurried hither. Death has released me from my oath, and will, I trust, induce Madame von Bergfeldt to break the silence she imposed on herself."

He gave the name and dwelling-place of the wood-cutter, who, being found, confirmed the accuracy of his statement. The court then immediately pronounced the *ACQUITTAL* of Charlotte von Bergfeldt.

A gentleman who happened to be present at the extraordinary trial above described, was, in the month of August, 1820, a temporary resident at the Hotel d'Angleterre at Havre. One day, as he was passing down the staircase of the hotel, he met a lady whom he immediately recognized to be Charlotte von Bergfeldt.

"Who is that lady?" inquired he of one of the waiters, whom he saw in the hall.

"She is a German lady," was the answer; "her name is Madame von Rothkirch; she and her husband arrived here the day before yesterday, and they are to sail to-morrow for New York on board the Quincy Adams."

THE OFFENDED.

EVERY one is ready to admit the duty of not giving offence to others. It is one of the universally acknowledged laws of the society in which we are units, to live peaceably and harmoniously with all around us, and to avoid anything which may cause estrangement, and produce angry and bitter feeling; and he who wantonly violates this law, and needlessly irritates and provokes, proves himself unworthy of the blessings which civilization and society were intended to secure. If every one acted in an inoffensive manner, the component parts of

society must be broken up, and man must again retrograde into solitariness and barbarism; for it is only by mutual respect and good-will that society can cohere and exist.

But though every one is ready to admit the duty of not giving offence, few consider the obligation of a duty which is of little less importance, namely, that of not *taking* offence. Offenders are numerous enough, but the offended are innumerable, and the same consequences ensue in the one case as in the other, namely, estrangement and ill-will, and a tendency to sap the harmony, and even the existence, of society.

The mischief resulting from a proneness to take offence, is the more to be regretted, from the character of the agents who produce it. The offended are not, for the most part, the vulgar-minded and the unscrupulous, as is too often the case with the offenders, but estimable, refined, and conscientious people, who would be deeply pained at the idea of offending any one, but who, through an excess of proper feeling, a morbid sensitiveness, and an undue self-respect, are continually finding something at which to take offence. Persons of such temperament not only make their fellows "offenders for a word," but construe an imaginary look, a peculiarity of accent, into insults; thus reserve and estrangement ensue, and often entail more lasting ill consequences than a violent quarrel, inasmuch as there is nothing to reconcile, and the offender is wholly unconscious of having committed any offence.

Were it not for the sad effects resulting from such an unfortunate temperament, it would be not a little amusing to observe its manifestations, and the absurdly frivolous grounds on which the imaginary insult is often based. One good lady, on returning from a casual visit, declares she will never darken her friend's doors again; they offered her nothing to eat and drink; they were as cool as if they had not known her: they asked her if she had dined, certainly; but it is easy to tell by people's manner what they mean, and she could see in a moment that she was not wanted. Another

sensitive gentleman thinks every one is insulting his poverty. If any of his friends well to do in the world do not notice him, they are proud upstart creatures—not that he cares for them, or wants their attention, but he hates such pride. If, on the other hand, they are polite and affable, he wants not their patronizing nods; their lordly civility is little better than an insult; and for his part he has no notion of accepting invitations to dinner which can only make himself appear contemptible, and serve to contrast with their ostentatious greatness. An easily offended young lady vows she will visit her gay young friends no more, for their dress is so fine, it is quite disagreeable to sit in their company, and be quizzed after she is gone, as no doubt she is. Although perhaps their own dress may be only what is perfectly accordant to their station and prospects, and they neither think of quizzing her while present, nor making remarks on her when absent, and any idea of giving offence is the furthest from their thoughts or intentions.

Thus too often do these in many respects estimable people, strenuously fight with phantoms which they themselves have conjured up, and complain of insults which only exist in their own imaginations. The world soon becomes with such a burying-place for friendships; the habit gains strength, and the morbid feeling of offence and insult grows into a hateful activity, inimical to peace of mind, cheerfulness and good-will. For want of a kind interpretation of actions and conduct that were never intended to give the slightest offence, how often the friend of youth ceases to be the friend of age! the once familiar companion is passed without recognition; families that once commingled, withdraw to cold distance from each other; and men who once shook each other by the hands as warm-hearted friends, now meet one another with averted eye.

"It is the glory of a man," says the sacred proverb, "to pass over a transgression;" and it is the truest wisdom and the best philosophy sometimes to shut our eyes to an insult, even when there may be some reason to fear it was not en-

tirely unpremeditated. At all events, we shall meet in the world with quite enough of offences, unless we are more than ordinarily fortunate, without seeking out imaginary insults, and wasting our strength and destroying our peace by fighting with the wind. Our severest scrutiny is best turned to ourselves, that we may not be offenders, and our most favorable judgment formed respecting the conduct and actions of others, that we may not be offended. While we may be sure that, in the crowded path of life, we ourselves do not intend to run wilfully against others, though we may sometimes stumble against them, so we must hope and believe that they in turn have no intention of offending us, though they may sometimes accidentally jostle us in their turn. The duty of endurance has undoubtedly its proper limits, but it is a wise determination not only not to offend, but also not to be easily offended: Every one desires that others should interpret his actions kindly, and where any may be of doubtful import, to hope the best; and such is the way in which their actions should be regarded by us. Were the duty of not taking offence more thought of and better understood, the peace of individuals, of families, of communities, of nations, would rest on a firmer foundation, and something would be added to the general amount of human harmony and happiness.

SAGACITY OF RATS.

THE sagacity and foresight of rats are very extraordinary, and the following anecdote, wonderful as it may appear, may be relied upon:—An open box, containing some bottles of Florence oil, was placed in a storeroom which was seldom visited. On going into the room for one of the bottles, it was perceived that the pieces of bladder and the cotton which were at the mouth of each bottle had disappeared, and that a considerable quantity of the contents of the bottles had been consumed. This circumstance having excited surprise, some

of the bottles were filled with oil, and the mouths of them secured as before. The next morning the coverings of the bottles had again been removed, and part of the oil was gone. On watching the room through a small window, some rats were seen to get into the box, insert their tails into the necks of the bottles, and then withdrawing them, lick off the oil which adhered to them. I would not give this anecdote were I not convinced of its accuracy. Whilst I am on the subject of the kind disposition which animals show to each other, I will mention an anecdote which was recently communicated to me of the old English or black rat. This animal has now become very scarce in this country. Unlike the Norway rat, which is fierce, and lives in little harmony even with its own species, our original animals appear to have been sociable in their habits, and to have shown kindness and friendship to each other. The fact referred to was communicated to me by the Rev. Mr. Ferryman, a clergyman in the county of Sussex, and an accurate observer of nature. He informed me that some fifty years ago, when the old English rat was numerous, he resided at Quorn, in Leicestershire. Walking out in some meadows one evening, he observed a great number of rats in the act of migrating from one place to another, which it is known they are in the habit of doing occasionally. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great when he saw amongst the number an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick by one end in its mouth, whilst another rat had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted its blind companion. Mr. Ferryman also communicated to me the following anecdote of a rat, which I am in justice to him bound to admit he did not *implicitly* believe himself, neither are my readers required to do so; I merely give the story as I heard it. He said that he had an old friend, a clergyman, of retired and studious habits. This gentleman, when sitting in his room one day, saw an English rat come out of a hole at the bottom of the wainscot: he threw it a piece of bread, and in process of time he had so

familiarized the animal that it became perfectly tame, ran about him, was his constant companion, and appeared much attached to him. He was in the habit of reading in bed at night, and was on one occasion awoke by feeling a sharp bite on his cheek: on looking round he discovered the curtains of his bed to be on fire. He made his escape, but his house was burnt down, and he saw no more of the rat. He was, however, convinced, and remained so for the rest of his life, that his old companion had saved him from being burnt to death by biting his cheek, and thus making him aware of his danger. The reader may put what faith he pleases on the supposition of the good clergyman. He himself was always indignant if any one doubted it; and certainly the marks of teeth were visible on his cheek. That rats are endowed with an extraordinary degree of ingenuity and cunning, there are numerous well-attested facts to prove: the following is one of them:—A ship on her voyage was not only much infested with rats, but proved so unfit for sea, that her stores were directed to be made over to another vessel. In doing this the greatest care was taken that the rats should not gain access to the other ship; and in order to prevent it, the two vessels were anchored at some distance from each other, and the stores were removed in boats. When the crew were about to quit the vessel, the whole body of rats were seen to make their way down its sides into the sea, and to swim to the ship into which the stores had been deposited: this they would have penetrated, had not the vigilance of the crew prevented them. The vessel got under weigh, and the rats were left to their fate.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

SIMPLICITY.—Out of the abundance of the heart how few speak! So few, that I, who love simplicity, would gladly give up politeness for a quarter of the virtue that has been sacrificed to an equivocal quality which at best should only be the polish of virtue.—*Mary Wollstonecraft.*



NO. IV.

APRIL, 1846.

VOL. III.

ASCENT OF THE WETTERHORN.

THE Wetterhorn, or Peak of Tempests, in the canton of Berne, is one of those lofty seats of perennial snow which used to be considered as defying the foot of man to approach their summits. A few years ago, the Jungfrau, one of these peaks, was ascended by a party, including our countryman, Professor Forbes of Edinburgh. More recently, three Swiss naturalists surmounted the Shreckhorn, or Peak of Terror, leaving a flag flying on the summit, to the wonder of chamois hunters and guides. Since then, in the summer of the past year, a young English gentleman, named Speer, accomplished the ascent of the Wetterhorn, which, like the Shreckhorn, had been deemed utterly inaccessible. And this was the more remarkable as an enterprise, that it was performed fully a month earlier in the season than any other of the great ascents of the same character. Under the sanction of Mr. Speer, we here abridge a narrative of his adventure, which he drew up immediately after its conclusion, and which has already appeared in a periodical work of more limited circulation than the present.

Having first reached the Grimsel, a height of 6570 feet, on the southern slope of the great chain of the Bernese Alps, "a conversation," says Mr. Speer, "was held between the host (a hardy old mountaineer), myself, and three of the guides, as to the proceedings to be adopted, and

also as regarded the probable result of the undertaking. This terminated satisfactorily. Two of the boldest, J. Jaun and Caspar Alphanalph, volunteered to accompany me, and as both one and the other had trodden the summit of the Jungfrau, I instantly placed all confidence in them; and leaving them in company with my former guide, to prepare for our expedition, I retired early, knowing that the ensuing night would necessarily be spent on the glacier of the Aar, a locality not very favorable to repose. The morning broke without a cloud, and I found the three mountaineers fully equipped with hatchets, ropes, crampons, long poles shod with iron, blue veils, &c., not forgetting provisions for two days, and the flag which we fondly hoped should bear testimony of the forthcoming exploit. On leaving the Grimsel, our course lay among fallen rocks, up a desolate valley, bounded on the left by the Leidelhorn, and on the right by the Juchliberg and the Broniberg. This valley (situated about 7000 feet above the Mediterranean) appeared gradually to enlarge, and we perceived its further extremity to be closed from side to side by a wall of dingy-looking ice, rising vertically between two and three hundred feet in height; this was the termination of the glacier of the Aar. Having attained the summit of this wall, by scaling the rocks on its border, we perceived the vast glacier of the Aar itself spread out before

us for many miles, and surrounded by the gigantic peaks of the Finsteraarhorn, Shreckhorn, Oberaarhorn, Vischerhorner, and Lauteraarhorn, the former rising to the height of 14,000 feet; the remainder ranging between 11,000 and 13,000 feet above sea-level. Following the course of the terminal moraine, we reached the pure unsullied surface of the glacier itself which we now found thickly spread with crevasses, all running parallel with each other: the majority of these being filled with snow, considerable caution was necessary in sounding them with the poles, previous to trusting the body to so frail and deceptive a support. Proceeding thus along the centre of the glacier for three hours, we arrived opposite the little hut constructed for M. Agassiz, in order to enable him to carry out more fully his experiments on the increase and advance of the glaciers. Situated fully 300 feet above the level of the ice, it is in a great measure sheltered from the fall of avalanches and from the effects of those hurricanes and snow-storms to which these elevated regions are so liable. The sun was now gradually declining, the innumerable ice-bound peaks and glaciers being lit up by its last rays, until the whole chain presented the appearance of burnished gold. This magnificent spectacle suddenly ceased, and every object resumed its ghastly bluish tinge, as the shades of night shut them out from our view, merely leaving the white outline of the nearer peaks discernible.

"We now attempted to obtain a few hours' sleep, after taking every possible precaution to guard against the severe cold: in this latter we partially succeeded. Sleep, however, was tardy in its approaches, the novelty of the situation being too exciting. Towards midnight several vast avalanches fell, with the roar of the loudest thunder, on the opposite side of the glacier. This was quite sufficient to banish all drowsy sensations; we were soon, therefore, on foot, preparing in earnest for the anticipated seventeen hours of successive climbing over snow and glacier. The first point to be accomplished was the descent to the surface of the glacier, into the recesses of which (owing to its disrupted condition)

we found it necessary to penetrate, finding ourselves at the bottom of a well, round three sides of which walls of ice rose almost vertically. Up these walls it was necessary to ascend, in order to effect our exit from our cold dismal prison. Jaun, our *guide chef*, commenced cutting out steps in the ice, and in a short time we all emerged from our retreat, and stood safely on the glacier of the Lauteraar, at its junction with that of the Finsteraar. The former descends from the Shreckhorn and Col de Lauteraar; the latter from the Finsteraarhorn and its attendant peaks.

"Our course was now directed across the glacier towards the Abschwung, along the base of which we cautiously proceeded, the ice at this early period being dangerously slippery. The doubtful crevasses were sounded, and the yawning ones avoided as far as possible. These at length (on our attaining an elevation of 9000 feet) ceased in a great degree, and the surface of the glacier appeared covered for miles in extent with a thick coat of unsullied and unbroken snow; whilst in front of us, and fully three hours' march distant, rose the Col de Lauteraar, 10,000 feet in height, hitherto considered impracticable. Its brilliant white crest being cut out in the strongest relief against the deep blue sky, tempted us into the belief that it was close at hand: we soon, however, became aware of our inability to calculate distances in regions where the vast size of the surrounding objects, combined with the peculiar light reflected from the snow and glaciers, baffle any such attempt. For hours we continued surmounting long slopes of snow, sinking at every step half way to the knee; and as yet no visible decrease of distance appeared. At length we reached the first range of those great crevasses usually found at the foot of the steepest ascents: among these it was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution: the whole party were lashed together, and we threaded our way through this labyrinth of blue and ghastly abysses to the very foot of the redoubted Col de Lauteraar, which now rose quasi-perpendicularly far above our heads for many hundreds of feet, whilst on its ridge we perceived a mass of over-

hanging snow, which, from its threatening aspect, caused us great uneasiness; in fact, a more formidable or apparently inaccessible barrier could scarcely be witnessed. It was, nevertheless, necessary to surmount it, and the question now was, how is it to be done? At our feet lay a large crevasse, on the opposite side of which the wall of snow rose immediately, not leaving the smallest space on which to place the foot. Our head guide, however, nothing daunted, by means of his long alpenstock succeeded in excavating a hole in the snow, into which we might jump without much danger of falling into the yawning gulf below: he first crossed, and extending his baton to assist the next comer, I seized the friendly aid, and jumped. The snow, however, gave way, and I remained suspended over the abyss, grasping with all my strength the extended pole: from this perilous position I was instantly rescued; and the rest of the guides having crossed in safety, we found ourselves clinging to the wall of snow which constitutes the southern aspect of the Col.

"The ascent now commenced in earnest, the first guide having been relieved by the second in command, who (hatchet in hand) assiduously dashed holes in the snow in which to place the hands and feet. The steepness of the Col being such, that the necessary inclination of the body forwards, which all ascents require, brought the chest and face in close contact with the snow, the excessive brilliancy of which, notwithstanding our blue glasses and veils, proved singularly annoying. In this critical position, our progress upwards was of necessity very slow, the advance of the foot from one step to the succeeding one being a matter of careful consideration, as a slip, the least inclination backwards, or even giddiness, must inevitably have proved fatal to one or other of the party. Thanks, however, to the efforts of the hardy mountaineers, the summit of the Col was at length attained, five hours after our departure from the night encampment. For some time previous, our sphere of vision had necessarily been limited by the interposition of the Col de Lauteraar; its crest, however, being attained, we beheld a great

portion of Switzerland stretched out like a map far below, whilst on either side rose the summits of those gigantic barriers which bound the valley of Grindelwald. On the left the great and little Shreckhorn and the Mettenberg, and on the right the object of our ambition, the three peaks of the Wetterhorner, the Wetterhorn, the Mittalhorn, and Rosenhorn: below us lay the fields of snow which descend from these summits, and crown the superior glacier of Grindelwald.

"It was now deemed necessary to descend a portion of the opposite side of the Col we had just surmounted, previous to arriving at the foot of the great peak, which appeared to rise in close proximity to the height of 2150 feet above the plateau of snow on which we stood, and which in itself attained an elevation of 10,000 feet. We now began our descent, which, although not so steep as our previous ascent, was perhaps more terrifying, the precipices of ice and snow, together with the wide crevasses thickly spread at their feet, being constantly before the eyes. Great stress being laid on the ropes and hatchets, this descent was in turn safely accomplished, and we again began to ascend slope after slope of snow (at times threading our way with much difficulty among the gaping crevasses, all of which presented the appearance of the deepest azure), our course being directed towards the base of the superb central peak known as the Mittalhorn, which now towered above our heads, apparently a huge pyramid of the purest ice and snow. To me it appeared so impossible to scale it, that I ventured to inquire of the guides whether they expected to attain the summit; to this they replied, that they assuredly did so. I therefore held my peace, thinking myself in right good company; and the south-western aspect of the peak being deemed, to all appearance, the most practicable, we began the arduous task of scaling this virgin mountain. The ascent in itself strongly resembled that of the Col de Lauteraar described above: its duration, however, being longer, and the coating of ice and snow being likewise more dense, the steps hewn out with the hatchet required to be enlarged with the feet preparatory to

changing our position. In this singular manner we slowly ascended, digging the left hand into the hole above our heads, left by the hatchet of the advancing guide, and gradually drawing up the foot into the next aperture; the body reclining full length on the snow between each succeeding step. In this truly delectable situation our eyes were every moment greeted with the view of the vast precipices of ice stretching above and below: impressing constantly on our mind the idea that one false step might seal the fate of the whole party: connected as we were one to the other, such in fact might easily have been the case. We had now been three hours on the peak itself, and the guides confidently affirmed that in another hour (if no accident occurred) we should attain the summit: the banner was accordingly prepared, and after a few minutes' repose, taken by turning cautiously round, and placing our backs against the snow, we stretched upwards once more, the guides singing national songs, and the utmost gayety pervading the whole party at the prospect of so successful a result. The brilliant white summit of the peak appeared just above us, and when within thirty or forty feet of its apex, the *guide chef*, considerably thinking that his employer would naturally wish to be the first to tread this unconquered summit, reversed the ropes, and placing me first in the line, directed me to take the hatchet, and cautiously cut the few remaining steps necessary. These injunctions I obeyed to the best of my abilities, and at one o'clock precisely the red banner fluttered on the summit of the central peak of the Wetterhorn.

"We had thus, after three days' continual ascent from the level of the plain, attained a height of 12,154 feet. Up to this period our attention had been too much occupied in surmounting the opposing obstacles which lay in our route, to allow us to contemplate with attention the astonishing panorama which gradually unfolded itself. The summit being under our feet, we had ample leisure to examine the relative position of the surrounding peaks, the greater portion of which appeared to lie far beneath us. To the north we perceived the Faulhorn

and the range of mountains skirting the lake of Brienz; behind these the passage of the Brunig, together with the lakes of Lunterne and Lucerne, on the banks of which rise the pyramids of the Righi and the Mont Pilate, the summits of which (the boast of so many tourists) appeared as mole-hills. Towards the east the eye wanders over an interminable extent of snow-clad summits, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon — a perfect ocean of mountains. Turning to the south, however, we there perceive the monarchs of these Bernese Alps rising side by side: the Rosenhorn and Berglistock raise their snow-clad crests in close proximity; separated from them by the Col de Lauteraar, we perceived the rugged Shreckhorn, aptly denominated the Peak of Terror; whilst the loftiest of the group, the Finsteraarhorn, appears peering among his companions. To the right of these two peaks the brilliant Vischerhorner next came into view, beyond which we discover the three celebrated sister summits of the Eiger, the Mounch, and the Jungfrau; the whole group exceeding the height of 12,000 feet. At the base of these gigantic masses lies the Wengern Alp, apparently a mere undulation; whilst far below, the outline of the village of Grindelwald may be faintly discerned, the river Lutchinen winding, like a silver thread, through the valley. On all sides of the peak on which we now stood (on the summit of which a dozen persons could scarcely assemble) we beheld vast glittering precipices; at the foot of these lie the plains of snow which contribute to the increase of the numerous glaciers, situated still lower; namely, to the left the superior glacier of Grindelwald and that of Lauteraar, to the right the glaciers of Gaulti, of Reufen, and of Rosenlauri, out of which rose the peaks of the Wellhorn, the Tosenhorn, and Engelhorn.

"Many anxious looks were now cast in this direction; the guides having determined to reach Rosenlauri through this unexplored region. We had remained above twenty minutes on the summit, exposed to a violent wind and intense cold; although in the plain, on

that day, the thermometer of Fahrenheit stood at 93 degrees in the shade. The sudden appearance of a few fleecy clouds far below caused us some misgivings; we therefore (after firmly securing the flag-staff) commenced our descent on the opposite side of the peak to that by which we had ascended, in order to reach the plains of snow surmounting the great glacier of Rosenlauri. From the excessive steepness of this slope, and the absence of crevasses, it was deemed advisable to sit and slide down the snow, guiding our course with the poles. In this manner we descended with the greatest rapidity to the plateau. Here again great caution was required, many of the crevasses being covered with a slight coating of fresh snow, incapable of sustaining the weight of the human body. After crossing this plateau, we arrived at the foot of the Tosenhorn. This is a lofty peak, situated at the junction of the glaciers of Rosenlauri and Reufen, which at this point become identified with the great slope of snow descending from the Wetterhorn. This region being a *terra incognita* like the preceding, our advance was slow and wavering; and on the descent of the Tosenhorn, the difficulties appeared rather to increase than diminish—the loose rocks and stones covering the southern aspect of the peak, receding continually from under the feet and falling in showers over the precipice; below which, at a fearful depth, we could discern the deep blue crevasses and bristling minarets of the glacier of Rosenlauri. Quitting the rocks, we again found ourselves on slopes of snow so vertical, that for a long period of time it was necessary to descend backwards, as if on a ladder, the hatchet being in full play. At the foot of one of these slopes the snow broke suddenly away, leaving a crevasse apparently about four yards in width, the opposite border of which was fully twenty feet lower than that on which we stood. This at first sight appeared insurmountable, the guides themselves being bewildered, and all giving advice in one breath. We were at this time clinging to the slope of snow, over the very verge of the blue gulf below. Jaun at length volun-

teered the hazardous experiment of clearing it at a bound: this he accordingly did, arriving safely on the inferior border. The ropes being detached, the remainder of the party mustered resolution, and desperation giving fresh courage, we all in turn came flying across the crevasse upon the smooth snow below. Our successful triumph over this alarming obstacle having greatly inspirited us, we prepared to cross a narrow slope of ice, on which our leader was diligently hacking a few steps. A sudden rumbling sound, however, arrested our attention; the rear guides drew the rest back with the ropes with violence, and the next moment an avalanche thundered down over the slope we had been preparing to cross, leaving the whole party petrified with horror at the narrowness of their escape. The clouds of fine snow in which we had been enveloped having subsided, we again descended, during three hours, a succession of steep walls of ice and snow, reaching the glacier of Rosenlauri at five o'clock p. m. The passage of this glacier resembles in every respect that of the far-famed Glacier de Bossons on the Mont Blanc, the crevasses being so numerous as to leave mere ridges of ice interposed between them; and these ridges being the only means of progress, the eye was constantly exposed to the view of the surrounding gulfs of ice, which at every step appear ready to swallow up the unfortunate individual whose presence of mind should fail, whilst the pinnacles of ice rising overhead often totter upon their unsteady foundations. In our present fatigued condition, the passage of the glacier was indeed highly perilous. The extreme caution and courage of the guides fortunately prevented the occurrence of any serious accident, and at eight p. m. we bade a final adieu to those fields of snow and ice-bound peaks over which our course had been directed for seventeen consecutive hours. All danger was now past, and the excitement having ceased, the tedious descent over rocks and fallen pines became insufferably fatiguing. The baths of Rosenlauri were still far below at our feet, whilst the sombre hue of the pine forests, stretching down into the valley, formed a striking

contrast to the uninterrupted glare of so many previous hours. Night was now gradually throwing its veil over the surrounding objects; the glimmering of lights soon became visible; and at nine P. M. we all arrived safely at the baths of Rosenlauri, where for several hours considerable excitement had prevailed — the flag fluttering on the summit of the peak having been discovered by means of a powerful telescope. Four small dots had likewise been noticed at an immense height on the otherwise unsullied snow, which dots having been likewise seen to change their position, the inhabitants of the valleys wisely concluded that another of their stupendous mountains was in a fair way of losing its former prestige of invincibility.

“On the following morning I took leave of the two intrepid chamois hunters, to whom on several occasions during the previous eventful day I had owed my preservation. I was shortly afterwards informed that these poor fellows, though so hardy, were confined by an illness arising from the severity of their late exploit. For myself, I escaped with the usual consequences of so long an exposure to the snow in these elevated regions; namely, the loss of the skin of the face, together with inflammation of the eyes, and, accompanied by my remaining guide, who was likewise in a very doleful condition, we recrossed the Great Shiedeck, arriving at Interlaken the 10th of July.”

HABITS OF THE PUMA. — The Puma, or South American Lion, has a wide geographical range in that continent, being found from the equatorial forests, throughout the deserts of Patagonia, as far south as the damp and cold latitudes of Terra del Fuego. I have seen its footsteps in the Cordillera of Central Chili, at an elevation at least of 10,000 feet. In La Plata, the puma preys chiefly on deer, ostriches, bizcacha, and other small quadrupeds; it there seldom attacks cattle or horses, and most rarely man. In Chili, however, it destroys

many young horses and cattle, owing probably to the scarcity of other quadrupeds. I have heard likewise of two men and a woman who had been thus killed. It is asserted that the puma always kills its prey by springing on the shoulders, and then drawing back the head with one of its paws, until the vertebræ break. I have seen in Patagonia the skeletons of guanacos with their necks thus dislocated. The puma, after eating its fill, covers the carcass with many large bushes, and lies down to watch it. This habit is often the cause of its being discovered; for the condors wheeling in the air, every now and then descend to partake of the feast, and, being angrily driven away, rise all together on the wing. The Chilian then knows there is a puma watching his prey; the word is given, and men and dogs hurry to the chase. It is asserted that if a puma has once been betrayed by thus watching the carcass, and has then been hunted, it never resumes this habit, but that, having gorged itself, it wanders away. Unlike many of the feline family, it is easily killed. In an open country, it is first entangled with the bolas, then lassoed, and dragged along the ground till rendered insensible. At Tandee, south of the La Plata, I was told that within three months one hundred were thus destroyed. In Chili, they are generally driven up bushes or trees, and are then either shot or baited to death by the dogs. The dogs employed in this chase belong to a peculiar breed, called Leoneros: they are weak, slight animals, like long-legged terriers, but are born with a peculiar instinct for this sport. The puma is described as being very crafty: when pursued, it often returns on its former track, and then suddenly making a spring on one side, waits there till the dogs have passed by. It is a very silent animal, uttering no cry even when wounded, and only rarely during the breeding season. — *Darwin's Journal.*

We are extremely mistaken in the computation of antiquity by searching it backwards; because, indeed, the first times were the youngest. — *Sir Henry Wotton.*



OTTER HUNTING.

In the reign of queen Elizabeth otters were much more numerous than they are in the present day, and hunting them was a favorite amusement of the young gentry. Small packs of from six to sixteen of otter-hounds (a peculiar breed of dogs, between the hardy southern hound and large rough terrier) were kept. But the increase of population has done away with the sport, which is now but little known; otter-hounds are seldom

seen, and the creature is hunted by sturdy terriers.

The otter is a curious animal, that takes to the water for the purpose of catching fish to feed upon, as he will eat none but what are fresh, and he catches them himself. As soon as he gets his prey he drags it on shore, devours it to the vent, but unless pressed by extreme hunger, always leaves the remainder, and takes to the water in quest of more. In very hard weather, when its natural food cannot be procured, it will kill lambs,

sucking pigs, and poultry; and they have been caught in rabbit warrens, whither they had wandered for food. They are extremely fond of salmon, and generally select the finest.

Otter hunting has still its choice admirers, and the late John Mytton was an ardent lover of it. A bold animal will stand three or four hours before the dogs, who are afraid to encounter his sharp teeth; and though terriers take a delight in attacking him, yet they proceed with much cautious watchfulness, especially the Scotch breed.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT. NO. I.

Stukely.—Well, such wonderful things are now done by machinery that I don't know what it is all to end in.

Gilaroo.—Wonderful indeed. I saw it stated the other day in a Manchester paper, that casks can now be made by machines—umbrellas, I know, have long been turned out by machinery.

Stuke.—You mean barrels, actual beer barrels?

Gil.—Certainly; but of course I only speak from hearsay. The staves, hoops, and heads, are in the first place dressed off by other machinery; then the real cask-making machine is fed with these prepared articles, and in two minutes' time turns out a complete and well-finished barrel. Old barrels can also be repaired by the same machine, the only difference in time being occupied in the taking of them to pieces previously to substituting such fresh staves, heads, or hoops, as may be required for the machine. The barrels, when completed, are superior to any heretofore turned out by manual labor, the machine fitting each stave as close as though the whole barrel had been formed of a single piece of timber. The inventor is said to be an operative, who would gladly take a patent for his machine, if he had the means.

Stuke.—Well, that is curious; but can it be believed? There is such a deal of stuff in the newspapers, that we never know how much to believe or disbelieve.

Gil.—True; too much nonsense, I

allow. I see, however, that another invention is perfected and in use, which was only hinted at twelve months ago; and a very clever thing too it seems to be.

Stuke.—What is it; anything about steamboats?

Gil.—No; it is a clock which is to go by the dropping of water, a hydraulic clock it is called. I cannot say that I rightly understand it; but this is what is said about it. Attached to the axis of the crane-wheel is a small bucket-wheel, on which the propelling power, a single drop of water in a second, acts. The action of a pendulum keeps the motion in perfect regularity, and the other machinery is of the most simple description. It requires no winding up, and from its great durability in the absence of friction, it will be easily kept in repair. I am told it keeps time with great accuracy, and that one has been going well for the last nine months. I understand the inventor is a watchmaker in a village in Fife.

Stuke.—Much need of some improvement in clock-work. Every public clock in town has its own time. You may set off from one end of a street at six o'clock, and arrive at the other end at half-past five.

Gil.—No, no, Stukely, not quite so bad as that; however, I allow that things are in a bad way with public clocks, and as they rule watches, no man's watch gives exactly the same time as any other man's watch. It is a universal confusion of time. Nothing for it, however, but to regulate the time all over the country by London or Greenwich time, and to move every public clock in a town by magnetic wires from a common centre.

Stuke.—Well, well, I wish they would do something. Last summer, when residing for a short time at a country town, I found that the church clock was regulated by the watch of the driver of the stage-coach; and he kept the time always a quarter of an hour back for his own convenience.

Gil.—We shall have all this put to rights, I daresay, when the railways go everywhere. How easy it will be to regulate time by the electric telegraph! By the way, do you see that a wire from one of these telegraphs is being carried along the Edinburgh and Glasgow line?

Stuke. — I was not aware ; but I am glad to hear of that apparatus being extended over the country. These triumphs of science almost reconcile one to the accidents which are still too frequently taking place on the various lines.

Gil. — You probably have not heard, either, of a clever and rather fine thing which took place the other day on the Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Stuke. — No ; how was that ?

Gil. — A traveller, on arriving in Edinburgh, missed his pocket-book, containing £700. On making known his loss, a stoker told him that a man had followed him from the station, and had immediately afterwards returned and taken his place in a train for Glasgow. The gentleman ordered an express engine ; and though some time was lost in getting up the steam, the engine came in sight of the train when approaching the inclined plane that leads down to Glasgow. The whistle of the express engine was violently blown, and the train in front went off to the other line of rails. The express shot past, and got to the station in time to admit of arrangements for apprehending the pickpocket. The train then came in : the suspected person was seen and identified by the stoker, who had accompanied the gentleman ; and the pocket-book and money were found on his person. This was really well managed ; but the best point in the story is to follow. The gentleman, overjoyed at recovering his money, offered a handsome reward to the stoker, which was resolutely refused ; and the gentleman therefore inclosed £100 to the directors, requesting them to take payment for the express, to reward their servant as they might see fit, and if there was any change, to forward it to him. The directors returned the whole sum ; stating that they would make no charge for the engine, and would themselves reward the stoker !

Stuke. — Well, I do say that was capital. I hope the stoker has been rewarded.

Gil. — I don't go along with the general notion about rewards. Every man should do his duty in helping his fellow-creatures, because it is his duty to do so, and not for the sake of money. I don't like paying people for doing what is right.

The pleasure of having done a good action is the best reward.

Stuke. — To hear you talk in this way ! You know very well that few people bestir themselves one way or another without the hope of reward. The child at school cares nothing for learning ; it only looks to the empty praise and the more solid prize which it may receive. Neither does the soldier fight for fighting's sake ; he is always looking forward to promotion.

Gil. — Mean motives all.

Stuke. — Be it so ; but we must take the world as we find it. Besides, there are so many rewards for doing mischief, or at least very questionable actions, that in fairness there should be also rewards for actions which are commendable. It will be long ere you demoralize the world by rewarding the performers of heroic or virtuous actions. You have, of course, heard of the famous Monthyon prizes in Paris ?

Gil. — Certainly I have.

Stuke. — Then, are they not creditable to the nation ? We have nothing like them. Great virtue or heroism under difficulties meets with not the slightest mark of public esteem in England. I will relate a case in point, which I have had partly from the Inverness Courier, and partly from private information. The island of Rona is a small and very rocky spot of land, lying between the Isle of Skye and the mainland of Applecross, and is well known to mariners for the rugged and dangerous nature of its coast. There is a famous place of refuge at its north-western extremity, called the "Muckle Harbor," of very difficult access, however, which, strange to say, is easier entered at night than during the day. At the extremity of this hyperborean solitude is the residence of a poor woman, named Widow Mackenzie, who is upwards of seventy years of age ; her lonely cottage is called by sailors "the lighthouse," from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light and the entrance of the harbor open, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety. During the silent watches of the night, the widow may be seen, like Norna of the Fitful Head, trimming her little lamp with oil, fearful that

some frail bark may perish through her neglect; and for this she receives no manner of remuneration — it is pure and unmingled philanthropy. The poor woman's kindness does not rest even here; for she is unhappy until the benumbed and shivering mariner comes ashore to share her little board, and recruit himself at her glowing and cheerful fire; and she can seldom be prevailed upon to accept of any reward. She has saved more lives than Davy's belt, and thousands of pounds to the underwriters. This poor creature, in her younger days, saw her husband and three brothers drowned before her face; and she is known frequently to sit for hours on a rock gazing on the spot where they sank. Her only dependence now is on the produce of a cow and two or three goats; and no one resides with her but her daughter. Now, is not this a case of meritorious benevolence worthy of some mark of public approbation? Just compare it for a moment with what has been lately done by a great railway speculator to call forth a tribute of national gratitude.

Gil. — Don't speak of that abomination. I consider it nothing short of a national disgrace. Not that I, by any means, disparage this extraordinary son of fortune, whose doings in life have certainly been very wonderful; but this testimonial affair looks so like a mere piece of mammon-worship, that I cannot endure it.

Stuke. — That may be; but I don't give up my point. Certain actions are worthy of public reward; only I think it a pity that the reward is left so much a matter of accident or caprice. A Rowland Hill, for instance, may have only fifteen thousand pounds presented to him for a service which cannot be spoken of as less than a universal benefit; while the commander at a victory gets a peerage and a pension for three generations. A private banking company known to me, actually, the other day, gave their discharged manager a pension exceeding the annual value of the tribute conferred upon the author of the penny post.

Gil. — Well, that may be. But talking of inequality in remunerations only serves to remind us that all rewards for services

to mankind are on a vague footing. Can anything, for instance, be more absurd than that a light book of amusement, which will not be heard of in the next generation, realizes greater gains to the author than could be derived from the profoundest and most widely and permanently useful philosophical work that any human being could pen? Such things show to me how absurd is the whole of the present system of gains, though I suppose it must run its course, and do a great deal more mischief before mankind be fit for anything better. By the way, have you observed the newspapers stating that a professor of phrenology has been appointed for the Andersonian university of Glasgow?

Stuke. — No, I did not, nor do I care. I consider phrenology to be nonsense.

Gil. — Of course you have investigated it, to speak so decidedly.

Stuke. — Me! Not I. I have something else to think of. The idea of telling people's characters from the outsides of their skulls is too ridiculous to be thought of.

Gil. — You are wrong at the very first; for the outsides of people's skulls are only looked at as an indication of the volume of brain within; and that may well be a point of importance, as the brain is, by general acknowledgment, the organ of the mind. Many a thing, too, has been laughed at, which, in the long run, turned out to be true. The right way is not to laugh at, but examine, new discoveries, real or alleged. I cannot say I am altogether a believer in phrenology myself, but I like fair play, and should wish to see it thoroughly and candidly investigated. The appointment of a professor in such a school as the Andersonian university, seems to me a good move. It lifts the science into a position which will compel at least respectful consideration, and that I suppose is all its adherents are in the meanwhile anxious about. How curious the manner in which craniology from Gall's time has battled its way up to this point! Honor to the man who —

Stuke. — Stop, stop, for any sake; you are getting into one of your high flights, and that I have no time for. So, good-night, Gilaroo; good-night.

ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC.

ADVENTURE has always its charms, be it by flood or field, at home or abroad, but more especially when it lies amid scenes little known, or even before unvisited. Under this impression we turn to a recent volume by the surgeon of a whaling vessel, who traversed the Pacific some ten or twelve years ago, dating his departure from England in 1832, and his return in 1836. The lapse between the date of the incidents and that of their publication is an unusual circumstance; but perhaps the author, acting on the good old Horatian maxim, judged that his manuscript would not be the worse for the retention. Be this as it may, the "Adventures" constitute a not uninteresting volume, relating as they do chiefly to shooting, fishing, and sailing excursions, and to exploring rambles on some of the uninhabited islands of Polynesia.

In October, 1832, Dr. Coulter set sail from Spithead in the good ship "Stratford" and, after a somewhat stormy run, entered the tropics, touched at Brava, one of the Cape de Verdes, and at the Falklands. These last-mentioned islands are, in Southern Atlantic conversation, called the "egg market," from the immense quantities of eggs of geese, penguins, and albatrosses, found along their shores. The nests of these birds are so numerous as to constitute ranges of two or three miles in length, and from three to six feet apart. "This arrangement," says our author, "is very convenient in every respect. The birds can easily hold a conversation across this street; and the sailors can walk up the centre of it, beat them out of their nests, and march off with the good eggs, thoughtfully leaving behind two or three bad ones as an inducement for the birds to return to their homes after the invasion." From these long streets of birds' nests, the ship's company carried off some six or seven tons of good palatable provision.

Having left the Falkland Islands, and rounded Cape Horn, the Stratford entered upon the scene of her whaling operations, and had good and easy success, if we may judge from some of the hunts described by Dr. Coulter. Dismissing, however,

these marine adventures, we shall follow him in his excursions on the islands which were visited during the cruise. Juan Fernandez—the island of the immortal Robinson Crusoe—was that first touched at, the vessel anchoring on the north side in deep water close to the beach. The island when they arrived was tenantless, though some time before the Chilian government had attempted to make it a sort of penal settlement. The attempt was unsuccessful; the convicts, amounting to about one thousand, rose on the soldiers in charge of them, seized their arms, and compelled two vessels, which were in the anchorage at the time, to carry them to the mainland.* A more enchanting habitation, if we may judge from Dr. Coulter's description, could not be wished for either by citizen or convict. It is from sixteen to eighteen miles long, and about seven in width, and chiefly consists of a succession of small hills and valleys, each with its little stream; and those rivulets often uniting, came dashing over the cliffs, in romantic waterfalls. After leaving the beach of Cumberland Bay, there is a level tract of some thirty acres filled with rose bushes in full bloom, with immense beds of mint, which is so tall, that one could hide in it without being discovered. The fragrance of this valley was enchanting. The small hills surrounding it, thickly covered with middling-sized timber in rich foliage, and a small rippling stream running through it, all added to its beauty. The island was abundantly stocked with bullocks, goats, and dogs—all imports since the time of Crusoe—but so wild, that when disturbed, they dashed through the thickets like deer. There was also no want of fish, as the sea all around abounded with delicious rock-cod; and seals could be had in almost any quantity. Having replenished their stock of beef, fish, wood, water, &c., and having stowed away a few boat-loads of the mint, which formed an agreeable anti-scorbutic tea, the Stratford hoisted anchor, and bade

* The island has since been taken on lease from the Chilian government by an American, who has brought to it a small colony of Tahitians, with the intention of cultivating it, so as to make it become the resort of whalers and other vessels navigating the Pacific.

adieu to this delightful and ever-memorable island.

The solitary life of Robinson Crusoe, or, more correctly speaking, Alexander Selkirk, appears to be anything but singular in the annals of the Pacific. This great and generally placid ocean is dotted over with hundreds of islands, the larger of which, in groups, are inhabited by tribes of people described by Cook and other voyagers, but the smaller and more isolated are lying in a state of nature, and untenanted, at least by natives. "There is scarcely, however," says our adventurer, "an uninhabited island in those seas, in the thoroughfare of shipping, on which there is a fertile spot of earth with a supply of water, that has not its Robinson Crusoe on it." Islands so occupied become in some measure shops to passing vessels; they furnish them with fresh vegetables and water, and likewise can give some information regarding the route of ships which had lately visited them. Dr. Coulter mentions the case of an Irishman who, put ashore for bad behavior from a vessel on Charles's Island, lived there some years a roving and independent life: he was at last killed in attempting to carry off from Guyaquil a queen for his beautiful domain. Another solitary of a different character was Johan Johnson, a Swede, who, somewhat later, lived a quiet life on this island, cultivating the ground, rearing goats, catching turtles, and otherwise occupying himself. This worthy man was ultimately robbed of his hard-earned property, including his boat, by a band of villains to whom he had shown kindness. "There is an inducement," says our author, "to live on such islands; and that is the sale of their produce to seamen, who are very glad to get a supply of fresh vegetables, and even give cash for it. Then, again, the great feeling of ease of mind and independence — no one to control a man, no one to demand anything of him. The only real annoyance those isolated men meet with is the occasional runaway sailor, who hides in the bush until the ship sails, and then asks shelter from the monarch of the island, and perhaps afterwards ill-treats or otherwise annoys him."

After some weeks' whaling, the Strat-

ford anchored at Chatham island, another of the Gallapagos group, for the purpose of recovering her oil, and otherwise righting her cargo. A tent having been erected on a smooth grassy plot close to the water's edge, one half of the crew took their turn of the land and vessel alternately; and a most delightful residence they had. "Fine green turtle came in on the beach at night, and with a little row and fun in watching for and turning them, were easily taken; then the wild ducks on the lagoons, and plenty of large doves on the land, were easily knocked down by a man throwing a stick among them; the terapin, or elephant tortoise, of from two to four hundred pounds' weight; plenty of fine fish close to the rocks; whole beds of very high strong mint, with other herbs in great variety; all those, with many others, afforded the men a great treat, particularly when taken by themselves and used on shore. There were plenty of large hair seals in all directions on the beaches and rocks, whose skins made moccasins for every one in the ship; and, to complete the comforts of this encampment, fine fresh water was obtained by digging down about fourteen feet. All round this end of the island the woods extended to nearly the beach and rocks, and in some instances overhung the water. It was a rich sight. I had been at this island twice before, but had not an opportunity of seeing so much of it; indeed little more than the rocks, beach, and a mile or so inland. As we were to lie here some time, and as there was nothing for me to do professionally, I determined to shoulder my gun, and walk right round the island on an exploring excursion." Having arrayed himself in leather cap and jacket, canvass trousers and strong shoes, and carrying with him the indispensable accoutrements of knife, axe, gun, and canteen, the doctor set out alone; not an individual would volunteer his companionship; it "was all a humbug," said they, "to be tramping about an uninhabited island from morning to night." For a week or two our adventurer found everything very pleasant — delightful scenery, good living, and no charges; nothing to do but travel, cook his own turtle and vension, and sleep

soundly, without dread or danger. His stipulated time being nearly expired, he again bent his way through brake and ravine to the encampment; but mark his dismay when he found the tent and vessel gone—not a trace of his companions save a pole stuck in the ground, and a bottle dangling at the top of it. This however contained a note from the captain, stating that the vessel had broken from her moorings, and that, in consequence of the current and swell, he was obliged to run her to sea; but that he would bring her up to her old berth as soon as the storm abated. Here, then, was our adventurer an involuntary Robinson Crusoe on one of the Gallapagos; set adrift for days, it might be for weeks, and left to his own resources, with the exception of a change of clothing, some shot and powder, a small bag of biscuit and a frying-pan, which the captain had considerably deposited near the deserted encampment. There was no use for idle regret: wishes could not better his position; and so arraying himself in his new apparel, Dr. Coulter set out once more to lead the life of a solitary hunter and fisher. The account of one of his adventurous rambles possesses much pathetic interest.

"When I was better than half way down the weather side, at about four miles inland, I came suddenly on a space of ground, which was partially clear, and where a few trees lay that had evidently a few years ago been cut down by some one. On further entering this space, there were mustard, pumpkins, melons, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, and tobacco, all growing indiscriminately, and in a very wild state—tall weeds, and suckers of young trees, starting up here and there from the roots of the old ones.

"In looking about, I saw what was once a spade, but the blade of which now was only rust, and fell in pieces when I touched it with my foot. Near this, in a hollow, was a well with water enough, but overgrown and covered with weeds. It was regularly built round with stone. I continued my search over this once well-cared-for plantation, until I came to the highest or upper part of the clearing, which was walled along for several hundred yards by solid rock. Up near this,

almost concealed by a clump of trees, and nearly overgrown with wild vine, I discovered a house, or rather hut, on a comfortable scale. There was no sound of human voice here—all was still.

"I knew, from the indications about, that it was long since the place had been attended to. The net-work of vines round it was so thick and close, that I had to make an opening through it with my axe. On entering this wild barrier, I came at once on the house, which was built against the rock, with a shed roof thatched—the sides and front merely posts of wood, interlaced by vine branches, and covered over with mud. The whole was in a falling state; there was only a doorway into it, but no door.

"I now with strange feelings entered the door; there was ample light through this ruin to see all. It was a melancholy sight and discovery to me. In the centre of the floor, near a rude table, lay the skeleton of a man, only partially concealed by what had once been a covering of skins. On my touching it, it fell into powder; the bones, though in apposition, were separated by the slightest touch. On one side were an old boiling pot and frying-pan, wood, axe, &c. all in rust; a tobacco-box, with a rudely manufactured pipe, on the table; an old worn-out and rust-eaten carabine and cutlass in the corner; there was a shelf which had once served for a bed, with seal-skins on it. I searched minutely, but could not find either paper or any other thing that could give the least information as to the name, or who this unfortunate recluse was.

"It was a dismal scene. I came out and gazed on this hut for some time; a thought struck me, and I proceeded to execute it. All was a ruin, and now falling; the only thing I could now do for this remnant of humanity was to bury it; the only way I could even do that was to cover it with the ruins. A few blows of a heavy stone against the posts laid all prostrate, and shut out the sight forever.

"Whilst in those seas I made many inquiries, from captains and others frequenting those islands, about this solitary man, but no one knew or had heard anything about him. He must have been dead for many years, from the state of

the skeleton, the hut, and long-neglected plantations. I left the grounds without touching anything, with a heavy heart, and could not eat a bit until I was miles away from it."

After a lapse of fourteen days, the *Stratford* hove in sight; and a couple of boats were lowered at the signal of the doctor, who admits that though he always experienced great delight in a change of scenery, and exploring unknown places, he felt infinitely more in again hearing the voices of his friendly shipmates. The voyage was now directed towards the Marquesas, a group of islands whose inhabitants were then thorough barbarians and cannibals. On one of these the doctor was again accidentally left, and was obliged to remain for some time, and cultivate the acquaintance of the natives. In a few days he became a great favorite with the chief of the tribe, who, being at war with another tribe, thought the adventurer's rifle more than a match for a thousand of the spears of his opponents. The doctor in short became a great man — too great we fear for his own liking or comfort; for they not only made him a chief, but insisted on his being tattooed, and made "one of themselves." "I was," continued he "four hours under the operator the first day, and three hours the second; which time sufficed to mark on my skin the delineations and characteristics of a chief. After all was over, the surface was rubbed with scented cocoa-nut oil, which cooled the inflammation much, and gave me great ease. Then, blowing conchs and firing muskets ended the ceremony. The people and chiefs all then looked upon me as more than one of themselves. They came in numbers, bringing what they thought delicacies of all sorts — fruit, fowl, pig, fish, &c.; and the chiefs gave me various presents. Indeed, all was an exhibition of real kindness." Besides causing him to be tattooed, his adopters insisted on our member of the College of Physicians changing his own respectable habiliments for the less cumbersome costume of the country. "'Mate' [one of the chiefs] gave me his own head-dress, which he had worn in fifteen battles. It fitted me exactly, and was a splendid thing. There

was a hoop of brown bark, about three inches deep, to fit on the head; this was encircled with pearl-shell of various shapes, and red berries glued fast on; from the entire circumference of the top, drooped gracefully over the shoulders the long shining feathers of the cock's tail; the inside was lined, and the lower edge fringed, with the varied-colored bright feathers of the ground-parrot. As soon as he put it on my head, and adjusted it, he took me to a Marquesan looking-glass (a deep pond of clear water) to look at myself; and from what I beheld then, I certainly thought my friends at home would scarcely know me." Nor did the change end in the dress; they made him alter his profession, turned the physician into a warrior, and compelled him to take part in the pending encounter. The account of that savage affair is the most unpleasant portion of the volume, and we gladly pass it over. The object of the war, we are told, was satisfactorily attained, by the restoration of the mother and child of the chief, both having been stolen in order to be made a sacrifice in one of the heathenish rites common in these islands. A short time afterwards, the *Stratford* appeared once more in sight, and our author left the island, and gained the ship; his grotesque appearance being greeted "with the most tremendous and unrestrained laughter."

Cruising for whales again occupied the *Stratford* for several weeks, after which she touched at Robert's Island, the most northern of the Marquesas. This islet, according to the doctor's description, is quite a gem of a place — secure, and well stocked with every sort of Polynesian produce. And who, it may be asked, were the lords of so desirable a domain? Why, another Robinson Crusoe in the person of Thomas Holt, an English sailor, who had left an American brig, on board of which he had met with some unfriendly treatment. Here he had already lived five years; three by himself, and two in company with another English sailor and a native Marquesan boy. The little group seemed perfectly happy; and so many will think they ought to have been, for, under a most delightful climate, they had plenty of

hogs, fowls, fruit, fish, and turtle — everything, in short, which they desired ; and the whole seasoned with the most perfect freedom and independence. The doctor's description of a visit to the palace of these island monarchs is quite a picture : " Our way lay through a delightfully picturesque and natural avenue of bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, and other trees, with here and there a high naked rock of very fantastic form. The weather was very fine, the temperature of the air agreeable, and the vegetation around was fresh and luxuriant. The chirp of the paroquette, and the occasional note of other birds, added life to the scene.

" After walking through this for about a mile and a half, we came to a very densely-wooded part, and by taking a scarcely defined footpath through this for a few moments, we arrived at an open space, from which the trees had been cleared away, leaving the stumps about two or three feet high. At one end of this clearing, and close to a small pond of fresh water, Holt's house stood. In the rear of this habitation was a complete barrier of thick timber, which had not been touched. The house itself was about twenty feet long by twelve wide, sufficiently capacious for the residence of two men and the boy, that formed the only inhabitants of this island. At one end of it there was a kind of cook-house erected, where they prepared their meals. The furniture of the house consisted of two sleeping places for the men, and a smaller one for the boy, built up against the side of the house, after the manner of a ship's berth ; two muskets, and a couple of Marquesan spears. Fishing-gear hung against the wooden partition, the house being divided into two apartments. Two frying-pans, and an iron boiling-pot, with three large calabashes slung for carrying water, and five or six canoe paddles lying in the corner ; a kind of a table was in the centre of the larger room, rudely enough made, by driving four posts into the floor, and resting on them a slab of wood, roughly flattened with an axe. They had also two spades and as many axes ; pieces of hollowed wood served them for plates and dishes."

After leaving the Marquesas, the *Stratford* touched at the Georgian and Society Islands, and ultimately at Tahiti — Pomare's own isle — to which recent events have now attracted the attention of Europe. To these our author alludes but slightly — conveying, however, the gratifying information that all of them present unmistakable evidence of improvement both in economy and morals. While at Tahiti, the doctor was presented to no less a personage than Queen Pomare, and was nearly getting into a more serious adventure than any into which accident had yet thrown him. This was nothing short of marriage with one of the queen's maids of honor — her majesty vehemently urging the affair, and promising our M. D. an ample bribe in the shape of land and oxen. " Not being inclined at the time," says the doctor, naively, " I waived all those brilliant inducements, and begged to decline so great a favor, even from the hands of her majesty."

Here the adventures end somewhat abruptly, but with a promise that the author will in a future work, bring the reader across the meridian of 180 degrees into east longitude, and tell him of adventures and occurrences at islands and other places where a civilized trader seldom, and a missionary never, landed.

HE who wisely would restrain the reasonable soul of man within due bounds must first himself know perfectly how far the territory and dominion extend of just and honest liberty. As little must he offer to bind that which God hath loosened, as to loosen that which God hath bound. The ignorance and mistake of this high point hath heaped up one huge half of all the misery that hath been since Adam. — *Milton*.

RETribUTION. — The good or evil we confer on others very often, I believe, recoils on ourselves ; for, as men of a benign disposition enjoy their own acts of beneficence equally with those to whom they are done, so are there scarce any natures capable of doing injuries without paying themselves some pang for the ruin which they bring on their fellow-creatures. — *Fielding*.



METHOD OF CONSUMING GAS AT WALLSEND COLLIERY.

DREADFUL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

RECENTLY another of those fearful explosions of fire-damp, so frequent in the district, occurred in the West Moor pit, at Killingworth, about six miles from Newcastle, and in the adjoining county of Northumberland. At first the loss of life was thought to be very considerable, and various rumors were circulated, exaggerating the extent of the calamity. On inquiry on the spot, however, it was ascertained that ten men and boys have fallen victims on this occasion, and that two others, who were in the same district, but nearer the shaft of the mine, were got out alive, and are in a fair way of recovery.

The first intimation of the accident was given by two men, miners, who had left their work in the north-eastern head-

ways, where the explosion is supposed to have originated, and had just come to bank. The explosion, to use their own language, "came back upon them;" that is to say, the air in the workings being forcibly expanded, rushed along the drifts to the mouth of the pit, carrying with it the loose particles of coal-dust, called by the pitmen "stour;" and the appearance of which, under such circumstances, is regarded as a sure indication of an explosion. The men at bank gave the alarm, and presently the intelligence spread into the village, causing the greatest consternation and excitement. Hundreds of men, women, and children were soon collected together at the mouth of the pit, and though the voices of wailing and lamentation could not be stifled, it was yet astonishing to witness the degree of

calmness and resignation which prevailed among the assembled multitude. As usual in such cases, there were not wanting those who were ready to descend into the mine, to rescue, if possible, any who might still survive; but such was the state of the air in the mine, that to do so with any degree of safety was utterly impracticable for some hours. A continuous stream of water was directed down the shaft, and that had the effect of purifying the atmosphere, so as to admit of the men descending. This they did with all eagerness and promptitude, each anxious to be foremost at the point of danger. Having descended the shaft, their next object was to explore the drift and penetrate into the workings; but here again a new difficulty was presented. Such had been the force of the explosion, that nearly all the stoppings and crossings had been blown down, so that the current of air was deranged, and it was necessary to replace these before any advance could be made with safety. This was done with all convenient speed, temporary wooden stoppings being put in where those of brick and stone had been displaced. This operation necessarily occupied much time, during which the impatience of the men, anxious to rescue their comrades, was so great, that it was found almost impossible to restrain them from penetrating beyond the point to which the current of air had been carried, so far as even to hazard their own lives. At one time the men were nearly 200 yards in advance of the stoppings, and their conduct under such trying circumstances must excite admiration and demand eulogium. Silently, but with manly firmness and noble self-devotion, they advanced into the overcharged atmosphere, the weakest first sinking under the deadly effect of inhaling it, and then the strong yielding in turn, till so much exhausted as to require assistance in returning. In many instances these intrepid men had to be carried into the current of fresh air, and were recovered only by the use of proper stimulants. With undaunted courage the men continued to explore the drift, pushing forward, as far as their strength and the nature of the overcharged atmosphere

would permit, till at length they succeeded in finding the bodies of two men and one boy, about 500 or 600 yards from the shaft, in the stone drift. The men were both alive, but the boy was dead. The men were instantly brought out, and remedial means resorted to, and they have since recovered so far as to be considered out of danger. A few hundred yards further in, the bodies of four others were found dead. Two were married men, who have left large families; the other is a young man, the fourth a boy. None of them appeared to be much burnt, but the body of the boy was greatly mutilated. Still further on, they found the body of a deputy, who had been engaged in examining the works at the time the explosion took place. This body was not burnt, so that it is probable he died from the after-damp. The bodies of four others yet remained in the mine, though hopes were entertained that they would be recovered during the night. They were supposed to be in the north headways, which have not yet been explored. The two men who came out and gave the alarm, as stated above, met the other two men going in to replace them; and they calculate, from the time that elapsed between meeting them and the explosion taking place, they would not have got beyond the flat, which is some distance from the face of the coal where they were going to work. Every effort is being made to reach this spot as soon as possible, but there is not the smallest chance of their being found alive.

On the melancholy intelligence being communicated to Mr. Reed, the coroner for this division of the county of Northumberland, and also the fact of several of the bodies having been found, that gentleman caused a jury to be summoned, who assembled at the colliery office on the following afternoon, between one and two o'clock, and, having been sworn in, proceeded to view the bodies of the sufferers which had been taken from the pit and conveyed to the homes where they had previously dwelt in comfort and contentment, but which had been changed by this dreadful calamity into the abodes of grief and affliction. The names of the sufferers are as follows: — John Sharp,

a hewer, left a widow and six children; William Sharp, his brother, also a hewer, left a widow and seven children; Robert Hall, deputy, a single man, about twenty-four years of age, on the point of marriage; Mathew Thompson, putter, a youth; William Moulter and Thomas Stuart, trapper boys. These six were viewed by the jury, the remaining four not having been found; their names are — Thomas Thompson, a hewer, left a widow and four children; Peter Tweedie, hewer, a young man; John Hindmarsh, a trapper, and John Grey, a putter, both boys.

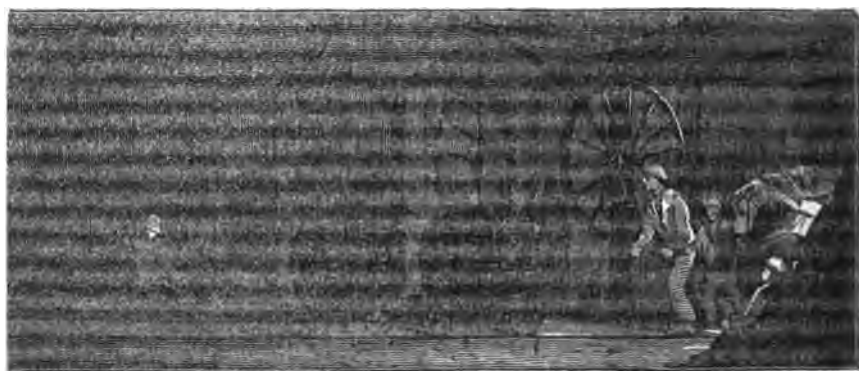
The jury having viewed the bodies, proceeded to examine evidence, which was so satisfactory as to the state of ventilation in the pit, and proved so clearly that the calamity could not by any human foresight have been prevented, the jury, without retiring, found a verdict accordingly of "Accidental death."

The colliery, which is the property of Lord Ravensworth and partners, was not at full work; and it was the night shift, which accounts for there being so few men in the pit at the time of the explosion. Had the pit been at full work, the loss of life would have been much more serious.

An adjourned inquest upon the bodies of others of the sufferers was afterwards held, when the same verdict was returned.

Accidents in coal mines are generally caused by the accumulation of inflammable air in certain parts of the mine; sometimes in the waste or portions from

which the coal has been wrought; at others from fissures in the seam; and occasionally from some fault in the ventilation, or carelessness on the part of the workmen. The interior of a pit consists of numerous passages; the coal being left to form the walls as well as to support the roof, currents of air are forced along by means of shafts sunk from the surface to a remote part of the workings. Large fires are kept constantly burning at the shaft down which the workmen descend; this, of course, assists materially to strengthen the current, which is guided in various directions, where most needed, by opening or shutting doors. When a large portion of a mine has been wrought in the manner above described, the walls of coal are removed, and an immense space then remains, which is carefully separated from the working part of the pit. This is a matter of great importance, for this space or waste speedily becomes filled with water and gas. At Wallsend Colliery, in the neighborhood of Killingworth, the gas generated in the waste is consumed in the manner displayed in the cut. The contrivance is very simple, being nothing more than large pipes communicating with the waste, towards which the gas is driven and lighted at the top. An immense flame is always visible, which at night illuminates the country for some distance round about. It has been proposed to purify this gas, and convey it for the purpose of lighting the small towns in the neighborhood.



COLLIERY.

SOCIAL HAPPINESS,

CONSIDERED IN THE PERSONAL RELATIONS OF
LIFE.

PARENT AND CHILD.

CHILDREN are our fellow-travellers in this great highway of existence; called on to it by ourselves, newer to the road, weaker as yet, one day to be as strong as ourselves, one day stronger, lending to us the supporting hand that now we lend. They join us on the journey, and walk nearest to us in the crowd. They live because we have loved; the love is born within them, and they cling to us. Yet too often we are separated on the path, not only by mischance, but by our own frowardness which we impart to them. Why not walk the whole way hand in hand, until they leave us at our resting-place? It were better for both; for it is a blessed condition of nature that one of the highest sources of happiness is the ministering to the welfare of others, and in no relation is that so apparent as between parent and child. Those who take their offspring for mere toys waive a large part of their own capacity for good. Those who regard them as burdens or hindrances have themselves no right to tread the common path, which they thus walk in solitary selfishness. The purpose of us all then should be to improve that companionship.

It is a trite remark that the tuition of children begins at the mother's breast; yet nothing is more uncommon than to set about that early tuition with conscious management. Scarcely an act that occurs in the new time of life but has its effect upon the mind; and by keeping that fact in view, without annoyance or trouble to ourselves, it is not difficult to begin the training of the disposition at the very earliest. Some suppose that infants are nowadays more lively than they used to be; which is not improbable, since it is becoming less and less the custom to stifle their faces with flannels, and to treat them as if they were only half alive. That is an improvement in infant teaching. The glimmer of intelligence appears almost as soon as we see the eyes open, though it takes a longer time for the will

to assume anything like an independent self-control. But even that begins before modes of expression are found; and, therefore, not only habit, but a conscious reflection and self-modification of habit, begin before the first word is mastered. We can now awaken in the dawning mind two very important distinctions—one, between those things which please us in the child's acts and those which do not; the other, between those things which the child may have and those which it may not. Our own behavior is our sole means of suggesting those ideas; but the ideas of children, though vague in definition or outline, as it were, are vivid in tint; and they are very ready to perceive any broad distinction which we persevere in illustrating by our own manner and act. The child tries to snatch at everything; but the simple fact of always allowing him to have certain things, and *never* allowing him to have others, will habituate him to draw the distinction in his own mind and conduct. There are variations as to the time necessary to complete the formation of that general idea that there is a distinction, and, of course, it must receive constantly new applications until experience is matured; but those who have not tried will be surprized to find at what an early age the child will learn to assume his ring or rattle as a right, but leave untouched the tea-things or the papers on the table. Reproof is not necessary to enforce that habit: simple pertinacity in its practical enforcement will suffice. If a child reaches at what it should not have, take it away and put it beyond its reach. If *once*, however, you break your rule, the effect will be, that, as to that particular thing at least, you prevent the child from acquiring the lesson. Children understand acts long before they understand speech, and for a considerable time longer they understand acts better than speech.

As the child emerges from mere infancy, it will be found that the formation of habit does not essentially differ from the process just indicated: he will not only acquiesce in whatever he is uniformly made to do, but will most likely adopt it as a voluntary act. But, as the will and the desires are developed, new wants arise with such rapidity that there is no time allowed to

shape them into habits before we must settle some question upon them; and here we approach that bugbear, discipline. Throughout the tutelage of the child, nothing can be so important as the parent's winning his confidence and acquiring a strong influence over him. The mere power of authority alone will not suffice; for, if the child does not trust in you, and concur in the exercise of your influence, he will find some means to defeat it when most needed, and in that unhappy process he will besides learn further vices. The influence of terror is liable to that enormous counteraction: the whole ingenuity of the child will be used to evade it and frustrate it, so that it must fail of its object; while it directly teaches evasion and lying. A time will come, too, when that influence must cease; but meanwhile it has prevented the growth of other and better influences. This assertion may not, perhaps, be true in the letter; for an austere father may yet be so affectionate and devoted to the child's welfare that the child may learn to love and respect him; but he will yield only a timid and imperfect confidence, limiting the field in which benignant influences act exactly in proportion as the influence of terror is strong. When the great philosopher says, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son," the "rod" is not to be understood literally as meaning a ferule, but as typifying the proper means of discipline, whatever they may be. Some pedagogues indeed believe, or assume without trial, that they cannot do without the veritable cane; it may be needed with hardened little savages, such as boys will at times become before they reach school, or in the school itself; but we are here considering the discipline of a child which begins with its suckling. If ever the rod is necessary, it will be found that the necessity has arisen from the lashes of the parent. The rod is a rude instrument for fetching up arrears of discipline neglected. It may seem to save trouble by serving the immediate purpose as a substitute for that unceasing attention and control which are needed to keep up regular order without; but the success is only apparent, since the effect of terror is subject to that enormous derogation,

alienating the child's confidence from you, and suggesting evasion of some kind. Inasmuch as you cannot always hope to control the will, which will outgrow your authority, your object is so to train it that it shall of itself go right. The most favorable moment to check error is at the first point of deviation from the right path, at the first symptom of a disposition to go wrong, when it can usually be done without violence, without alarm, without violating the sense of shame; a feeling which should be very sparingly excited in children; since it is one which in some inflicts great and undue suffering, and to which others readily grow hardened, thus losing one of those internal and spontaneous checks upon error which it is your very object to foster.

It is not to be denied that some means of compulsion is required; but it needs seldom to be violent. The child easily becomes reconciled to whatever is regular and inevitable, and, by constant care, obedience itself may be made a habit. As the will develops itself, however, the rule becomes liable to infraction, and mere general obedience fails to be a guide on all occasions; but, instead of regarding the first mistake as a crime for retribution, the parent will rather seize that opportunity of cutting of a whole train of future faults. By acting thus he retains great advantages. There is the least waste of means. The child feels that its own condition is dependent on its own conduct, not in respect of the past, which cannot be helped, but in respect of the future, which can. Its understanding will acquiesce in the process; an important point, when we consider that it is the *will* we are training. You should be cautious of exacting a confession of such acquiescence; for, however satisfactory it may be to your own mind, it is apt to teach lying by a process inverse to that which Wordsworth describes; that is, by suggesting, through pique at the moment, a false denial. With this careful attention to conduct in detail, no fiercer means of compulsion will be needed than mere seclusion. To give a practical illustration. "Meddling" is one of the earliest classes of error to which children are liable, but by no means so difficult to

check as may be supposed. Begin by preventing it—never let the young infant have what children ought not to have. As the child grows readier with its hands, be more vigilant yourself, and, if it persists in meddling, remove it altogether from the place where the forbidden object stands. If he resents your compulsion by noise, beginning a new fault, put him away from you—quite away in solitude if necessary. Be watchful to observe and accept the first genuine turn of feeling: you are not *punishing* the child, that is dealing retribution for a past fault; you are simply showing him practically that his condition depends upon his own behavior; and he should feel that the change is at least as easy from the displeasing as from the agreeable condition, according to his own act. Vigilance and perseverance in keeping up that perpetual accord between the behavior of the child and its condition will suffice to obviate the necessity of harsher measures. But once break through the rule yourself, give that thing to be played with what has been forbidden, neglect to compel what you require, yield to the child before he has himself yielded, and you baffle his perception of your drift, teach him to err, and discredit your own means of control. It is the negligence and inconsistency of parents that cause half the mistakes of children. Active discipline cannot begin too soon, certainly not later than two years of age; and the greater part of it may be got rid of within the next two years, with patience and pertinacity.

In order to this elastic accordance between behavior and condition, it is necessary to avoid all general condemnation, implied in the use of epithets: to say to a child "You are a naughty child" suffers him to go under a kind of running sentence, whatever may be his conduct at any one moment. It has the effect, too, if often repeated, of making him perceive that the condition of being "naughty" is not in itself at all intolerable, perhaps even not unpleasant. It also tends to harden the mind against shame; besides raising hostile feelings between the condemned and the condemner. A well-trained child will see nothing in his parent but unceasing kindness, even while exercising an inevitable compulsion.

That most perfect, straightforward truth is the best in dealing with children, the least troublesome to the parent, the most wholesome for the child, is sound doctrine to the utmost extent. Children are very acute to detect duplicity, and somewhat ready to suspect it where it exists not, if their suspiciousness has been fostered by detection. If you wish a child to believe that what you do in the way of discipline is for his sake, do not tell him that it is so when what you do is for your own sake. Avow the fact manfully. There is nothing to be ashamed of in wishing a child to go away, for instance, because you desire it; but do not then attempt to make him fancy that it is anxiety for his play and amusement that makes you send him. Let him learn to gratify you. Again, if he wants a reason for what you do, give it him, if you can: but, if that would be indiscreet, say so: he will readily believe that the reason is quite valid, and that your further reason for withholding it is also quite valid, if your conduct is always reasonable and your bearing sincere.

In the discipline of your child, exceeding caution is necessary not to press too harshly on what are inherent defects of character or constitution. Do not try to alter, but to train, the natural character. You will otherwise be betrayed into the fatal mistake of making him feel that you exact what he cannot perform, that he suffers for what he cannot help. In reference to this class of faults, very cautiously administered rewards may be useful. For example, if a child is born with a defect of speech, it is cruel to try to force a correct enunciation; for at the moment he feels that he cannot help himself: at the same time, infantile levity prevents his making a determined effort to conquer the defect: a reward will supply, not improperly, the motive that is wanting in his mind. But to reward a child for merely behaving well in what he can always do is to pay him for what he knows you can and ought to exact; to convert a duty into a favor, and to dislocate your whole machinery of discipline.

As a kind of general condemnation and reward, praise and blame are most mischievous. Praise, except in the sense

of an approving sentence of judgment on certain rare and special occasions, which ordinary experience do not suffice to elucidate to the child, is a reward for behaving properly, and teaching him that there is some notable merit in doing so ; whereas he ought to regard that proper behavior as the normal condition of life, that which is most advantageous and agreeable to himself, that which secures to him your love. Praise helps to cultivate an undue "love of approbation" — vanity. Its most injurious effect, however, is, that it warps his own judgment, which should be growing up with his growth and based on his practical experience. He will learn not to consider things in their simple and natural bearing, as right or wrong to be done, but as the means of purchasing praise. In all those respects the converse may be said of blame. Instead of uttering either in set terms, if you think some expression of opinion desirable, analyze the conduct of the child in a clear way, and point out to him its advantages or disadvantages, not in a merely selfish sense, but in a broad and liberal view of what is good.

One thing which profits largely by early training is that which is called "good taste," a most comprehensive and powerful agent in securing good behavior. We cannot begin too soon. It not only helps us to make the child behave decorously "in company" — and what a curse to parents is an ill-behaved child ! — but it instills principles of right conduct into him ; so that when occasion arises not included in his imperfect experience, if he obey not the established etiquette, he will fall upon some plan in itself graceful, which is, indeed, the best sort of polish. But you cannot hope to secure good taste in your child "in company," if you yourself violate it, or suffer its violation in private. Arbitrary distinctions are far more difficult to teach children than principles ; and if they are used to behave or speak ill in the nursery, you have no security against their doing it in the drawing-room. As the child grows up, good taste is one of the best safeguards against that terrible danger, bad company. It is one of the most potent influences in determining the most

critical event of a man's life — the choice of his love. Parents often bewail the "low" and ill-advised choice which a cultivated taste would have done more to prevent than all the set admonitions or paternal threats in the world. Such a choice is eminently a matter of will ; good taste is a guardian which you can create, to accompany your charge unceasingly, and to influence his very will.

It is as the child grows up that you feel the full benefit of that mild, consistent, affectionate rule which has gained for you his confidence. How often does it happen that harshness in the most respectable and devoted parents has utterly alienated that confidence ! how often, on the most critical occasions, are parents obliged to resort to some "young friend" to beg the intervention of an influence which they have lost ! How deplorable — how needless ! No friend has ever had such opportunities as the parent had — such length of acquaintance, such power to gratify, such means of forming habit. What, then, has been wanting ? You have not been a companion to your child. Born to your house, walking by your side in the path of life, you have treated him as if he were not your equal fellow-man, only weaker in strength and knowledge. You have been, when he was young, too proud to take a real interest in his amusements, and have made him ashamed to make you a partaker in his childish sports and plans. When he began to think and talk, you have failed to cultivate his conversation by making it on equal terms, and pleasant. When he began to form acquaintances in the world, you have failed to make him perceive that you have ever been one of the kindest, most faithful, most pleasant of his friends. Perhaps he has been accustomed to associate terror with you. Perhaps you have often made him blush at himself. Perhaps you have violated to him that courtesy which he sees you never violate to others whom you love less well ; for courtesy — the benevolence which is shown in considerate bearing — may begin with the baby in the arms. Perhaps, when he has come to you to share his delights, he has found you, even when not pre-occupied, cold and

supercilious. Perhaps, when he has come to you in perplexity and tribulation, you have not received him, as his "young friend" would have done, with an instant, obvious, and sincere anxiety to get him through his trouble, but with reproaches. If you have done all this, or any of it, how can you expect him to come to you in confidence, when all his desires are at stake, all his feelings keenly alive to wounds? You have frightened him away. You must accept, perhaps implore, the aid of the "young friend"—inexperienced because young. He has done what you have neglected, gained the loving trust of your child: perhaps he may do what you cannot, and whereas the boy has been "seduced from paths of virtue," he may seduce him back; that is, he may have the influence over his feelings and affections which is often stronger than reason or authority. The time is coming when you must sustain the hardest reverse that can happen to an exacting parent—you must abdicate your authority. Twenty-one years have passed with the child in your house, yet, with all your opportunities, you have not made him your closest friend, the companion eager for your society; and you never will. He leaves you; and you view his career, an unheeded spectator, in deploring helplessness.

Perhaps you have done the reverse of all this. Perhaps from his earliest youth your child came to you and ever found kindness, indulgence, true companionship, a serious interest in his pursuits; and in what pursuits, however "childish," should a parent not take interest, who knows that all go to train the mind and affections? Perhaps he has found your conversation the most willing, the most intelligible, and the most agreeable; perhaps he has seen that you loved to be with him—sharing his pleasures, helping him in his trouble with kindness that never failed for a single day. He may know that your indulgence is not unreflecting or weak—he will trust you the better. But he knows, too, that he has never been coldly received, never stood humbled before you. You are his oldest companion, his kindest, his most trusted. He is in danger, and he tells you. He is

in trouble, and he seeks your help. He is in doubt, and he asks your explanation and counsel—not a sentence of authority,—that he would evade,—but the true counsel of a companion. You may not be able to do all that you could wish: you did not master your own passions, and how can you expect to master his? But he is safer than he could ever be without you. And at all events you are, in pleasure or trouble, still fast friends. As his day of dangers passes, his strength waxes, and he, your son, becomes in all things your fellow-man—your daughter is the second mistress of your house. Your own strength begins to fail, but still you are surrounded by your dearest friends; your growing weakness fears no harsh remembrance, no cold protection, no supercilious looking down on your less stirring and energetic converse. The companionship has ever been close, equal, and loving, and it is so still, to the last; a new companionship arising before your eyes in the children of your children, promising to your progeny a close as full of love and faith as your own.

THE FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

'NOTHING can be done without money,' said George pettishly; 'I had a splendid project in my head, but nobody will listen to such a poor fellow as I.'

We were three friends met together, bewailing the rigors of fortune: our lamentations, however, took the turn they usually take among companions whose age does not exceed twenty years.

'And I,' said Albert, 'have finished a work which would create my reputation, could a publisher only be met with willing to undertake the expenses of printing.'

'I have asked our principal,' added 'to increase my salary, after four years of assiduous service; and he answered, that of such clerks he could find as many as he wished for six hundred francs a-year.'

'My dear fellows,' interrupted George, 'although we have, neither the one nor the other, any hope of making a for-

tune, could we not get the credit of being rich?’

‘To what good?’ asked I.

‘It gives one a position in the world; a large inheritance augments the consideration in which we are held; everything becomes easy.’

‘I remember,’ was my answer, ‘having heard in my childhood of a cousin who went to Jamaica or Martinique, and never returned.’

‘That is just what we want: we will bring this cousin to life, or rather we will kill him. Yes; Jaques Meran died at Martinique, leaving a sugar plantation, fifty slaves, in short, a fortune valued at two millions of francs, all to his dear cousin Louis Meran, from attachment to the name.’

We laughed heartily at the joke, of which I thought no more: but my two reckless friends, George and Albert, spread abroad the tale when we broke up with all the seriousness imaginable.

The next day people came to compliment me. It will of course be understood that I disavowed all cause; but no one would believe me; my two friends had affirmed the truth of the report. In vain did I assert that it was all a joke: many remembered my cousin Jaques; some had actually seen him embark at Nantes in 1789. Among the number of these visits was one of not the most agreeable. With the whim of a young man, I had some time previously ordered a frock coat in the new fashion, without having the means of payment; the garment was worn out, and I yet owed half of it. There had been for some time a coolness between my creditor and myself, whose importunities I wished to avoid. The rumor of the legacy made him hasten to find me: such was the penalty I paid for the foolish pleasantry of my friends. ‘Good day, Monsieur Matthieu,’ said I with some embarrassment as he entered; ‘you are come for the fifty francs?’

‘Does monsieur imagine that I am thinking of such a trifle? No; it was for the mourning.’

‘What mourning?’

‘The mourning for your cousin, monsieur — the mourning of an heir-at-law! Without doubt you want a complete suit?’

‘At this time, Monsieur Matthieu, it would be impossible.’

‘I hope monsieur does not think of withdrawing his favors from me? Coat, vest, and pantaloons black; frock of dark bronze for the morning.’

‘I tell you again I have not yet received —’

‘I intreat monsieur not to speak of money; it will come soon enough,’ added the tailor, who had already taken out his scissors, and passed his measure round my waist.

I was in truth in great want of clothes, and permitted him to continue. No sooner was he gone than another individual entered, who immediately began, ‘My dear monsieur, you must do me a great service. Buy my house. You are rich, very rich — you want real estate. Fifty thousand francs are nothing for you: only the half of your income: and at present I am in urgent want of money. I expected Monsieur Felix to buy it; but he does not decide, and I have some pressing engagements to settle.’

‘I buy your house? — what folly!’

‘It is no folly. It is a safe investment. After some repairs, in two years it will be worth double. I have your word;’ and he left without giving me time to reply. So well did he propagate a report of my purchase, that in two hours afterwards Monsieur Felix came to me in a great hurry, apparently out of humor. ‘You have cut the grass from under my feet, monsieur,’ said he on entering: ‘I cannot do without that house, and thought it was already mine, as I had made an offer of forty-nine thousand francs, believing that the owner would surely come to my terms. But there is no hope of starving you into an agreement; so, without further preamble, I come to offer you an advance of fifteen thousand francs upon your bargain.’

Fifteen thousand francs coming, I know not how, to me, who had so much trouble in earning my eight hundred francs of salary as clerk to the registry of the courts of law. Although but little acquainted with business, I saw the advantage to be derived from my position, and replied, ‘It is impossible, monsieur, for me to give you an answer at this mo-

ment: return at five o'clock: meantime I will consider the matter.'

At a quarter before the appointed hour Monsieur Felix was again at my door. 'Monsieur,' said I, 'I had no wish for that house, and did not even think about it, when the proprietor came to beg me to purchase it; and it appears the house is now mine. As it suits you, and any other will do as well for me, I accept your offer.'

'You shall be paid in a fortnight, in paper on Paris,' exclaimed the purchaser, delighted with my promptitude in business.

Paper on Paris! I was so little accustomed to that currency, as to imagine that it would be necessary to send it to the capital for payment, and therefore wrote to a commercial house, the only one whose address I knew, as from that I received regularly an annuity of five hundred francs left me by one of my uncles, and which formed a welcome portion of my income.

With what impatience I waited the expiration of the time, when I wrote to Messieurs Hugues and Bergeret that, having certain funds to invest, I begged their advice as to the safest mode. It appeared that the words *certain funds* have very different acceptations in commerce, according to the name and position of him who uses them. The news of my inheritance must have reached Paris. *Certain funds*, situated as I was, was a modest manner of specifying a considerable sum; at least I supposed so, on receiving in answer from the firm that my letter had been received just before the close of the Cortes loan, in which they had purchased to the amount of twenty thousand dollars; that, if I thought it too much, a large profit might be immediately realized, as the stock had gone up. A post-script, in the hand of the principal, congratulated me on my accession of fortune.

Twenty thousand dollars! The letter fell from my hands; the amount frightened me. I wrote instantly to my correspondents, informing them that so large a sum went beyond my means; adding, that no remittances having been received

from Martinique, as they supposed, I was unable to satisfy their claims.

The answer came in a day or two, stating that, as I did not appear to have confidence in the Cortes loan, they had sold out my stock at a profit of eighty thousand francs; and begged me not to feel uneasy, as remittances were always slow in coming from the distant plantations; in the interim, my signature would furnish me with all the money I could want. The prospectus of a German bank was inclosed, in which fifty shares had been secured for me.

Eighty thousand francs! Either I understood nothing of commercial matters, or the clerk had written one or two *noughts* too many. My situation became embarrassing. I was overwhelmed with congratulations, especially when I put on my new suit of black. The editor of the newspaper thought himself obliged to give a biography of my cousin Jaques; and asked me for additional particulars. I was besieged with annoying questions. In what way would I furnish my house? — what would I do for public establishments? Some benevolent ladies wrote to recommend to my notice the institutions under their guardianship. I was ruined in postages; for, in the midst of all my riches, whether real or imaginary, I had no money. Fortunately, from the moment I was held to be rich, no one would take a sou from me, and tradesmen courted the honor of giving me credit.

At last I decided on going to Paris. Immediately on arrival, I went to my bankers, who received me as the inheritor of great wealth. 'I regret,' said M. Bergeret, 'that you mistrusted the Spanish loan, for the stock has again gone up. No matter, however; you have some left.'

'Will you have the goodness, monsieur,' said I, 'to tell me precisely how much all these funds are worth which you have bought for me?'

'The calculation is easy. Twenty thousand dollars, at so much the dollar — and the sum already paid. If you sell to-day, you will put about two hundred and twenty thousand francs into your pocket.'

I opened both my ears. 'You say,

monsieur, two hundred and twenty thousand? Are you quite certain?’

‘As certain as any one can be within a few hundred francs.’

I did not wish to appear too much the novice, and replied, ‘That is well: you spoke also of a bank?’

‘Yes; the establishment of this bank has met with some difficulties; but the affair is not less good: we are on the eve of terminating it, and the scrip is well up.’

‘Could that scrip also be sold?’ I inquired.

‘You hold fifty shares,’ replied the banker, ‘which have advanced four hundred and fifty florins, making altogether nearly sixty thousand francs.’

‘Although as yet I have paid nothing?’

‘Without a doubt,’ was the answer.

‘That is singular: but since you say so, I submit. I should like to make a safe investment of the whole: will you be so kind as to specify one?’

‘Our five per cents., monsieur — our five per cents.: I know of nothing safer. At the present rate, the gain will be six. I can easily understand that all these little matters worry you. You will soon have to deal with much larger sums.’

‘By placing all that I hold in the five per cents., I should have an income of —’

‘That is soon reckoned. Three hundred thousand or thereabouts: the quotation at eighty makes eighteen thousand francs. Say twenty thousand, to make a round sum.’

‘Ah, twenty thousand francs of income,’ said I; ‘when could I receive it?’

‘O, to-morrow, if you confide the transaction to our house.’

‘That of course,’ was my rejoinder. ‘What other could inspire me with so great a degree of confidence?’

The banker bowed.

Will it be believed? in the midst of all these treasures, I felt a certain embarrassment in asking for a small sum, of which I stood in the greatest need; for, after paying the expenses of my journey, I had but five francs left. Such, however, was the force of habit, that I could

scarcely believe myself legitimately possessed of more than my little annuity, which was not yet due.

‘Dare I ask,’ I inquired, with a blush almost of shame on my cheeks — ‘can I, without indiscretion, beg you to advance me for the moment a small sum, which I want on arrival in a strange city?’

‘Eh, my dear monsieur, my chest is entirely at your disposal. How much do you want — three, four — ten thousand francs?’

‘I do not ask so much; a thousand will be sufficient.’

‘Will you have it in gold or notes? Call the cashier. May I beg you,’ said the banker, leading the way as I rose to depart — ‘may I beg you to continue your good-will to our house?’

‘Certainly, monsieur; you well deserve it,’ I replied with a confidence which the certainty of possessing an income of twenty thousand francs began to give me.

‘There is yet one favor which I wish to ask,’ said M. Bergeret; ‘you are not acquainted with Paris; you have perhaps but very few relatives here: come and take a family dinner with us to-day; my wife will be delighted to make your acquaintance.’

‘With the greatest pleasure.’

‘We dine at six: if you have no engagement for the evening, we shall have a few friends, and hope you will stay.’

There are few moments which I remember with more satisfaction than those of my leaving M. Bergeret’s house. I began to believe in the reality of my fortune, and had a thousand francs in my pocket — a pleasure which had never before happened to me. The fifty golden Napoleons gave me an extraordinary impulse; in fact I stood in great need of them. Possessor of twenty thousand francs of income, I was obliged, on my arrival in Paris, to leave my trunk at the office of the diligence, not having the means of paying for a lodging. I now hastened to redeem it, and afterwards took a coach to the first hotel pointed out to me, where I established myself in a handsome apartment, and put on my

suit of mourning. I arrived with so much punctuality at M. Bergeret's, that he had scarcely had time to finish telling my history to his wife. She, however, had heard enough to cause me to be received as a friend of the house. Every one did the amiable to me: I met beautiful women; and overheard whispered remarks made upon me—*modest bearing; great skill; splendid business talents*. Thus, when M. Bergeret intreated me to regard his house as my own, I promised willingly, although I could profit but little by the invitation. Madame Hugues would have me to dine, when I met with other introductions and invitations. I was taken to the theatre and to parties. Now that I was rich, I could almost have confined my expenses to some few presents and fees.

Meantime my two friends, George and Albert, had heard with alarm of the success of their report, the truth of which they dared no longer deny. They had been frightened by my departure for Paris, which all the world attributed to difficulties in the liquidation of my debts; and feared that I had suffered myself to be deceived by what was concerted between us merely as a joke.

Three days after my return from Paris my servant announced their names. 'Let them come in,' was my reply; for I did not receive all the world. On seeing my handsome timepiece and gilt candelabra, and the new furniture with which I had decorated my apartment, they opened their eyes in consternation.

'There is much difficulty in gaining admission here,' said Albert.

'Yes; I am besieged by persons with all sorts of solicitations and projects; but you, my dear friends—you will be always welcome. You are come just in time to accompany me to an estate which I have some thoughts of purchasing. It is not a large affair—one hundred thousand francs.'

'I take it to be some distance off,' said George, with a significant jerk of his head.

'Two leagues only; but I will take you in my carriage.'

'Your carriage!'

'My carriage.'

'You have a carriage?'

'Yes, and two dapple-gray horses, which I brought from Paris: as yet I have no saddle-horse, that being more difficult to find.'

My two friends retired to one of the windows, where they whispered to one another, looking all the time very lugubrious.

'Dear Louis,' they said, 'you know that your cousin is not dead?'

'I don't know if he be dead, for I am not very certain that he ever lived.'

'You know that this story about your inheritance is all a joke?'

'I am persuaded that only you and I believe so,' was my answer.

'We have done great wrong,' rejoined my friends,—'great wrong, in what was intended only as fun. It causes us much sorrow.'

'On the contrary, I thank you for it.'

'It is our duty to disavow it; we are going in public to declare ourselves guilty.'

'I intreat you to leave things just as they are: a few days more of credit will prevent the necessity of displacing my funds.'

George and Albert regarded me as completely deranged. 'Come,' said I, 'let us lose no time; the carriage is ready; I will tell you all as we go along. I have spoken to a bookseller, Albert, who will print your manuscript.'

Truth, however, always comes out. Some who were on the watch, were surprised that nothing arrived from Martinique; well-advised people shook their heads when speaking of me. The edifice so quickly raised tumbled down with equal rapidity.

'The best of it is,' said some, 'he has ended by falling into the snare which he laid for others. For my part, I never believed in it.'

I comprehended that the storm had broken out, on finding one day a dozen notes on my table. They were all nearly in the style of the first I opened.

'M. Grignon presents his respectful compliments to M. Meran, and having an urgent need of money, begs that he will be so good as to pay, in the course

of the day, the little account which he has the honor to enclose.'

My answers were all alike — 'M. Meran thanks M. Grignon for the bill which has been so long asked for, and sends the amount.'

One letter only contained no request for money; it was from a friend whom I had almost forgotten. Fearing that I had been duped, he wrote, offering to lend me 500 francs, should I wish to remove from a place where so many rumors were circulated prejudicial to my character. My reply gave the necessary explanation, which I concluded, 'I am rich, not by an inheritance in which I never believed, but because it was determined, in spite of my protestations, that I should be rich; and I have in reality been made very rich, I scarcely know how. This is what I would wish you to say to those who talk of me.'

I owe more than fortune to my singular situation, since it has assured me of a friend upon whom I may count in adversity, should it ever visit me. For another week I was the subject of conversation. 'He has been fortunate,' said some; others replied, 'Fortunate if you will; but I say he is a clever fellow, who has known how to take advantage of circumstances; it is not everybody who could manœuvre in this way.'

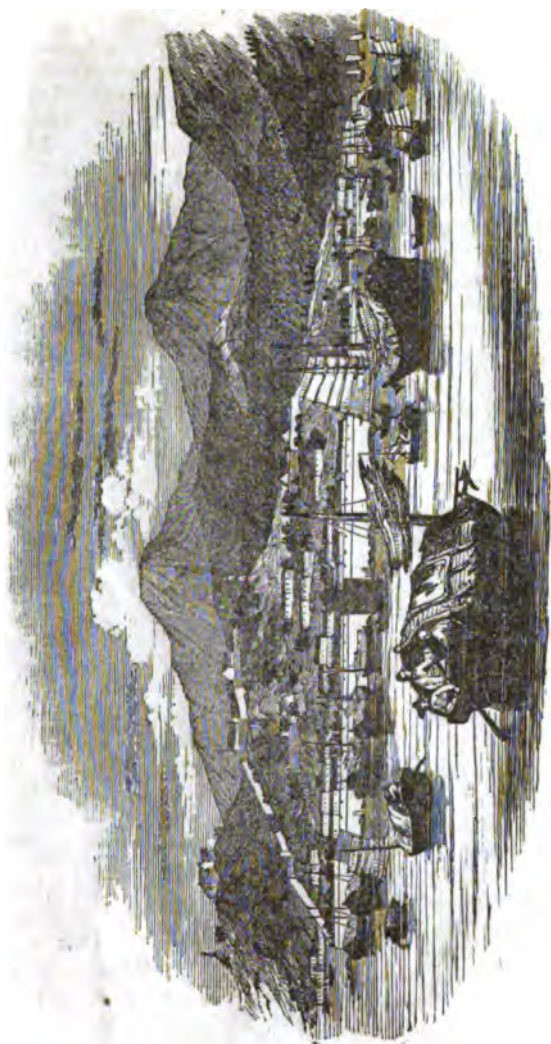
For my part, I was for a moment tempted to applaud my own genius; but a little reflection convinced me that talent had nothing to do with it. I quietly took my place in society as the possessor of twenty thousand francs of income, and still keep it.

Moralizing on my sudden change of position, I can only look upon it as one of those strange freaks of fortune which all the world allows to be so unaccountable.

INFLUENCE OF VEGETABLE DIET ON LONGEVITY. — It is said that in no other part of the world (in proportion to the population) are there more instances of extreme longevity than among the Norwegian peasantry, who scarcely ever taste animal food. In the severe climate

of Russia also, where the inhabitants live on a coarse vegetable diet, there are a great many instances of advanced age. The late returns of the Greek church population of the Russian empire, give (in the table of the deaths of the male sex) more than one thousand above a hundred years of age; many between one hundred and a hundred and forty; and four between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty. It is stated that, to whatever age the Mexican Indians live, they never become gray-haired. They are represented as peaceable cultivators of the soil; subsisting constantly on vegetable food; often attaining a hundred years of age, yet still green and vigorous. Of the South American Indians Ulloa says — "I myself have known several who, at the age of a hundred, were still very robust and active, which unquestionably must in some measure be attributed to the perfect sameness and simplicity of their food." Both the Peruvian Indians and the Creoles are remarkably long lived, and retain their faculties to a very advanced age. Slaves in the West Indies are recorded from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and fifty years of age. — *Smith's Fruits and Farinacea.*

PROMISERS. — There is a sort of people in the world of whom the young and inexperienced stand much in need to be warned. These are the sanguine promisers. They may be divided into two sorts. The first are those who, from a foolish custom of fawning upon all those they come in company with, have learned a habit of promising to do great kindnesses, which they have no thought of performing. The other are a sort of warm people, who, while they are lavishing away their promises, have really some thought of doing what they engage for; but afterwards, when the time of performance comes, the sanguine fit being gone off, the trouble or expense appears in another light; the promiser cools, and the expectant is bubbled, or perhaps greatly injured by the disappointment. — *Burgh.*



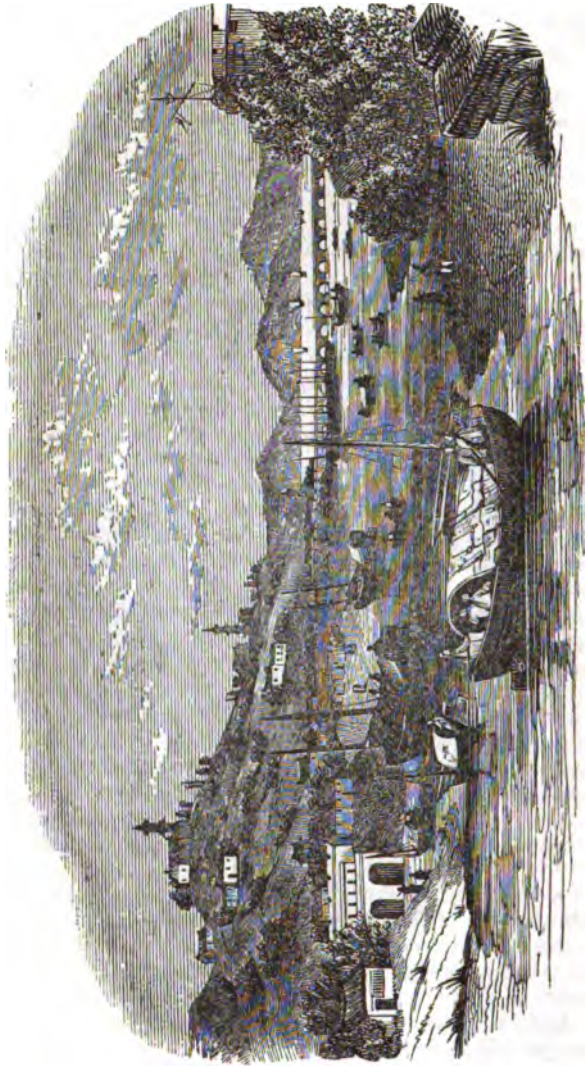
ISLAND OF SHANGHAE.

THE PORT OF SHANGHAE.

THE port of Shanghai, in China, is situated on the banks of Woosung, a remarkably fine broad river, running through a level country, and for several miles up influenced by the tides that rise and fall with regularity, and affording an admirable mode of communication by boats and small junks.

Shanghai is richly cultivated, producing cotton, wheat, and all kinds of vege-

tables in abundance. Agriculture is in a more forward state in this locality than in any other part of China. The farmyards are much upon the same plan as in England; the soil is furrowed as ours is; and the manners of the mechanics bear a strong resemblance to the operatives of England. The city of Shanghai is defended by high walls and ramparts, the circumference of the walls being about three miles and a half. Almost every inch of ground in the interior is



FOU-CHOU-FOU.

built upon : joss-houses and temples abound even upon the ramparts, and are crowded with idols, to whom the natives pay homage and burn incense. The principal merchandise of this city is the celebrated Nankin silk, cotton, porcelain, ready-made clothes, richly lined with skins and furs, bamboo pipes, and comestibles of every description, both raw and cooked. Public dining-rooms are abundant, and vary in their charges according to the means of the consumer. They

are a jolly set, and much attached to good living.

Shanghae was taken during the late war in China by Sir Hugh Gough, on the 19th of June, 1842, who, in his official despatch, says, "Shanghae appears a rich commercial city, with good walls in perfect repair, on which but few guns were mounted, and these all at the gateways. The population from 60,000 to 70,000 souls, and a very considerable trade going on. Nothing can exceed its posi-



A SKETCH OF THE IMPERIAL GARDENS AND MAUSOLEUM, PEKIN.

tion as a commercial city, it being situated about sixteen miles up the Woosung river, up which, for several miles above the city, ships of large burthen can be brought with the greatest facility." It is worthy of remark, that, after the capture, the population placed implicit confidence in the troops; and though the pernicious liquor samshee was most abundant, scarcely a single instance of

inebriety occurred amongst the soldiers. The only injury done at Shanghae was by the Chinese robbers. A regular postal arrangement has been made between Chusan, Hong-Kong, and Shanghae, Mr. Skeed, R. N., the harbor-master of Chusan, having the principal management as post-master at the latter place.

Pekin may be termed a city within a

city, the central one being almost exclusively occupied by the Chinese Tartars, with their public offices and palaces of state; and in the middle of these is the imperial palace and gardens. Three large gates afford an exit into the external or Chinese city, which is also fenced and fortified; and an inner enclosure within the Tartar city, surrounds an area of about two square miles, which contain the palace and gardens. None but the imperial household are permitted to enter this space, except those especially invited by the emperor. The mural defence is called the prohibited wall; it is built of bright red bricks, covered with shining yellow tiles, and named the Yellow Wall; it is upwards of twenty feet in height. The gardens are varied in ornamental designs by artificial mountains, and lakes in excavations purposely made, with floating islands on their tranquil bosoms; running streams, occasionally interrupted by picturesque cataracts, and pavilions upon the margin of the waters. Fanciful edifices are grouped with clusters of beautiful trees and well-arranged masses of rock-work; and the whole, with grottos, &c. form an extremely pleasing delusion to the eye. One great reservoir, or lake, supplies the smaller ones, and this constantly presents a scene of animation, on account of the arrival and departure of pleasure junks with gay parties, wholly connected with the imperial palace; in fact, amusement seems to be their only object. The double walls are considered necessary as means of defence, for there is much jealousy between the Tartars and the Chinese; and when a scarcity of food occurs it requires a considerable force to protect the imperial palace from assault. The right of succession, too, has been often disputed, and proved the source of internal commotion. On a particular mound of singular structure stands a memorial of the last of that race of emperors who had beautified these enchanting grounds; for it was upon this spot that he stabbed his only daughter, and then terminated his own existence when a usurper assailed the palace, and his defences were too feeble to offer effective resistance.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

THE FABLE.

"ONE hot, sultry day" says the *Gelotopæus*, and we quote his words, in order to save our readers the trouble of opening his book, or ransacking the storehouses of their memories, "a wolf and a lamb happened to come, at the same time, to quench their thirst in a clear stream of water. The wolf stood upon the higher ground, and the lamb at some distance from him down the current. The wolf wishing to pick a quarrel with him (before he picked his bones), asked him how he dared to disturb the water, and to make it so muddy as to be unfit for him to drink. The lamb, alarmed, told him in a mild tone, that, with all due submission, he could not make out how that could be, since the water ran down the stream to him and *from* the wolf. 'Be that as you will,' said the wolf, 'you are a rascal; and I have been told that you treated me with ill-language behind my back, about half a year ago.' 'Upon my word,' replied the lamb, 'the time you mention was before I was born.' The wolf, finding it to no purpose to argue any longer against truth, fell into a great passion, snarling and foaming at the mouth as if he had been mad; and drawing nearer to the lamb, 'Sirrah,' says he, 'if it was not you it was your father, and that is all one.' So he seized the poor innocent helpless thing, tore it in pieces, and made a meal of it."

The moral appended to this fable in the edition of *Æsop*, whence we have copied it, is purely political, and dares to intimate, that by the wolf is meant the government—for the time being of course,—and by the lamb the tyrannized-over-upon-all-occasions—the great unwashed. We mean to apply it differently, and, we trust, in a less objectionable manner; for we were taught in our youth, at a public school, regally founded and endowed, to show a deep reverence for "all that are set in authority over us," and we do opine, in our old age, that accusing them of tyrannical propensities—and especially in a matter of *water-drinking*—is not a fulfilment of the intentions of our quondam pastors and masters.

THE ILLUSTRATION.

CHAP. I.

NATHANIEL MILD MAY was one of the quietest tradesmen in the city of London. He was never called upon to fulfil, in person, the offices of overseer or parish constable. The parish in which he dwelt knew that his heart was made of such tender stuff that he would let all rogues and vagabonds slip through his fingers, and run the rates up to an awful amount, by granting relief to every one—deserving or undeserving—who applied to him for it. He was equally unfitted to be a churchwarden, for he could never have distrained anybody's goods who had not the means or the inclination to pay up the church-rates. He was left in peace and quietness to carry on his business all day, and to pet his little wife and fondle his children, after the duties of the day were over.

Mr. Mildmay had, like other tradesmen, a great many names of creditors on his books, and among them a long list of those who seemed not to wish to be off them. He applied for the amount of his bills regularly every Christmas, and if he got it, well and good, but as to calling upon and pestering a man for money once a month, or sending him a lawyer's letter, containing all sorts of horrible threats, it was not in his nature to do it. He always invented for his creditors, in his kindly heart, a much more satisfactory excuse for their non-payments than they could have invented themselves. "He was sure they were ill, or had large families, or their rents were not properly paid up. They were all honest men, and when they had the means, of course they would prove the integrity of their hearts by paying his little account."

If an over-driven ox ran against his window, and carried in twenty pounds worth of glass, did Mildmay give the ox in charge of a policeman, and "pull up" the drover before a magistrate for the amount of damage done? not he; he merely looked at the curly forehead of the animal—at a safe distance—to see that the fragments of his window-panes had not caused any painful wounds upon it, and assured the other brute—the dri-

ver—"that he was extremely sorry the animal had met with so awkward an accident."

If any lady took up a few yards of very valuable lace, by mistake, with her muff, or put a piece of silk or satin under her cloak, in mistake for a cake of gingerbread which she had bought for her children—did Nathaniel prosecute her to conviction, and give her an opportunity of visiting the antipodean regions free of expense to herself and family?—not he. He smilingly reminded her of the little error into which she had fallen, and expressed his deep concern that nature, in completing her construction should have forgotten to furnish her with that greatest of all real blessings to mothers and unmarried females, a clear perception of the difference between mine and thine.

One of the greatest proofs, however, as we consider it, of the benevolent feelings of Nathaniel's heart was, that he never allowed the tax-gatherer or the water-rate-collector to call twice. He paid them upon the first application; "For," he would observe, "the poor men had a great deal of trouble to get the money, and when they had got it, they could not keep it—unless they went to the enormous expense of a voyage to the United States or Canada."

In his domestic arrangements the same benevolent disposition directed his proceedings. Mrs. Mildmay, in his opinion, like the reigning sovereign of these realms, "could do no wrong." If she had invited a large party to tea and supper, or merely to tea and turn out, her husband was convinced that she had a good motive for so doing. If he ventured to hint that he had met two friends in his walk, and asked them to share with him his cold mutton and pickles, and his little wife frowned or pished violently, he did not let it disturb him. He felt satisfied she had a motive for it, put on his hat, and met his friends on their way to his house, and having explained to them that family matters would not allow of his setting his own joint before them, led them gently into a neighboring chop-house, and stood treat for any amount they chose to run him up to. Politeness, leaving alone other reasons, induced his friends to submit quietly

to this arrangement. They were even known to carry their politeness to such an extent as to protest "that they really did prefer a hot chop or a steak just off the gridiron, in a common coffee room, to a cut at his cold shoulder in his own snug parlor."

With his children Nathaniel invariably displayed the same equanimity. Little accidents, magnified by their mamma into serious offences, and great offences diminished into mere accidents by the same presiding genius, were all the same to him. He smiled as he forgave the perpetrators of them, and found some feasible excuse for them. To such an excess did he carry this amiable feeling, that upon one occasion, when his eldest boy had killed a little pet dog, in a pet, with a heavy blow of a ruler, he patted him on the head, and told him, "He regretted the loss of little Pompey, but did hope and trust that Natty would never kill him again."

Mildmay had been a prosperous man in business, in spite of bad debts and impositions. The first hard blow he received from the fist of adversity was the death of his wife. "He bore it like a lamb," as his friends said; but they said not the truth; for, upon that occasion, Nathaniel was more abusive than he had ever been known to be before. He called the King of Terrors "a cruel brute."

The death of Mrs. Mildmay subjected him to a great many unthought-of inconveniences. His children were neglected, and looked untidy; his household expenses were nearly doubled, and his comforts reduced by one-half. He had no one to look after the little arrangements of his wardrobe; and as for a button on his under garments—in less than a month after the interment of his wife, he only knew what a shirt-button was by seeing it in company with many others on a card in his shop.

What was to be done?—he could not go on in this manner. As to marrying again—he did think of it, it is true; but he banished the thought, sent it into exile at once, when he looked upon his children, and recollected an eighth of what he had heard of the cruel persecutions of step-mothers.

"Smithson," said Mr. Mildmay to his foreman, as they sat over a Saturday night's late supper, "I cannot go on as I am. What had I better do?"

"Not go on?" said Smithson, fearing that a bankruptcy was at hand.

"No—not another month. I am dead beat. I cannot eat, drink, or sleep, as I used to do," said Mildmay.

"O, never mind—it's nothing now-a-days—call them together, make a clean breast of it, and if they won't accept of a composition—why, rot them—smash!—smash at once; go through the court, and start again fresh."

"Smithson," said Nathaniel, quite bewildered, "I do not understand you."

"Can't you see?" said Smithson; "you're clear of the last, and as it has proved a bad spec—try another."

"Never—never—although I might be tempted by an eligible opportunity, as far as I am concerned—consider my children," said Nathaniel.

"The best thing in the world for them. They can take to the new concern when you have done with it—at any rate, your eldest boy can, and—"

"Jeremiah Smithson," said Mildmay, solemnly, "did you ever read the printed tablet in the church?—'a man may not marry his father's wife.'"

"Of course I have, often and often," said Smithson, "but what has that to do with going through the court?"

"Everything; and let me tell you, that going through the Ecclesiastical Court is no trifle."

"Ecclesiastical!" said Smithson, quite as much in the dark as his employer. "I never meant any thing like it; I meant the Court of Bankruptcy."

"I know you do not mean to be disrespectful, but, bury me with the departed Mrs. Mildmay, if I can comprehend you!" said Nathaniel.

"Did not you say that you could not go on any longer?" asked Smithson.

"Certainly."

"Did not I give you the best advice I could—to take another concern?"

"Yes; and I told you I never would marry again, on account of my children, and you, in spite of the tables of affinity, suggest that my boy Nat can take my

widow off my hands when I am gone. I *can't* understand it," said Mildmay, looking his foreman hard in the face.

"You are not ruined, then?—not short of the stumpy?—no bills coming due and sure to be dishonored?—no tapping on the shoulder and putting a man into the house to look after the furniture?"

"O no—nothing of that kind—I trust that, besides the capital employed in the business, I have a nice little property vested in the funds, and a pretty good account at my bankers, and—"

"Huzza! huzza! hang everything else, as long as the till's full," said Smithson, as he brandished the pewter pot that had held the supper beer, and whirled it round his head.

An explanation followed, and when the foreman had learnt the real source and cause of his employer's difficulties, he set himself seriously to the task of remedying them.

The result of one week's careful consideration of the state of the case was—a proposal that Mr. Nathaniel Mildmay should call in his debts, sell his shop and premises, with the good-will of the business, and retire into the country, where he might either hire or purchase a little box, and then advertise for a lady of middle age to preside over his establishment, and educate his children.

CHAP. II.

Within three months after the advice we have just recorded had been given, the mercer's shop no longer bore the name of Mildmay, alone on its front. It was "Smithson, late Mildmay," that was displayed thereon in large golden letters. Smithson had saved money, and found friends enough to enable him to take to the profitable business of his late employer. No lawyer was consulted or employed. Both seller and buyer were honest men—both knew the real value of the business. Mildmay received the money, and stepped out; Smithson paid it, and stepped in—and there was an end of that matter.

"But where did Mildmay go?" asks a reader. He saw an advertisement in the paper of a little freehold estate to be

sold. It consisted only of a neat little cottage and thirty acres of land; was within five miles of a post-town, and within an easy journey of London. Nathaniel thought it would just suit him. He called upon the auctioneer, and having found that the sum demanded for the estate was reasonable, went down with Mr. Knock-em-down in his chariot to inspect it.

The result of the inspection was such as to induce Mildmay to ask a great many questions of the landlord of the hotel, at which they had put up, as to the sort of people whom he should be likely to meet with in the neighborhood.

"Who is the owner of the park and splendid mansion which abuts upon Elm Tree Cottage and its fields?"

"Sir Lupus Crafty," said the landlord. "The cottage and its paddocks once formed part of the estate, but after old Sir Lupus's death the young man went such a pace upon the turf and in the ring, that he was forced to sell much and mortgage more, and to slash away at the timber, until he has left what was a thickly-wooded country as bare as a Welsh mountain."

"Does he reside at the mansion?" asked Nathaniel.

"Not he. He has not been near it these twenty years: but there is a report that he has scraped up money while living abroad, and means to return very soon and live among us. The report seems to have a foundation, too, as the gentleman who has rented it for some years past has just quitted it, and it is at present unoccupied."

"A very pleasant thing to have the real owner of such a nice place, and a baronet, too, for a neighbor. That I think confirms me in the notion I had formed of buying the cottage," said Mildmay.

"Humph!" said the landlord, emphatically.

"What do you mean by 'humph'?"

"Merely thus much, sir, that when Sir Lupus Crafty was a young man, he was too liberal and generous by half; but now—one extreme produces another—they do say he is as stingy as a Quaker, and as quarrelsome as an over-fed dog with a bone before him."

"O, if that's all, I don't care. He can have nothing to do with me, nor I with him. Let him go on in his way; I shall go on in mine. I'll defy him to quarrel with me."

So saying, Nathaniel Mildmay closed with the auctioneer; had the property safely conveyed to him; paid the money; furnished the cottage, and came into possession.

Thus far had he taken one portion of Jeremiah Smithson's advice. He had bought a little estate, and retired into the country. How did he do with the other half of it? He took it also. He advertised for a respectable middle-aged lady, without incumbrance, to take care of himself, and educate his children.

What was the result?

He had from forty to fifty applications every day for a fortnight. He had a tender heart, as we have seen, and the sad stories recounted in the answers to his advertisement, made his heart bleed.

Much has been said, and properly said, lately, of the painful and distressing condition of hundreds of young women — ay, and of aged ones, too, — who wear away their lives in misery and a state of semi-starvation, toiling for a mere pittance from morn till night, and from night till morn again, with their needles. It is heart-rending to read the cases which at intervals are reported in the police courts, of delicate females suffering from diseases produced by hard labor and close confinement in an unwholesome atmosphere. They are apprehended either for trying to rid themselves of a life that is burthensome to them, or for pawning some trifling article belonging to their employers, to enable them to prolong, for a few more days, what He gave, and what they pray earnestly, He may speedily take away.

These cases are, as we have said, heart-rending, and have obtained, since the exposure of the horrible system on which cheap clothes shops are conducted, the sympathy of the public. Still, heart-rending as they are, and deserving of all sympathy and relief, we cannot help thinking, believing as we do, that in many instances, poverty and hard, ill-requited labor have been "their portion to drink" from their very cradles, that their suffer-

ings, mental we mean, are less acute than those of hundreds who, having passed more than one-half of the span allotted to human beings in ease, comfort, and perhaps in luxury, suddenly find themselves either dependent on their relations and friends, or compelled to seek a means of future support amid strangers.

We never see this sort of notice in a newspaper, but it conveys to our mind a most painful little history — you may see them daily.

"A LADY of mature age, of good connexions, and highly educated, is anxious to fill a situation either as companion to a lady, or as housekeeper in a family where nothing menial would be required of her. She would be willing to take the entire charge of children deprived of their mother, and to educate the females in the usual routine — French, music, drawing, &c. of which she is fully capable. Salary not so much an object as *a home*."

There is enough, and more than enough, in this advertisement to furnish an author with subject-matter for a novel in three volumes.

Well, Nathaniel Mildmay, as we were saying before we broke out into this little episode, had a multitude of answers to his advertisement; and such was the lamb-like nature of his feelings, and comparatively small as was his future income, he could not reply to many of the applicants — so touching were their reasons for seeking an engagement — without enclosing a trifle in the shape of a coin, or a note, to console them for the disappointment which he knew they must experience when he was forced to tell them that he was suited.

"Suited" he really was; for among the many who replied to his advertisement was the widow of an old friend and school-fellow; a man once as well to do in the world as himself, and perhaps a little better; but there was this difference between Wilson and Mildmay, that whereas the latter was content to go "jogging on" in the paths of life, Wilson was all for cutting across the fields, leaping hedge-rows, and jumping brooks, in the full expectation of finding a shorter road to making a fortune. He made a lively spring at

"a capital chance," "missed his tip," as the sporting men say, and floundered so deep in the muck and mire of despondency, that he never came to the surface again. His widow — fortunately without children — found herself reduced to some thousands worse than nothing. She gave up all she fancied was her own, and the creditors allowed her to retain the little that was left to her — her own body and a very moderately furnished wardrobe.

With Mrs. Wilson and his four little orphans, Nathaniel Mildmay took possession of Elm Tree Cottage, and a happier half dozen never assembled under the same roof together. There was a pony, and a pony-chaise, lots of chickens, plenty of ducks, and a cow that supplied them with milk and butter, and curds and whey. There were plenty of flowers in the garden, and fruits in prospect, and such loads of vegetables of all kinds, for the mere gathering, as would have made a hole in a quarter's income, had they been purchased in Covent-garden. Then there was farmer Giles and his family, who called and exchanged visits and civilities with them, and supplied them with many little things which they might otherwise have had some difficulty in procuring. And there was the clergyman of the parish, and his family, who did all in their power to make their new parishioners happy, and taught the children how to plant flowers and sow seeds, and do a hundred little country contrivances which they had never dreamed nor thought of.

And then Mrs. Wilson was such a dear good soul; she was so merry and so happy; and made every one so merry, and happy, and comfortable about her. Her face, in which the lines of pure misery and despondency had been deeply engraven, recovered its plumpness — to use a homely phrase, when the weight of dependency on her friends had been removed. She was herself again; and, grateful for the change wrought in her position by her old friend Mildmay, she resolved to devote all her attention and all her knowledge to the comfort of himself, and the benefit of his little ones.

CHAP. III.

We must leave the happy roof of Elm Tree Cottage, and introduce our readers to a different scene. It lies — as play-books used to say — at Ibbotson's quiet and excellent hotel in Vere-street, Oxford-street. The characters at present on the stage, in the front sitting-room are Sir Lupus Crafty and his London solicitor. "The time" is about two of the clock in the afternoon, and the breakfast is still upon the table.

"Well, well, Mr. Sharpset," said Sir Lupus, "you have breakfasted, you say, long since — quite right — quite right, if you can eat at an earlier hour, but I cannot. I never sleep — never sleep at night, although I take opiates enough to send half the town to their last; long rest."

"Work hard, as I do, sir, during the day, and you will not fail to sleep at night. I turn in at ten, and am up again and at business, as lively as a cockchaffer, as soon as the sun begins to shine," said Sharpset. "But now to business; I have an appointment at four."

"What can that matter? I think, considering the number of years you have had the uncontrolled management of me and my property, you ought to set aside any other engagement you may happen to have formed, and attend upon me," said Sir Lupus, testily.

"Not uncontrolled, sir, not uncontrolled," said Sharpset.

"Why, you have been sole receiver — steward — bailiff, everything; what have you had to control you?" asked Sir Lupus, eyeing his lawyer, as he swallowed his muffin.

"My conscience, sir," said Sharpset.

"A lawyer's conscience! — ahum! Now, what power do you suppose a microscope must be possessed of to enable you to see through so very minute a thing as a lawyer's conscience? Eh?" said Sir Lupus, washing down the muffin with a cup of coffee.

"I am not responsible for the consciences of my professional brethren; but you are welcome to examine my breast with a Herschel's telescope; and, if you find any little spot or speck upon the disc

of my integrity, publish me to the world as a knave," said Sharpset. "I have made myself a little unpopular at Turlington Park, by looking a little too keenly after your interests."

"Forgive me—forgive me. I was merely amusing myself at your expense," said Sir Lupus. "And now—tell me, is everything prepared for my return to the abode of my ancestors?"

"Everything. I have hired servants, bought horses and carriages, and had the mansion completely renovated, and neatly—for such were your orders—and economically furnished," said Sharpset.

"And are all the mortgages paid off, and the estate quite unencumbered?"

"All, save one little bit of land, about thirty acres in extent, and the cottage that stands upon it."

"What cottage?—what thirty acres?—whereabouts is it, and why has it not been restored to me?" said Sir Lupus, in a passion.

"The cottage is called the Elm Tree Cottage, and is just outside Turlington Park; and the reason why it was not redeemed is, that it has lately been repurchased—for you may recollect that it was sold, and not mortgaged—by a quiet, respectable person from London, who has given up business and retired into the country. He is so much pleased with the little spot, and with your park which adjoins it, that he declines selling it, although I made him a handsome offer for it."

"What's his name? where does he come from? what was he? how much is he worth?"

Sharpset answered these hurried questions as rapidly as he could, by saying, that the "purchaser's name was Mildmay, that he came from London, had been a mercer, and was supposed to be possessed of some three or four hundred pounds per annum."

"Then may I be blown up with a rocket if I don't *make* him turn out, if he won't give up willingly. I'll lead him a life! see if I don't. A—merc— with a snivelling four hundred a-year, to dare to dispute possession with the Craftys! 'H—but you are only joking, Sharpset. I'll be very civil, and talk him out of it."

"It will be the better plan, Sir Lupus, depend upon it," said the lawyer, who was really much attached to our friend Mildmay, from the little he had seen of him since he had taken up his residence at Elm Tree Cottage.

"Well, well; when I go down next week you must invite him to dine—but not his wife; I'll be blown up by a rocket before I entertain a mercer's wife at my table; and at my time of life," said Sir Lupus.

"Make yourself perfectly easy on that point, sir," said Sharpset. "Mr. Mildmay is a widower."

"Does he want a wife? eh?—because you know there is—you know who—eh? The annuity ceases if she can get a husband—eh?"

"Mr. Mildmay is provided with an excellent housekeeper in the widow of a friend, and—"

"Means to marry her, of course," said the baronet.

"I rather think not," said Sharpset.

"Then may I be skewered by a congreve, if I do not put such a spoke in his wheel as shall—that is, I mean, if he does not give me up that cottage with its thirty acres."

Nothing more passed relating to our hero, Mr. Mildmay, but an order from the baronet to his agent, to be sure to send him an invitation to dine with him on his arrival at Turlington Park.

CHAP. IV.

"Very polite of the baronet, I must say," observed Mr. Mildmay. "This looks neighborly."

"You seemed pleased with the contents of that letter. May I ask what they are?" said his housekeeper.

"Certainly, Mrs. Wilson, certainly. I have no secrets to keep—read it."

"O, a note from Mr. Sharpset, inviting you to dine with Sir Lupus Crafty;—of course you will go."

"On the very day of his return, you perceive. No formal calling and returning the call—pasteboard, and that sort of nonsense; but a proper, neighborly, hospitable feeling displayed at once;—of course I shall go."

The day fixed upon for this friendly

meeting arrived, and it must be owned, Mr. Nathaniel Mildmay took extraordinary pains with his toilet, and felt a little nervous and agitated because he was going to dine with a baronet. His nervousness, however, diminished, nay, faded away entirely, when the baronet shook him by the hand, told him he was delighted to have him — so respectable a man — for so near a neighbor; and to show the friendly terms upon which he wished to live with him, had only asked one person, his solicitor, to meet him; “no ceremony — no formality with a neighbor — that is my motto.”

Mildmay felt that he could ask such an unceremonious baronet to take a slice of his mutton and a glass of his humble port, and he felt happy at the thought.

Sharpset made his appearance, greeted Nathaniel cordially, and — dinner was announced.

A most excellent repast was followed by a copious supply of claret. Mildmay, unused to light wines did not much relish the Bourdeaux — but he was too polite to say so. He drank but sparingly, although urged to fill his glass every five minutes by his entertainer, who wished to get him up to a certain degree of the thermometer of excitement, before he began to touch upon the giving up of Elm Tree Cottage and its thirty acres.

Sharpset quietly drank his wine, and watched the fun. He saw that Mildmay did not relish the claret, but he was too honest a man to hint at the substitution of port, because he knew the object of the baronet's unwonted generosity in producing his best wine to a mere mercer, and pushing about the bottle so rapidly and incessantly.

Sir Lupus Crafty watched his victim, and was surprised to find that the wine seemed to take more effect upon himself than it did upon Mildmay.

“May I be riddled with small shot, if my Lafitte is not as inefficacious as water with that chap. He does not look at all excited. These tradespeople are used to porter, and ale, and spirits, and pure wine has no effect upon them. I'll try something else,” said the baronet to himself. “Well, Mildmay, this claret is rather cold drinking — eh? Suppose

we qualify it with a little liqueur and water. Sharpset, oblige me by touching the bell.”

Mildmay declined. He never touched spirits.

“Well, then, a little sherry.”

The sherry was put upon the table; Mildmay took a couple of glasses, and positively declined taking any more. Coffee was announced, and while they were quaffing it the baronet opened his battery.

“You like this part of the country, then, Mr. Mildmay?”

“I love it, sir; I doat upon it; never was half so happy before,” said Nathaniel.

“Your cottage is a pretty little place enough, but rather too small for your family, I should think.”

“Oh! dear! no; plenty of room for us all, and two beds to spare for friends.”

“A little more land would be desirable?”

“Not an inch. Just enough for the cow and pony,” said Mildmay.

“You are not so wedded to the spot, I suppose, as to refuse to sell it, if you had an eligible offer?” asked the baronet.

“Nothing should induce me to sell it. It just suits me. I have made it snug and comfortable. I begin to know and like my neighbors, and I need not add, that living so near to so polite a gentleman as yourself, sir, and one who seems inclined to treat me with such kindness and hospitality, is another and a very strong reason why I should decline disposing of my lucky purchase.”

Mildmay bowed, and Sharpset smiled, as he saw the baronet's look at being taken so completely aback.

“But suppose I wanted to purchase it for a friend, or for myself, eh?” said Sir Lupus, in a most insinuating tone. “It was, as you know, a part of my park.”

“I should be sorry to refuse you anything, sir,” said Mildmay; “but as you are not likely to want to purchase it, you will not be offended when I say that I never mean to part with it.”

The baronet used a great many arguments to induce Mildmay to comply with his wishes, after he had explained to him that he was really anxious to redeem the only little bit of property still remaining

disjointed from his large estate. Mildmay was polite, but firm in his determination not to part with a shot which just suited him, and on which he was so very happy.

The baronet, heated by the unusual quantity of wine he had taken, and finding that he had wasted a good dinner and a great deal of condescending politeness, began to get in a passion. He had set down his coffee-cup on the table, walked across the room, and standing immediately before Mildmay, said slowly and distinctly, through his grating teeth,

"Then you mean to tell me that you will not let me buy back my own property on any terms, you—you little mercer, you."

Mildmay started back alarmed and astonished.

"You will not, eh?"

"No. I will not. If you could not persuade me with good words, you will not induce me with threats," said Mildmay, but rather in a nervous tone.

"Then leave my house, sir."

"Really, Sir Lupus, this is going too far," said Sharpset.

"Leave my house this moment, sir; never enter it again. May I be shot out of a mortar and blown into minute fragments if I don't make you repent of this, and before long too. You shall not have a moment's peace. I'll *compel* you to sell—begone, sir, begone."

Mildmay was seriously alarmed; not so much at the baronet's threats as at his appearance, for his rage was so great that his face grew purple, and his eyes seemed as if they would spring from their sockets. He rushed out into the hall, seized his hat, and ran as speedily as he could to his cottage, locked all the doors and barred the windows, before he sat down to explain to Mrs. Wilson the extraordinary conduct of Sir Lupus, which he could only attribute to insanity.

On the following morning Mr. Sharpset called with a formal tender for the purchase of the little estate from its former owner. He apologized for his employer's violent manner on the preceding evening, and used every argument he could think of to induce Mildmay to consent, at the same time laying before him the unpleasantness of living near a powerful land-

owner, with whom he was on bad terms, and who would have it in his power to annoy him in many ways.

Mildmay was a weak man, but he was not to be bullied. He gave a positive answer in the negative. Sharpset returned to the baronet and told him the unsuccessful result of his interview with the little mercer.

"Then may I be a target for a regiment of riflemen if I do not ruin him for life," said the amiable Sir Lupus. "Commence proceedings at once—bring an action of ejectment—find a flaw in his title—do some of your cunning things—attack him this moment."

Mr. Sharpset declined doing anything of the kind, and told the baronet he was acting the part of a tyrant and an oppressor.

"Never mind that; decline the business if you will. I can find plenty of lawyers willing to undertake it."

"Then I will wish you good morning," said Sharpset; and having ordered his chaise to return to town, called upon Mildmay once more, to put him on his guard against the attacks which he felt certain would be made upon him.

Only two days passed after the departure of Sharpset, and the post brought Mildmay a letter informing him that an action had been commenced against him, and asking him for the name of his solicitor. Mildmay threw it behind the fire.

"Let them bring their action," said he; "I've got the writings all safe. I have only to show them to my lord judge, and he will see it's all right."

Mrs. Wilson, however, who had had some little experience in her husband's time of law proceedings, knew the consequences of allowing judgments to go by default, was alarmed, and sent for the clergyman, to consult with him what was best to be done.

He was grieved at the conduct of the baronet, and, as a peacemaker, and as a parson ought to do, offered to call upon him, to try if it were not possible to arrange matters in an amicable way.

He received the thanks of Mrs. Wilson for his kind offer, and went to Torlington Park to pay his respects to its owner, and to intercede in behalf of his friend.

Sir Lupus Crafty received him very politely, for he professed to be "very much attached to the church;" but when Mildmay's name was mentioned, and the receipt of the notice of action was alluded to, he flew out into a passion, and told the clergyman, if he ever wished to be admitted into Turlington Park again, not to mention the name of the abominable little mercer any more, unless it was to inform him that he was ready and willing to give up possession of Elm Tree Cottage.

The parson, as in duty bound, began to explain and expostulate.

"Preach in your own pulpit," said the angry baronet. "May I be fired at by a pistol within a foot of me if I will be dictated to in my own house."

The parson was shocked. He made a bow, and beat a hasty retreat.

A consultation was held by his advice with a respectable solicitor who lived in the nearest market-town. Mildmay was, to use a common phrase, "up in his stirrups." He spoke confidently of his writings and his rights, and the impossibility of Sir Lupus Crafty's succeeding in his suit against him. His lawyer, however, with the caution peculiar to his profession, declined giving any opinion on the subject until he should have inspected the conveyance himself, and submitted it to the examination of some first-rate conveyancer. Nathaniel could hardly be prevailed upon to resign his writings, even to his own legal adviser for inspection. "Fast bind fast find," was his motto. He liked to have everything of his own in his own possession; but when the necessity of parting with them for a little while was explained to him, he unlocked his bureau, and having extracted them from the pigeon-hole in which they nestled, resigned them to Mr. Plainway's care — but it was with a sigh.

Sir Lupus Crafty, in the meanwhile, was called upon daily by the neighboring aristocracy, who were anxious to renew their acquaintance with the representative of one of the oldest families in the county — especially as he had returned to the seat of his ancestors, with ample means for displaying the hospitality for

which Turlington Park had always been renowned.

To every one of these morning callers did he complain of the sneaking conduct of the little mercer, who had bought a bit of his park without his knowledge or consent, and refused to give it up, although he had offered him an ample remuneration for so doing. All his friends sympathized with him, and poor little Mildmay was looked upon by the aristocracy of — shire as a radical, and a troublesome, litigious individual. The baronet, as he smilingly received the sympathetic speeches of his friends, did not fail to tell them that "he wished he might be drilled through with a bag of bayonets if he did not rid the country of such an insolent upstart."

"They very much applauded him for what he'd done," as the old song says, and to show that he was sensible of, and estimated their applause, he, while the law-suit was pending, commenced a series of petty assaults upon poor Mildmay, which made his life very miserable, and would have driven him to do some deed of desperation, had it not been for the friendly support of Mrs. Wilson and the clergyman.

In the first place, the cow happened to find a gate open, and wandered into the park. She was seen, by one of the spies appointed to watch the cottage and its owners, and pounded. A few shillings, however, settled that matter. His dog, his pet spaniel, ran into the park and chased a squirrel — she was shot by the keeper. Little Natty, the eldest boy, borrowed a bird-keeper's gun, and was taken in the fact of "beating for game" — that is, looking along a hedge-row for a sparrow or a tom-tit. He was "pulled up" and fined by the magistrates — threatened with an action for trespass by the baronet, and surcharged for a license by the collector. Mildmay paid the fines and the surcharge, but gave instructions to his solicitor, Mr. Plainway, to defend the action for trespass. He did; it was tried at the county sessions before a special jury, and Mildmay was beaten.

To many other annoyances was he subjected; he was compelled to take the office of overseer, and the people were

privately set against him, so that every magistrate's meeting saw him summoned by some discontented pauper, who was supported by Sir Lupus and his brothers on the bench, and the overseer had to make his way home again, followed by a crowd, who hissed and hooted him as he went.

No sooner had he fulfilled the term of his overseership, than he was "put in" for parish constable; he refused to act, but it was of no use; the law and the bench were against him. In his very first attempt to restore order at the Crafty's Arms, he was set upon by a tap-roomfull of disorderlies, severely beaten, and picked up for dead. He appealed to Sir Lupus and the bench; he was told that he had brought it all upon himself, by his inquisitorial and hasty mode of action; that as he had been oppressive to the poor in his late office of overseer, so he seemed disposed to act the tyrant in his new post of parish constable. As these remarks were made in the hearing of the drunken men who had almost murdered him for having interfered with their "innocent amusements," when called upon to do so, they gave a loud huzza, bought a penny-worth of blue ribbon each, and returned to the public house in triumph. They had beaten the constable in court as well as out of it — metaphorically as well as physically.

All this time the great ejection cause was going on; Mr. Plainway exerted himself to the best of his ability; there was a something, however, in the first trial that, although he gained a verdict for his client, enabled the adversary to apply for and succeed in obtaining, a new trial. At it they went, ding-dong; all manner of schemes were resorted to by the plaintiff's solicitors, to put the defendant to all possible expenses; and, to cut the matter short, so cleverly was the affair managed, that at the end of five years, Nathaniel Mildmay was confirmed in his possession of Elm Tree Cottage, but was obliged to sell it to pay his last lawyer's bill. Sir Lupus Crafty was of course the purchaser, and as he grasped the writings which had been conveyed to him, he shook them above his head, and shouted, "I wish I may be run through and through by a

Cossack's pike if I have not ruined the little mercer."

Thus did the WOLF crush the little innocent LAMB.

SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY IN EDINBURGH.

It will be pleasing to many of our readers to know (says Chambers's Edinburgh Journal) that the article on the Schools of Industry in Aberdeen, which appeared in our 98th number, has attracted the attention of numerous functionaries, civic and judicial, in different parts of the country, and partially roused them to the perilous condition of the juvenile mendicatory poor. In Edinburgh, the subject was brought under the notice of the town-council, in its capacity of parochial board, by Bailie Mack, one of the city magistrates, on the 23d of December, and some of his observations on this occasion deserve to be noticed.

Referring to what he had formerly stated on the subject, he proceeded: — "I endeavored on that occasion to point out to you the very great evil which prevailed in this city; namely, that of young boys and girls, often destitute of parents, or of guardians of any sort, who were found prowling through the streets and lanes of the town, lodging in common stairs or outhouses all night, and occupied through the day in begging from door to door, and following and annoying the inhabitants on the streets, asking charity; and too often it had been found that these children, both in the daytime, and especially under cloud of night, were occupied in thieving and pilfering from the unsuspecting part of the community. At last they were discovered, and brought up as prisoners to the bar of the Police Court; many of them very young — from four to eight or nine years of age. In some cases, no doubt, it has been found that they had parents, but that of the most worthless description, who, instead of instilling honest, industrious, and religious principles into the minds of their children, actually drill them, as it were, for plying the wretched vocations of begging and

thieving. Indeed it is no rare sight to see the mothers of these children directing them into various places of the streets for the purpose of accomplishing the objects I have now referred to. These children are brought up in total ignorance of every right and proper principle, and well it may be said of them, as they grow up, that they have no "hope" and are "without God in the world." Independently altogether of Christian duty, self-interest will suggest the propriety of endeavoring to put a stop to the evil I have been describing. For what is it that entails upon the inhabitants of the city and the country generally the very large sums with which they are taxed for the support of prisoners, and for defraying the expenses incurred in the criminal prosecutions of these juvenile offenders? It is the neglect of those unfortunate children at the outset — no attention is paid to them till they imbibe the most wicked propensities, and are almost beyond the reach of humanity; whereas, if the evil were nipped in the bud — if they were taken charge of, educated, and taught to work at some industrial exercise, we should no doubt put a stop to the heart-rending scenes daily exhibited in the streets and criminal courts of this city. What is the daily practice at present in reference to the prosecution of these juvenile offenders? There is a sort of routine that is gone through with regard to them; they are first of all punished several times by imprisonment, under the sentences of the magistrates and judges of the Police Court; then they are indicted and tried in the Sheriff Court; and ultimately they are indicted and tried in the High Court of Justiciary; and it is no unusual sight to see, on a Monday in that court, three or four of the supreme judges, a jury, the lord-advocate or solicitor-general, and so many depute-advocates, macers, &c. &c. engaged in trying two or three young urchins for stealing a few *empty* bottles or the like (for it matters not what the crime is, they have gone through the *curriculum* I have narrated, and they are now in the court of the last resort); and preparatory to this trial, and after all the costs of the proceedings in the inferior

courts, only consider what an enormous expense the country is put to in one of these trials in the High Court of Justiciary. There is first a precognition taken by the Procurator-Fiscal; that is sent by him to the crown agent for his perusal; by him the case is sent to the crown lawyers; an indictment is then prepared by one of these gentlemen; it is printed and executed; a jury is summoned, consisting of special jurors and common jurors to the number of sixty-five, taken from the city, the town of Leith, the county of Edinburgh, the county of Linlithgow, and the county of Haddington; many of them travelling a great distance, at great inconvenience, and at considerable expense, all for the purpose of taking their part in a trial of the description I have now given you. Witnesses are also in attendance from various parts of the country; and I believe that, upon an average, each of these trials costs the country little short of £200 sterling, when you take into account all the preliminary steps necessary previous to the trial taking place. Now observe, I throw out no reflections against the honorable and learned judges who preside at those trials, or against the gentlemen who are engaged in their preparation: quite the reverse: all of them, I have no doubt, will cheerfully approve of and support any scheme which can be devised by which, in future, such proceedings, in regard to those unhappy youths, will be rendered unnecessary. I am quite aware, however, that to put a stop to this state of matters will be no easy task, and that a number of my friends will be thinking that I am engaged in a wild enterprise; but still I think the remedy is practicable, and at all events ought to be tried; and I am the more convinced of this, from seeing what has been done in the city of Aberdeen, as described in a late number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. Now, I would respectfully propose that similar schools should be instituted in this city. It will be for the committee to be appointed to arrange the details; in the mean time, I would suggest the following:—

1st. The Parochial Board to open an

Industrial School, on the plan of the Aberdeen Industrial School, for children of both sexes between the ages of five and fourteen.

2d. The following classes of children to be admitted: — First, "poor children, who are themselves, or whose parents are, the objects of parochial relief;" second, such children, not included in the foregoing, as are taken there by the police for begging (the alternative offered to the child being imprisonment), their cost to be paid, if practicable, out of the police assessment; third, such other children as may be sent at the cost of private parties, or can be paid for out of any fund placed at the disposal of the committee of management.

3d. The schools to be conducted on the most rigid system of economy (consistently with efficient superintendence and wholesome diet), and to be made, as far as possible, self-supporting. Perhaps I might add that, as soon as practicable after the establishment of this school, another Industrial School, to be opened by private subscription, for the children of laborers — the parents being required to pay the whole expense beyond the value of the children's labor, except that which is incidental to the new experiment.

In proposing every scheme of this kind, I am aware that the first question which will be asked is, "Where are the funds to come from?" In the first place, I may mention that a considerable sum will be raised by private subscription; for since I first mooted this question, I have been waited upon by several wealthy and influential gentlemen in the city, who have expressed their readiness to contribute to its support. But, secondly, under the new poor-law bill, the Board are entitled to assess the inhabitants for the expense of at least one of the schools I have been proposing. By the 69th section of the act, it is *inter alia* enacted — "And it shall be lawful for the Parochial Board to make provision for the education of poor children, who are themselves, or whose parents are, objects of parochial relief."

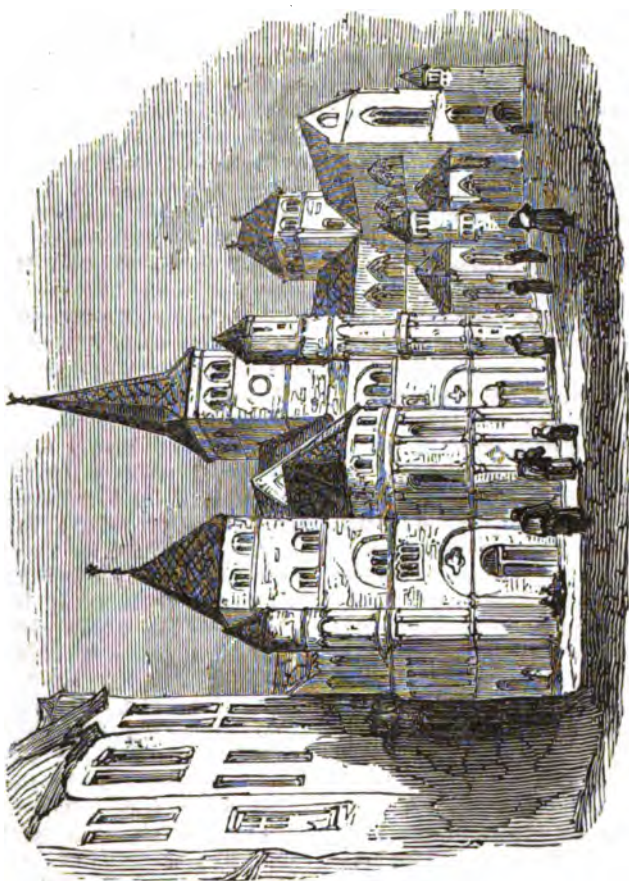
Bailie Mack concluded by proposing to remit the subject to a committee, which, after some discussion, was finally

agreed to. It is therefore now under the consideration of a committee of the board, where we trust it will speedily be brought to an issue.

THE HOLY ROBE OF CHRIST.

THE present year has been made memorable to the citizens of the very ancient city of Treves, by the exposition of that most sacred relic, the Holy Robe of Jesus Christ, said to be the veritable garment worn by our Saviour at the time of his crucifixion — the seamless garment for which the soldiers cast lots (John xix. 23, 24.)

This exposition takes place every thirty years, and, as may well be imagined, the circumstance creates the most lively interest, accompanied by an intense religious feeling in the breasts of the numerous pilgrims who visit it. This most holy relic is placed upon the high altar of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Helen, which is richly dressed for the occasion. It is encased in a frame covered with plate glass of its own form, and is surrounded by innumerable candles of various sizes. The altar is approached by many steps on each side, and the picturesque effect of this arrangement is further heightened by one or two steps, at intervals, in the floor, so that the long line of pilgrims on their way down the side aisle and up to the altar is varied by these differences in height. Twenty thousand pilgrims each day are said to have paid their devotions to this relic. They come in processions of hundreds, and sometimes thousands; are of various grades, but mostly — indeed, almost wholly — peasants. The lame, the blind, and the sick are not few in their ranks, and it is observable that the majority are women. They are constantly arriving, pouring in at the several gates of the city in an almost continual stream, accompanied by priests, banners, and crosses, and alternately singing and praying. They are many of them heavily laden, their packs on their backs, their bright brass pans, pitchers, and tea-kettles of all shapes in their hands, or slung on their arms, while



EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROBE AT TREVES.

their fingers are busily employed with their beads. Wayworn and footsore, fatigued and hungry, they yet pursue their toilsome march, intent upon the attainment of the one object of their pilgrimage. It is curious and beautiful to see their long lines of procession in the open country, wending their slow way over the hills, and to hear their hymns, mellowed by distance into a pleasant sound, across the broad Rhine. There have been, this year, processions from Germany, Belgium, Holland, France, Hungary, and even Switzerland and Italy, and during the whole of their journeys they sing and pray almost continually. The accomplishment of their pilgrimages entitles them, by the payment

of a small offering, to certain absolutions and indulgences. The pure-minded peasant girl seeks remission of sins, the foodless peasant a liberty to eat what the expenses of this pilgrimage will perhaps deprive him of the means of obtaining. The city is literally thronged with them, and the scene in the market-place at nightfall is in the highest degree interesting and picturesque. You stand in the midst, surrounded by buildings of all ages and forms, ornamented with figures of saints and warriors in stone, bronze, stucco, and wood carved and painted. Down every alley and archway is to be seen some venerable morsel of antiquity. Near the centre is the market fountain, and close by it a curious

Saxon cross or pillar of granite, set up in commemoration of the appearance of a fiery cross, said by tradition to have been seen in the sky about the year 958. Down the street before you rises the venerable cathedral, once the palace of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, and given up by her to be converted into a house of God, its Byzantine arches of colored stone giving it the appearance of an eastern building. Adjoining it is the beautiful early-pointed Gothic church of our Lady. To the left the more ancient Roman gateway called the Porta Nigra. On all sides, mixed up with marketable commodities of all colors, booths, and benches, and tables for the sale of rosaries, trinkets, and pictures of the holy robe lie on straw, which is strewn for the purpose; the various groups of pilgrims in all the different costumes of their several countries. Some are still praying, always aloud, some spreading the frugal meal, or boiling their kettles of brass, or quietly sleeping away the fatigues of many a mile. On one hand you still hear the sacred chant or the simple hymn, on the other the more boisterous song of mirth, for the beer-glass and the flask are not wanting to fill up the measure of variety.

Six weeks were appointed for the duration of the exposition of the holy robe, but in consequence of the continued and increasing numbers of devotees towards the close of the term, an additional week has this year been granted.

The object of all this interest and devotion, the coat without seam of our Saviour, so said to be, is a simple tunic, apparently of linen or cotton, of a fabric similar to the closely-woven mummy-cloth of the Egyptians. It is undoubtedly of very high antiquity. Its form is precisely that of the modern Arab frock or tunic, said by the present natives of Syria, to be of the same shape as that generally worn by all classes from time immemorial. Like the modern dress of the Arabs, its color appears to have been originally blue, though now discolored by time to a rust-colored brown. When not girded up at the waist, it would reach to the ancles, the sleeve reaching to the wrist. Its history, according to

Professor Marx, who has written an elaborate account of it, a work having the approval of the bishop, is authenticated as far back as 1157 by written testimony, it having been mentioned as then existing in the cathedral of Treves, by Frederic I. in a letter addressed to Hillen, Archbishop of Treves in that year. Its earliest history depends wholly on tradition, which says, that it was obtained by the Empress Helena in the year 326, while in the Holy Land, whither she went for the express purpose of obtaining relics of our Saviour and his followers; that she gave it to the see of Treves, and that it was deposited in the cathedral of that city; that it was afterwards lost, having been hidden in undisturbed times within the walls of the cathedral, and rediscovered under the Archbishop, John I., in 1196; that it was again hidden for the same reason, and brought to light and exposed to the wondering multitude in 1512, on the occasion of the famous diet of Treves, under the Emperor Maximilian.

"Since this last epoch," says the author of the work already quoted, "the history of the Holy Robe has been often discussed, written, and sung, because it has been often publicly exposed, and at short intervals, whenever political troubles have not prevented."

THE POET'S VOCATION AND POWER.

It is not enough that the poet can gracefully dally with the flowers and the breezes by the wayside; that he can feel and make felt the glories of nature, and weave into his lays the beams of sun, and moon, and stars. These the genuine poet must and will recognize in all their beauty, and appropriate them as costly material in building the house of his fame. He will fashion them into a rainbow that shall span the weeping vale of earth, and make it radiant with the hues of heaven, even when darkest with storms. But this is not enough. Man is the grand work of nature, or rather of God; and it is in man, and his destinies and struggles, that the poet must find his noblest theme. The true vocation of the poet unquestion-

ably is to animate the human race in its progress from barbarism towards virtue and greatness. He is appointed by Providence to arouse to generous exertion, and to console in distress. There is nothing so full of the elements of poetry as the fortunes, and aspirations, and achievements of the vast human family. Its endeavors to escape from the sensual into the intellectual life; its errors, its failures, its sorrows, and its crimes, all are prolific of poetic and dramatic matter of the intensest interest. To guide and encourage humanity in its arduous but ever-onward career; to assist it to tread down despotism and oppression; to give effect to the tears and groans of the suffering; to trumpet abroad wrong in all its shapes; to whisper into the fainting soul the glorious hopes of a still higher existence—these are, and have ever been, the godlike tasks of the true poet, and therefore has he been styled a prophet and a priest. There never was an age in which the magnificent developments of human genius and intellectual energy, in which, too, the social position of society presented to the mind of the poet such stirring and magnificent themes, as the present. We have advanced, in Europe and America at least out of the first periods of barbarism and semi-barbarism. Christianity has done a great work upon the earth in establishing as civil and as national principles the grand doctrines of human right, and in opening the general mind to the perception of the fact, that virtue, happiness, and immortality, go hand in hand. We have uttered our judgment against slavery, and war, and priestcraft, and have given deep and incurable wounds to those enemies of the earth's repose, if we have not been yet able utterly to remove them to their true place, amongst the monstrosities which are only matter of memory and of wonder. But we see daily in the mind not merely of private society, and of enlightened men in their writings, but in the mind of nations, and its expression through the press, that the leaven of peace and liberty is fast leavening the whole popular mass in most countries, and will ere long present glorious fruits. The energies which once manifested themselves in war, are now turned into

the noble channels of moral investigation and scientific discovery. Steam, electricity, and chemistry, are from day to day luminously revolutionizing all our modes of life and manner of thinking. By means of them "many already run to and fro on the earth, and knowledge is increased." But still there is a vast mountain of ignorance, of prejudices, and of crime and suffering to remove. The very light which is poured upon us only lays more bare to our astonishment the social evils that have long walked about in the darkness. We see the multitude thronged together in misery, and the few only "faring sumptuously every day." With growing knowledge we must have more equable comfort, and means of virtuous and intellectual enjoyment. From factories, and pits, and dense alleys, the weak and young cry out of oppressions that destroy body and soul; and they are the poets with the words of fire and feeling, at the head of preachers, literary and public men, who must be the great prophets of social sympathy, the heralds of justice, and Christian kindness between man and man, if they do not desert their heaven-appointed post. One true word from them goes like an electric flash through all the joints and sinews of society. It is on the great subject of human right and Christian love that they are only great to their possible extent. By this they seize at once on the whole world, and become famous in the same moment that they are the eternal benefactors of their fellow-men. It is not the particular evil which they strike at and destroy, which measures the limits of their benefaction. They propagate a spirit which goes on operating the same moral changes from age to age. By the single poem of "The Shirt," Hood acquired more fame than by all the previous labors of twenty years. He became in an instant the poet of the million, and instead of the smile which had illumined the face of jaded luxury at his puns, ten thousand blessings from the hearts of the wronged and afflicted rose up to Heaven on his behalf. What is it that has given to Burns and Ebenezer Elliot such a living place in the souls of the people? It is because, with all their love of nature,

they had a still livelier love of man, and gave utterance to those great truths which became, as soon as uttered, the property, the language, and the watchwords of the million in their grand quest after liberty and knowledge. *Eclectic Review* for December.

THE BUSHMEN OF SOUTH AFRICA.

We glean the following account of the character and manners of this wandering race from a paper read by Mr Ruxton at a late meeting of the London Ethnological Society:—The Bushmen inhabit the almost inaccessible valleys of the Sneewberg and Neuweld, and the desolate tracts of Karoo, or desert, extending from the northern boundary of Cape Colony northward nearly to the tropic. Of the human race, the condition of these poor outcasts is perhaps the most desolate and forlorn. The appearance of locusts and other insects, by mankind in general considered a plague, is by them regarded as the greatest blessing, the larvæ being sought for as a luxury. Even a slight intercourse is favorable to the morals of this people; and that their habits are warlike, is proved by the fact, that in the year 1510, Francisco Almeida, the first Portuguese governor of India, was defeated and killed by them on the Salt river, the site of the present Cape Town. In 1652, when the Dutch took possession of the Cape, the Bushmen were very numerous, and in possession of large herds of cattle, which gradually diminished as their intercourse with the whites increased. Indeed, as the colony became settled, barter for cattle was dispensed with for forcible possession; a system of persecution which drove them from desert to desert, "their hand raised against every man, every man's hand against them." Although inferior in stature to the Hottentots—for they rarely exceed five feet—their limbs are symmetry itself. Spare in form, the figure in youth is light and elegant, the chest round and capacious, and the foot and hand perfect. The excessive inward curvature of the spine, and the extraordinary development

of the hip, are common to the Bushman and Hottentot, but more strongly marked in the former. They differ in feature, moreover, from the Hottentot. The complexion is of a yellowish-olive, or the color of a faded beech leaf. The hair grows in small detached patches or lines of tufts, and is sparingly distributed over the head. In texture it resembles singed wool. It is not cut, but, on reaching a certain length, frizzles at the ends into a little ball, which drops off. The eye resembles that of the Chinese, while the facial angle is that of the Australian. The Bushman is a cheerful and exceedingly active person, and his power of endurance considerable. A simple wind-break forms the only shelter from the weather. Their clothing consists of a karop, or skin, thrown over their shoulders, and a smaller one twisted around their loins. Their weapons are a short heavy club, a bow and poisoned arrows, and the assagai, or dart, which they hurl with great dexterity and precision. Their mechanical skill is very respectable, as shown in their mats, fishing nets, and implements of war.

POSTPONING A DUEL.—The Newhaven Herald says that a correspondence is now going on between two gentlemen of Boston, which began ten years ago with a challenge. Mr A., a bachelor, challenged Mr B., a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal, that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other; and he declined. A year afterwards he received another challenge from Mr A., who stated that he too had now a wife and a child; and he supposed, therefore, the objection of Mr. B. was no longer valid. Mr. B. replied that he had now two children; consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr. A. renewed his challenge, having now two children also; but his adversary had three. This matter, when last heard of, was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed. *United States Journal.*



NO. V.

MAY, 1846.

VOL. III.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT. NO. II.

Stukely. — You have been in the north lately, I think : did you come or go by way of Edinburgh ?

Gilaroo. — Yes ; what of that ?

Stuke. — O, only I wished to know if you chanced to see a particularly splendid edifice, in the old English style, getting up near Edinburgh, the finest building, I believe, now erecting in the United Kingdom ; will cost, I am told, something like a hundred thousand pounds.

Gil. — Well, I think I do recollect something of the sort ; some nobleman's residence, I suppose ; a splendid situation it occupies, west of the town.

Stuke. — Quite right as to situation, but wrong as to its objects. Why, it is an hospital for educating and boarding poor children — a munificent endowment of an old printer named Donaldson, who died some twenty years ago. There are so few instances of such considerate benevolence, that one cannot but honor the memory of so good a man.

Gil. — Avast there, as Tom Pipes would say. Considerate benevolence, with a vengeance ! More likely a piece of vanity in the old gentleman. Does it not strike you that this practice of rearing poor children by the hundred in magnificent palaces, quite at variance with their prospects in life, is exceedingly absurd ? If the wish were to rear monks, I could understand the principle of the

thing ; but why children who are to mix in the world should be taken from under their parents' direction and culture, and brought up in seclusion in large houses, where they have neither industrial exercises nor domestic training, and at best, only get some book instruction, is past my comprehension.

Stuke. — You surprise me. I always thought these hospitals among our most admirable institutions. The benefits they confer by relieving parents in meagre circumstances from the great cost of educating children, are too well known for me to say anything about them.

Gil. — A mistake, my dear fellow — all a mistake. You are wandering in the dark ages of twenty years ago. Since that remote period, the world has got quite new lights on the subject of rearing and educating children ; and, what you will think curious, they have gone back to nature for principles. It is now a settled point — that is, settled among all but the no-reading, no-thinking, very respectable personages who go on dreaming of the past — that children can never be so well brought up as within the pale of the institution pointed out by nature — to wit, the family home, or at least in private educational establishments, in which something like fireside training — the training of the affections — has a place.

Stuke. — Then what would you do with all the endowed hospitals for youth ?

Gil. — Either turn them into day

schools, or infuse into them the principles of an education which would develop the whole faculties and feelings of the pupils. Some might be advantageously abolished, and their funds devoted to general purposes of education.

Stuke.—You would not certainly meddle with hospitals for the aged and infirm?

Gil.—Not quite sure. I rather think that, in most instances, endowed almshouses, asylums, and all that kind of thing, are got up very much as monuments of posthumous vanity. However, that is neither here nor there as to the main question. The worst feature of these institutions is, that the people who go into them must feel, to a certain extent, that they are pauperized—that they are objects of a bounty doled out in the eye of the public. Now, I would prefer sheltering them from this indignity. Instead of cramming a lot of old men and women into a big house, called an asylum, or into a row of small edifices, called almshouses, I would give each poor person an allowance of so much per annum to go and live where he liked. His pittance might be of consequence in providing a decent home in the house of a brother, sister, or other relative; or he might select a cheap place of residence in the country, visit his friends occasionally, and perhaps eke out his income by some trifling employment. Among the other advantages of this plan, there would be a saving of a house, also of salaries to governors, physicians, chaplains, domestics, door-keepers, and so forth. I see it mentioned in the newspapers, that the late Sir Gabriel Wood has bequeathed the princely sum of £30,000, to be expended in the erection and maintenance of an hospital in Greenock for the reception of the aged, infirm, and disabled seamen of that port. This bequest will doubtless do much good; but it would do a great deal more if the cost of erecting and maintaining a fine mansion—perhaps an eight or ten thousand pound affair—were not to be abstracted from it.

Stuke.—You do take such queer notions.

Gil.—Perhaps so; I don't insist on my plan being the right one in all cases. There is no rule, you know, without ex-

ceptions; I would only have the subject reconsidered by those who think of leaving money for beneficent purposes. The subject, indeed, has another side: it may be a question whether bequeathed money ever does the good expected from it, leave it any way you like. Whereas, if men were to be liberal during their lives instead of after death, they would not only make sure of doing good in a right direction, but reap all the pleasure of being benevolent. Is there not something melancholy in contemplating the death of the unfriended rich? Picture to yourself an old wealthy man, for whom no one entertains either respect or affection; see him reclining on his death-bed, with no single consolation but that of owning fifty thousand pounds. But what if it were fifty times fifty thousand? It can give no new lease of existence, allay no pain in his condition, purchase no real pleasure, ensure no happiness. Its possession is probably a trouble: how he should leave it is an annoyance. After pondering on all sorts of schemes, he fastens on the idea of endowing an hospital; and this becomes to him a kind of substantiality in his dreams; as he sinks unfriended to his rest, the vision of a building which shall rise a proud memorial of his charity floats in his dying brain. Well, at length the building is erected, but before the last stone of it is laid, the testator is a mass of clay, and nobody thanks him for his alms. He cheated himself with a fancy. "Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

Stuke.—Very gloomy view of affairs, I must confess; why, what would you be at?

Gil.—I only want to see people act with a little foresight, and do their duty while they may. Have you ever read Carlyle's Past and Present?

Stuke.—Yes—no: I have tried; but it is too mystic and high-flown for my poor faculties.

Gil.—Carlyle is seldom anything but mystic. It is in him, I suppose, and he cannot help it. Yet in his mysticism there are often gleams of strong original thought. I like originality. I like to see men think for themselves, and not go droning on upon the same set of tunes,

like a barrel organ, generation after generation. Carlyle is one of these dashing original thinkers and writers. He tells his mind, and that I take to be a great point. He also tells people pretty freely as to their failings. One of his sayings struck me: it is "that every man should *find his work, and do it.*"

Stuke. — I see nothing in that; everybody is bound to follow his calling.

Gil. — That's just what I expected you would say. Carlyle's meaning goes deeper than a man's professional labors. He implies that every one among us should cast about for some kind of work in which he can make himself useful to his fellow-creatures. One man has a gift for this, another has a gift for that; one can give much valuable assistance, for example, as to the getting up a useful class of schools, and another can be of material service in improving the health of towns. Sometimes the "work" may consist in only giving a little countenance and advice; at other times it may depend on personal exertions; in another class of cases it may be necessary to expend some money; and at the very least, it will consist in giving good wishes, and no opposition, towards schemes of general benefit, which the more enterprising are willing to undertake. The other day I heard of a case in point: — A gentleman and his wife, without family, and having a fortune equal to their wants and wishes, became tired of living in London, where they had little else to do but amuse themselves. Reflecting on how they could lead a life not only more useful, but more agreeable to their feelings, they resolved on removing to the west of Ireland — the last place which most people in their rank would have thought of. They removed thither accordingly, took a house in a poor village, and commenced a career of active benevolence. Not discouraged by accounts of others having failed to improve the condition and habits of the Irish peasantry, they set about a persevering course of social melioration. For one thing, they established a school for teaching girls sewing and household work; and it is amazing what good this in time effected. Formerly, the people in the village and neighborhood had gone about

in rags; the women seldom mended anything, and the cottages were dirty and wretched. Now, not a torn or ragged garment was to be seen; buttons were sewed on as soon as they fell off, and the clothing generally exhibited quite an altered appearance. The houses also were better kept; pigs were turned out of doors; and the firesides had for the first time an air of neatness and comfort. All this of course took some years of incessant labor; petty vexations had to be endured, and much opposition at first to be encountered. But a spirit of genuine practical benevolence overcame all difficulties, active and passive; and the gentleman and his lady had ultimately the gratification of seeing their schemes successful. What may be the degree of pleasure they derive from reflecting on the good they have done, I leave any one to judge. Can their permanent satisfaction of mind be for a moment compared to the fleeting pleasures of an idle fashionable existence — a mere fiddle-faddling in drawing-rooms? And yet thousands never venture a thought beyond enjoyments of this transitory kind. I would not, certainly, recommend all the world to rush away to Ireland, like the hero and heroine of my anecdote, although many might do worse. Persons willing to do good to their fellow-creatures may find plenty scenes of enterprise, plenty things to do, at their own doors. And to do so, is what is implied by a man's *finding his work, and doing it.*

Stuke. — Well, if it be all that, I think there is plenty of it just now. Every one seems to be running after everything but what he has any express call to interfere with. And what a struggle people have to appear what they are not! I am sure many mistake their own dignity and importance in trying to play second fiddle to others, for they only get laughed at for their folly. Cobden, the other day, I observe, gave a smart rap over the knuckles to those who build their greatness on this false foundation. "I know a case," said he, "exactly in point. In Cheshire there is a young man, the son of a wealthy manufacturer, who is exceedingly fond of hounds and horses, of hunting and sporting, and whose greatest ambition it

is to ape the manners and keep the company of the neighboring squires. He is the darling of his mother, who encourages him in all his extravagant expenses, on the plea that he is such a credit to the family, and keeps such good society—to say nothing of the five or six hunters which he keeps besides. Well, this young gentleman was lately riding along the road with a certain friend of mine, a nobleman, and a hunting squire. On coming to a turn of the road, he thought that he would be able to make a steeplechase ride across the fields, instead of going round; and when he was gone, my friend inquired who was the young fellow with such capital cattle; when the squire replied, 'O, he's only one of them cotton chaps off the hills.' Now, if any of the cotton lords of Preston have the same ambition as the Cheshire cotton chap, let them think of what was said of him behind his back. The squires, although just before they may have been drinking your wine, will say of you, 'He's only a cotton chap from Preston.' They won't know anything more about you. It is always a great mistake for a man to attempt to set up for what he is not. For what he is, he is something; but as a mere sham, he is nothing. A cotton-spinner is somebody while he sticks by his order; he has in that both rank and respectability. It is through such as he that Manchester has become a great and important town in the estimation of statesmen and in the eyes of the world; and that greatness was acquired only by the Manchester manufacturers setting up for themselves and forming an order of their own. It is to them that we owe the institutions and Athenæum which have made Manchester celebrated." Now, I take this not to be a bad hit.

Gil.—Of course it is; and I would add, that the man who follows his profession, is precisely the person who can be of most use in helping others. You talk of people running about doing things out of the ordinary track. Though not fond of betting, I will take any odds that if you investigate this very curious matter, you will find that it is chiefly the very busy who are concerned in all the out-of-the-way pieces of duty. I have always

remarked this. Those who have plenty of time, and plenty of means, seldom do anything. Who are those who act as magistrates, as members of hard-working committees, as bustlers about on all occasions, when any good work is on hand? Not the men who have nothing to do; not those who find a difficulty in killing time; but persons who have already nearly every moment filled up—who have perhaps twenty to thirty letters to answer daily, and who habitually give close consideration to private business of the most important kind. I have seen so much of this, that when I want any one to lend assistance in some useful public duty, I never go to the idle and leisurely—I always seek out the man who has so much to do that he scarcely knows which hand to turn to.

Stuke.—That seems about as paradoxical as the art of putting a quart into a pint bottle. I am for every person minding number one. Charity begins at home.

Gil.—Yes, but does not end there. No doubt men may sometimes do harm by their meddling. We must always take judgment along with us, and act accordingly. I am disposed, for instance, to think that there is far too much fuss made about improving the condition of the working-classes, so called.

Stuke.—I am all amazement! You who have always spoken in such a friendly strain of the working-classes!

Gil.—It is because I am their friend that I say what I say. Although an advocate for every one helping in the general cause of humanity, not only as a matter of duty, but from the pleasure to be derived from doing good, I am equally an advocate for all making the very best effort to help themselves. Self-exertion and self-dependence are unquestionably our portion. Nature, in my opinion, never intended that all the thinking should be done by a few, and that all the rest of mankind should act as puppets under them. Every man has brains as well as hands, and to impose no labor on these brains is far from wise. This is, however, what clap-trap writers on the working-classes seem inclined to do. Instead of recommending working-men to

use their thinking faculties, to cultivate self-denial and self-respect, to make every reasonable effort to improve their means and opportunities, they appear to wish them to remain passive — work, but not think; for everything that can improve their condition is to be left to the contrivance of the parties charged with looking after and thinking for them. Don't you see that this is not exactly as it ought to be, and is in some measure contrary to common sense? I think I pay the working-classes a much higher compliment when I tell them they have as good brains amongst them as are to be found in any other department of society, and that they have only to cultivate and exercise these brains, and act in unison with others who are desirous of aiding them, in order to remedy all imperfections in their habits and condition.

Stuke. — For my part I don't see that anything keeps down the working-classes but their intemperance. Cure that, and they will be all right.

Gil. — Intemperance is only a symptom of a disease, not the disease itself; and it is of little use attacking symptoms. Yet this is what has lately been attempted in the laudable endeavor to put down intemperance among the humbler classes. The true plan of procedure would be, to reach the malady which prompts men to consume their earnings in liquor. What is this malady? Ignorance; and, along with that, want of self-respect. Until the working-classes are educated, and improved in their tone of manners, their habits, and their aspirations, we can have little expectation of seeing them abandon dram and beer drinking. Temperance societies must therefore in a great measure alter their proceedings. They must commence a crusade against popular ignorance; insist on the carrying out of broad plans of national education; advance measures of sanitary improvement; and encourage all amusements, literary and otherwise, of a harmless kind.

Stuke. — I saw a pamphlet the other day in which the writer — the Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley, and apparently a well-meaning sort of man — pointed out how advantageous it would be for the working-classes to live in a species of

clubs, forty to fifty families in so many apartments, all in one building: the saving of rent, and also by buying everything at wholesale prices, would, he says, be prodigious.

Gil. — I have no faith in these projects. They do not sufficiently take the failings and prepossessions of mankind into account. My belief is, that on human nature is stamped the principle of living in independent families. A husband, wife, and children, compose a community perfect in itself; and to seek happiness or prosperity by any other arrangement, is clearly against nature, and must necessarily fail. Some other time, I shall give you a little more of my mind on this momentous subject, if you will have patience to listen to me; meanwhile as it is getting late, I must bid you good-by.

Stuke. — Good-by, Gilaroo, good-by. [*Gilaroo departs.*] A queer fish that; I humor him in his new-fangled notions.

PLEASURES OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

LET us fancy a man timid, and unused to locomotion, who has perhaps been diverting his morning with newspaper accounts of railway accidents, arriving in the evening at the great terminus at Euston Square, bound on a nocturnal trip to Birmingham or Liverpool. Passing under an entrance as colossal and imposing as an Egyptian temple, he is hurried through the darkness to a spot which almost realizes the description of the hall of Eblis. Long colonnades of iron pillars support an iron roof, the intricate tracery of which fades away in gloom, while below rows of brilliant gas-lamps bewilder his suddenly-expanded vision. Passengers more accustomed to the voyage than himself knock him about in their anxiety to secure their own places. Anon, porters pushing huge trucks come rattling down, and it requires all his activity to attend to the polite "Make way, if you please, sir," which attacks him on every side. When sufficiently acquainted with the place to find out an undisturbed spot for observation, he timidly glances out into the gloomy abyss which stretches away from the platform, and then his ter-

rors will surely reach their climax. Great huge things, like fiery dragons, prowling about—growling, blowing, panting, vomiting smoke and flame, and looking as if they had the will and the power to swallow up the train in which he is about to trust himself, passengers and all. Suddenly the bell rings, and our timid friend rushes to his carriage, thinking all the while of Mr. Huskinsson's fate, and tumbles affrighted into a most commodious receptacle, where he finds, to his surprise, gentle young ladies composedly reading novels, and knowing ones of the rougher sex elaborately arranging their nightcaps. He has selected the middle carriage for safety, and now, if possible, he secures the middle seat in *that*. If he has a fat fellow-passenger on each side, and another in front, he feels somewhat reassured, and commences some ingenious mental calculations as to what extent his lateral friends may act as cushions should the train go off the rails, or in how far the elasticity of his portly *vis-à-vis* stomach might constitute it an effectual "buffer" for his head in the awful event of a collision. Another bell rings, and away they go at a pace which would leave the wild huntsman "nowhere;" and our timid traveller clings to his seat as comfortable as if perched on a cask of gunpowder with a lighted cigar in his mouth. But a man can sleep even on the night before he is hanged. Our friend slumbers off, lulled by the placid, contented snoring of one of his *compagnons de voyage*, when suddenly a wild unearthly scream breaks upon his ear; he starts up, convulsively exclaiming, "What's that?" and narrowly escapes a cut nose in his hurry to poke his head out of the window. The scream is repeated louder and shriller, and his fears throw off all restraint. He shakes the arm of one of the sleepers, wonders how he can sleep under such circumstances, and repeats his "What's that?" in eager and fear-impressed accents. The sleeper—some old commercial traveller, who can sleep anywhere—slowly rubs his eyes, gazes mechanically at the questioner, takes his

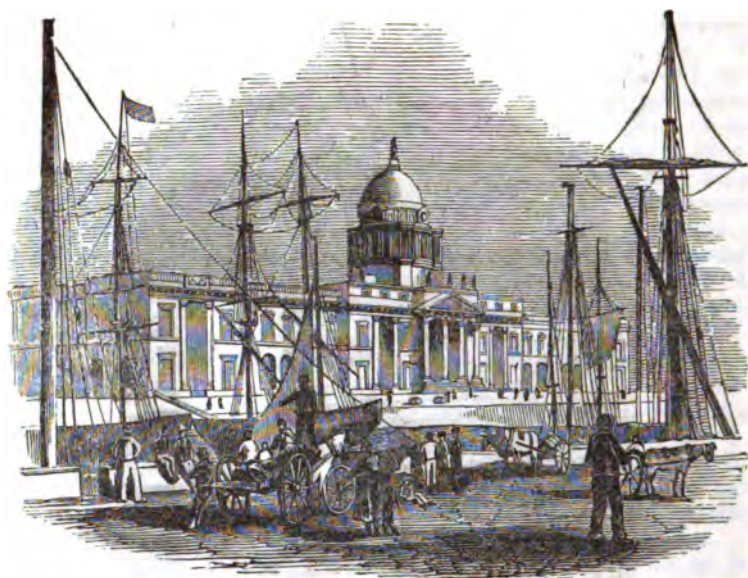
guide-book out of his pocket, and having referred to it, mutters the cabalistic word "Tring," or "Watford," or "Wolverton," and composes himself again to sleep. If it be the last-named place, our timid traveller has a gleam of comfort. He is allowed five minutes on *terra firma*, and quickly descending from his prison, he rushes into the refreshment-room, where, to save time, the coffee is kept boiling hot for the accommodation of mail and express train visitors. He has had hardly time to scald his lips with the first mouthful, when another bell rings, and he runs away to look for his carriage. Of course he has not taken notice of the number, and therefore runs about in wild dismay, at every door he looks in seeing strange faces and unrecognizable great-coats, and at last finds his own seat just as the leviathan begins slowly to move away from the station. Then comes the dark tunnel with all its horrors. The merry rumble of the train in the open air is changed for a sullen subterranean roar; the timid traveller looks out, and sees, close to his face, a slimy brick wall, while his memory reverts to the catacombs of Paris, and the skeleton which was found sitting bolt upright in the main sewer of Fleet street. He wonders how he should feel if the whole superincumbent mass of earth were suddenly to settle down upon him and his fellow-passengers; and when he again emerges into upper air, he feels as if he had just escaped a most dreadful peril. His fellow-travellers, who have by this time slept enough, brighten up, and beginning to find out their man, are most obliging in providing pabulum for his terrors. One describes a "smash" in which he was himself nearly killed; while another innocently says that they are just then approaching a most dangerous curve or steep embankment. Thus the timid traveller is kept continually on the tenter-hooks as he drives through tunnels, or flies over embankments or viaducts, until at last he arrives, sound in body, but much distracted in mind, at the place of his ultimate destination.



THE DUBLIN EXCHANGE.

"THE Dublin Exchange may perhaps rank next in beauty to the Bank. It was commenced in 1769, and finished in 1779, under the immediate direction of Mr. Thomas Cooley, an artist to whom Dublin is indebted for other fine struc-

tures. Its form is nearly a square of one hundred feet, having three fronts of Portland stone, in the Corinthian order, crowned by a dome in the centre of the building. The interior is a happy combination of elegance and convenience."



THE DUBLIN CUSTOM HOUSE.

"THE Dublin Custom House was designed and erected by Mr. James Gandon, the foundation-stone having been laid in 1781. It is worthy of comment, that although the cost of building the Bank amounted to no more than £40,000, the expense of the Custom House exceeded £546,000. The Custom House is 375 feet in length, and 205 feet in depth, and exhibits four decorated fronts, answering almost directly to the four cardinal points of the compass—the south being the principal front. In the interior are two courts, divided from each other by the centre pile, which is 100 feet broad, and runs from north to south the whole depth of the building. The south, or sea front, is composed of pavilions at each end, joined by arcades, and united to the centre. It is finished in the Doric order, with an entablature, and bold projecting cornice. A superb dome, 120 feet in height, surmounts the whole, on the top of which is a statue of Hope resting on her anchor, 16 feet high. The north front has a portico of four pillars in the centre, but no pediment. The south front is entirely of Portland stone; the other three are of mountain granite. The effect of this spacious and superb structure is now

inexpressibly lonely; time has produced changes that have rendered it almost useless; the necessity of watching contrabandists no longer exists; the assimilation of 'duties' has removed clerks and 'waiters' of all grades; and, unhappily, the paucity of Dublin's commerce is such that a cottage might suffice to transact its 'business,' in lieu of a palace. The rooms of the Custom House are therefore deserted; a mariner's step is seldom echoed by its walls, and 'bills of lading' would startle almost as much as the drapery of a banshee. The interior is now divided into several public offices, of which the Stamp Office is the principal."

A RUN THROUGH EGYPT IN 1842.

EVERYTHING appertaining to a country so intimately associated with the history and progress of mankind as Egypt, must be ever fresh and attractive. The learned find no termination to their research; the ordinary reader no limit to his curiosity and wonder. It is for this reason that we turn to notes of a journey from Alexandria to Cairo, the Pyramids, and the Red Sea, performed in the summer of 1842, by the Rev. G. Fisk, then on

his way to Jerusalem and other principal localities of the Holy Land.*

The reverend gentleman's outward route lay through France and Italy; from Naples he steamed to Alexandria, in company with "a motley group of English, French, Italians, and Greeks, a considerable allowance of priests, a Franciscan monk, and four sisters of charity." After a somewhat trying passage, the steamer dropped anchor in the bay of Alexandria on the 25th of April; boats in great numbers were quickly around her; and our traveller and party taking possession of one, cleared off with all possible celerity. "We had then a distance of nearly two miles ere we could get on shore; and when we fairly came to land, what a picture was presented! The oriental appearance of the city and of its population spoke for itself at once; and we felt that an African climate was about us. Throngs of half-naked Arabs, clamorous for employment as porters, stood around. The harsh guttural of the Arabic tongue sounded strangely in our ears. Asses, some saddled for riding, and others prepared to carry baggage, together with guides and servants proffering their services, all pressed upon us together, as we first set our feet on the shores of Egypt; while, somewhat in the background, a long string of camels, laden with timber, stones for building, and water-skins, passed along, with their slow, dreamy, yet majestic step; and here and there the 'feathery palm-trees' waved gracefully in the slightly moving breeze which swept over them from the desert. It would have amused our friends in England could they but have seen us on our arrival, with our baggage laid upon asses, guided by attendant Arab men and boys — a troop of them, all jealous of each other on account of the few piastres which were to be the price of the accommodation; the selected ones exulting, the rejected ones growling and fuming — and all going in uproarious procession through the narrow and squalid-looking

streets and avenues of the Arab quarter, amidst crowds of the most picturesque figures that can be conceived — some gravely and silently smoking their long pipes — some squatting on the dust in the shade of the low mud-walled dwellings, in earnest conversation — some playing at games, and others carrying on their heads and crying various articles of small merchandise. Women were seen bearing their half-naked babes astride on their shoulders, and others riding on donkeys, which are the 'hackney coaches' of Alexandria. Winding our way slowly through the overhung and confined streets, with a sense of entire novelty and strangeness, we reached at length the European Hotel, rejoicing at finding ourselves once more in a condition to enjoy rest and repose."

While in Alexandria, the party saw much to interest them — nothing more so than the bustle and heterogeneity of the bazaars. These "present every article of convenience suitable to oriental notions; and indeed at Alexandria, most European wants may be well enough supplied. Bazaars for the sale of tobacco of various kinds, and in various forms for consumption, are found in all directions; and the smell of tobacco-smoke is the most familiar odor of the place. Everybody smokes, and at every hour of the day. The whole front of the bazaar is open, and has a floor raised about two or three feet above the level of the street. It is furnished with carpets, and sometimes with cushions in the form of a dewan; and on these the purchaser is not unfrequently seated, while selecting the articles he wants, and agreeing, or rather disagreeing, and haggling, about the price; for every one who purchases at a Turkish or Arab bazaar must make up his mind to this, unless he would pay double the value of all he needs. The Arab traders are a stirring, active people — on the look out for customers, and prompt in attending to them. It is the reverse with the Turks. They will suffer you to stand and look about, and handle the various goods within reach, without rising from their usually recumbent posture, or putting their long pipes from their mouths. When you go

* A Pastor's Memorial of Egypt, the Red Sea, the Wildernesses of Sin and Paran, Mount Sinai, Jerusalem, and other Principal Localities of the Holy Land. London: Seeley & Co. 1845.

so far as to express any particular want, they will slowly and almost unwillingly break in upon the half repose which they are enjoying, and place before you the required articles, apparently careless whether you purchase or not."

According to Mr. Fisk, a spirit of improvement manifests itself in the external aspect of Alexandria: from the bay to the citadel, and thence throughout the public works, there are proofs of growing importance, to be attributed solely to the enterprise of the present Pasha. The great admixture of Europeans with the native population, deprives the city of much of its oriental peculiarity; and in this respect it reminds the traveller of Malta or some other semi-Anglicised city. Though living under a purely despotic government, the people appear cheerful and happy; "and certainly," continues our author, "I have never seen in Egypt such instances of squalid misery and mendicancy as I met with in Italy wherever I went."

Leaving Alexandria the 29th of April, the party proceeded to Cairo by drag-boat along the Mahmoudi canal as far as Atfeh, and thence up the Nile. Their passage—in these days of railways and steam-tugs, and much talk about Red Sea and Mediterranean connection—appears to have been a very rude and primitive affair. "All our progress along the canal was effected by towing—for which purpose sometimes four and at others six horses were employed, and changed about every twelve miles. The horses were ridden by wild half-naked Arabs, and sometimes Nubians, whose feats of horsemanship on the banks of the canal were perfectly novel and amusing. When dashing along at a rapid rate, they set up a wild shout, which breaks at length into a choral song, anything but harmonious to European ears. In some parts of the canal the water is exceedingly scanty, and, on other accounts also, impracticable for the ordinary plan of towing with horses on the banks. This inconvenience is constantly met by the riders springing from their horses, dashing at once into the water, tackling themselves with ropes, and swimming sometimes, and at other times rushing over the

shoals of sand, and dragging the boat along with surprising force and agility. In this picturesque operation they are joined by the crew; while the unyoked horses are led on to resume their labor as soon as the state of the river will admit. This curious scene we repeatedly witnessed in our passage along the canal and up the Nile."

When about half way to Atfeh, news was brought that Mehemet Ali was descending by the same route to his maritime capital; and so every one on board was on the *qui vive* to get a glimpse of the great man—the regenerator of Egypt. This fortunate juncture was not, however, without some little mishaps to detract from its pleasure; for the Pasha pressed the boat and men into his service, and left our travellers to shift as they best could—an incident highly characteristic of the man and of a despotic country. However, "we had a full view of Mehemet Ali as he sat at dinner, and while he was enjoying his *chibouk*, attended by his retinue; and afterwards, when he came from the farm-house on the river's bank where he was resting, and mounted his white mule, for the purpose of taking possession of our boat, we were enabled to form a tolerably accurate notion of his person. He is a most remarkable man, and realized all we had heard about him. He is now past seventy, with a hale, firm, and determined countenance, and venerable white beard. Seeing two Europeans near him, as he hastily passed by, he glanced a very peculiar, but not unfriendly, glance upon us; acknowledged slightly our bows, made some passing observations to his nearest attendants, with an evident reference to us, and in another minute was mounted on his mule. His highness's pipe-bearer and coffee-bearer, his silver washhand basin and towel-bearer, secretary, and interpreter, all were in immediate attendance upon him. The scene was very interesting and very oriental. Here was perhaps almost the wonder of the age—the soldier of fortune, who had risen from the humblest rank in the Turkish army—now the powerful despot of Egypt, with almost patriarchal simplicity taking his homely mid-day meal at a small farm-house, and

departing, as ancient despots used, surrounded by slaves, camels, dromedaries, &c. &c." Mr. Fisk declares he will not easily lose the impression made on his mind by this glance at Egypt's Pasha; every Englishman who has seen him declares the same. Cromwell, Napoleon, Bernadotte, and others who have stepped from obscurity to thrones, are scarcely his counterparts. There are specialities in his case that leave him alone; and though one cannot offer a justification of some of the means whereby he works out his policy, yet it must be allowed that much has been done well.

Having arrived at Cairo, the first thing that arrests attention is the apparent redundancy of the population. "It is estimated at about two hundred and twenty thousand, including Copts, Jews, Turks, and Egyptian Moslems. The streets of the city are for the most part exceedingly narrow, particularly those which are occupied by bazaars; where the mingled odor of fruits, tobacco, and various other articles of merchandise, is anything but grateful. It requires great tact and heedfulness to make way in the streets, especially if on foot. The very easiest thing imaginable is to get one's toes crushed by the foot of a barb, or to be scampered over by donkeys in full canter, urged on by their shouting drivers; or quietly walked down by a camel, with his dreamy step and his nose in the air. Everybody seems to be in everybody's way; and yet all escape wonderfully. In Cairo, as in all other oriental towns, multitudes of wolf-like dogs lie about the streets—not only in safe corners, but in the most frequented ways; and it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to arouse them from their half repose. At night, their howling and barking is quite distressing, and effectually banishes sleep from all who have the least tendency to be wakeful."

The appearance of the town, however, is on the whole one of comfort. "It has the air of a primitive place, both in regard to its architecture and its inhabitants. The upper stories of the houses project so much that the occupiers might almost step from one to the other. But then this helps to keep the streets cool by

shutting out the intense heat of the vertical sun. Though crowded by an incessantly moving population, the streets seldom have the feel of suffocating heat. The windows of the houses have, for the most part, no glass, but consist of wooden lattice-work, often richly carved and ornamented, projecting somewhat like small oriel windows in Gothic architecture. This, too, gives a complete idea of coolness and comfort. The houses themselves are chiefly Saracenic, built of very solid masonry, in large massive blocks of stone; and often the doors, or main entrances, are much enriched with carved work. The principal houses are quadrangular; and a spacious court, open at the top, affords communication to every part of the habitation."

Among the novelties of Cairo visited by our traveller, were the gardens of Ibrahim Pasha, the son and successor of Mehemet Ali. These occupy a considerable part of Rhoda Island; and at the time of Mr. Fisk's visit were all life and animation, in consequence of some festal season, during which they are regularly thrown open to the public. "A vast assemblage of people of all classes were thronging about—some in parties seated in circles under the shade of spreading trees, laughing, jesting, smoking, while others were pacing along in slow and stately march, from avenue to avenue, in all the glitter and color of orientalism. The greatest decorum prevailed; and it was pleasant to see that neither leaf nor flower suffered violence at the hands of the numerous visitors. The gardens are very extensive, and are laid out partly in European and partly in oriental taste; and irrigation is carefully provided for by the digging of small canals or trenches, which are kept well supplied with water. The trees, of various kinds—some native and others foreign—appeared to thrive remarkably well. The pomgranates were full of their richly-tinted blossoms. The roses, among which there was but little variety, were mostly fading away, having already enjoyed their blossoming time. The climate was delightful, and added much to the charm of a scene so novel and picturesque." On another occasion, the party visited the

palace and gardens of Mehemet, at Shubra. "These are beautiful of their kind, and more trim and formal than those of Ibrahim Pasha, at Rhoda. Straight lines prevail very much, and the paths are in many places paved with variegated pebbles. Lemon, apricot, and other trees abounded, bearing fruit abundantly; while roses, jessamine, and various beautiful flowers, lent their aid to complete the effect. We could not obtain admission to the whole of the palace, but had the honor of seating ourselves on the Pasha's dewan, in one of his chambers of audience. The palace gives but little idea of oriental splendor; and so far as we saw of it, was fitted up in the poorest style of tawdry French decoration."

After visiting the slave bazaar, that moral plague-spot in all Mahomedan cities; enjoying the luxury of an oriental bath, with all its delicious appliances; and surveying the vastitude and grandeur of the Pyramids, our travellers made preparation for their journey through the desert to Sinai, Edom, and Palestine. For this purpose, an escort of trusty Bedouin Arabs was engaged, and the other preparations made with all possible alacrity. Mr. Fisk devotes a special page to those preliminaries, on the ground that former travellers have been but scanty in their information on such matters, and in the belief that what he mentions will be useful to others who may be meditating such a tour. "Our provisions," says he, "consisted of casks of biscuit, rice, maccaroni, vermicelli, pasta, dried fruits, coffee and tobacco for the Arabs, in abundance; a canteen with plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, and cooking vessels; a coffee-pot, charcoal for cooking, block-tin basins for washing, a large supply of well-seasoned skins for water (new ones being objectionable on account of the rancid taste they are apt to impart to the water,) Arab umbrellas rudely made of green and white cotton stuff, to protect the face against the sun; porous water-bottles made of baked earth, to be slung at the saddle, which, by evaporation, keep the water comparatively cool for immediate use; a firm well-constructed tent for ourselves, and another for our

servants, with camp stools and a table made to fold up with the tent; segaddehs or prayer-carpets used by the Musselmans — to form part of our beds by night and saddles by day; mattresses and light coverlets, and nicely-constructed framework, made of split branches of the palm-tree, to protect our bedding from damp and vermin; Arab lamps, to be suspended in the tents at night, and a good store of wax-candles and oil; pistols, sabres, ammunition, and Arab attire, which our friends in Alexandria and Cairo advised us to assume. The costume which I wore was that of a Khowaga, or merchant of Cairo, consisting of white linen trousers of very spacious dimensions, yellow morocco slippers next my feet, and scarlet ones over them; a cassock of rich crimson and yellow Damascus stuff, bound round the waist with a long silk scarf of variegated colors, and over it a flowing robe of olive-colored cloth; a white turban and tarbouch, or crimson-felt skull-cap, with a close linen cap within it — affording the most comfortable dress for the head (which was shaved according to the oriental custom,) and protecting very effectually against the intense heat of the sun."

In this style, and with such a cavalcade, our traveller left Cairo on the 10th of May, and on the evening of the fourth day after, reached the miserable little port of Suez. Of this meeting-point to many routes, Mr. Fisk speaks in the following terms:—"On passing the gates, you enter an irregular kind of square; on the left you catch a view of the sea, with a small dockyard, in which small craft are built; on the right are a few poor and squalid-looking buildings and a khan. Beyond the square is a long principal street, leading to the governor's residence; and to the right are the bazaars, in which are assembled all varieties of the oriental family — meeting as in a point, from which diverge many of the Asiatic and African routes. From Suez guides and escorts are easily obtainable to facilitate journeys in all directions. With the exception of the residences of the governor and a few principal inhabitants, the houses are mean habitations, and chiefly built of bricks formed of mud,

and baked or dried in the sun. While passing along among some of these, to mark the domestic habits of the people, I saw a small school with about a dozen or fourteen children, who were studying with all their might, and with no small sound, the Arabic alphabet, written on large boards, set up before them, or held in the hand; while the tutor, squatting on the floor, and enveloped in clouds of tobacco-smoke, looked on in silent satisfaction." Our author looks hopefully, however, towards the future. "The overland route to India will, if perpetuated, effect great changes in the general character of Suez. The free and frequent admixture of Europeans with orientals cannot long continue without resulting in local modifications. The oriental character and habit will doubtless stand long against serious innovation of any kind; but a new spirit of enterprise will, in all probability, be traced by-and-by in the minds of those with whom Suez is a place of permanent residence. Already there are indications of progressive change; European habits and customs are becoming prevalent; and European establishments are springing up in the various forms of mercantile speculativeness."

After one night in Suez the party passed over to the Asiatic side—their future journeyings being amid the scenes of biblical history and prophecy.

"MY ESCAPE FROM VIGO PRISON."

BY THE ENGLISH CARLIST.

DURING the perilous services in Spain and Portugal of the individual whose vigilance deceived the French police,* he met with many adventures, which, if collected, would make perhaps one of the most singular records of modern times. Don Gulielmo, as he was familiarly called while in these dangerous services, is not a man, however, at all desirous of notoriety, and it is only when his friends get him in a talkative humor, that one of his many reminiscences comes to

light. We generally are the depository of his secrets of this nature, though it can scarcely be said we keep them over-faithfully; the only restriction our adventurer lays us under being, that we mention no names. To this we agree, as far as necessary, and then we receive full permission to make what use we think proper of the facts. A few weeks ago, we breakfasted with the English Carlist, when, always anxious to collect information, we pressed him to tell us another of his adventures. Our good-natured friend assented, and, filling himself an ample cup of coffee, narrated nearly as follows this tale of his imprisonment at Vigo:—

"It is of little consequence how, but during the war it happened that I had charge of a schooner, with instructions to run her into the first private bay in the neighborhood of Vigo with which I might fall in. I was by no means to enter any harbor, where it was probable other vessels might be found; and, moreover, was desired to take the night-time to effect my landing. These precautions would scarcely have been necessary had my cargo been broadcloth, or any other article of English manufacture connected with the exterior or interior wants of man. When, however, I state that my schooner contained sundry boxes of silver money, and a goodly supply of arms and ammunition, and that these were not the property of the recognized and constituted authorities, it will readily be understood why I sought darkness and privacy. The task was the most difficult I was ever appointed to, and, save the siege of Oporto, in which you know I figured, caused me much suffering. After running off and on for several days, I at length determined to make for a little nameless bay which I had been for some time looking out for, and there disburden myself of my dangerous charge. I had selected a foggy and murky day for this enterprise, as I feared the vigilance of the *garda-costas*; and, under cover of this veil, approached the land about three in the afternoon. We were sailing on a wind with our larboard tacks on board, a sharp lookout being kept for the first glimpse of land, when a sailor in the square-sail yard cried, 'Sail, ho!' 'Where away?' cried I eagerly.

* See Family Magazine, Feb., 1846, page 74.

'On the weather bow.' I seized hold of the main rigging, and swung myself on the lee bulwarks, and there to windward, not four hundred yards distant, was a brig bearing down upon us under a crowd of sail. A gun at this moment was fired as a signal for us to heave to; an order I felt compelled to obey, though with a heavy heart. The necessary orders were given, and before long, the two vessels were lying side by side on the water, while a boat filled with armed men put off from the brig to us. They boarded us, and as a very slight examination satisfied them as to the schooner's character, we were all declared prisoners, and I being unfortunately the individual in command, was transferred to the brig, which, having accomplished the duty for which it was sent out, at once returned to Vigo.

"The brig came to an anchor in the night, which was pitchy dark; but, without any ceremony, I and my crew were at once taken ashore, and, under a heavy guard, hurried through the streets. The gloom was too great for me to distinguish anything, and we were, moreover, so closely surrounded by armed ragamuffins, that nothing but the tops of the houses could be made out. At length we halted in a large square, before a gloomy pile that rose darkly against the sky; a bell was rung, a few words were exchanged with a gruff voice within, and then a door opened. I started back as the light of a torch fell full upon my face, but instantly recovering, followed my conductors with a firm step. Leading the way through a long dark passage, the jailer thrust me and my comrade, Baron M——, a Frenchman associated in the undertaking, into a cell which was already tenanted, as we could see by the dim light of the torch. For some minutes after we were left alone; neither spoke; and then the Frenchman began to deplore his fate, and curse the day when he associated himself with a cause that bore such disagreeable results. I replied; and our conversation was carried on some time without interruption. 'Well, cavaliers,' at length exclaimed our companion in durance, 'you have talked long enough in a jargon I don't understand. Do you

speak mine?' I intimated that I did, and he then asked if we had any objection to a light. Though wondering much at the question, neither of us hesitated to acquiesce, and we were very soon cheered by the presence of an oil lamp, which the stranger lit by means of a pocket flint and steel. As soon as the light fell full upon my face and that of my new acquaintance, we mutually started. 'Don Gulielmo,' said he; 'Juan Castro,' exclaimed I. It was Juan Castro, the noted smuggler or *contrabandista*, but better known as the most efficient spy in our service. Surprised at this meeting, explanations followed, which soon proved that both had been equally unfortunate, and on the same occasion. He had been looking out for the schooner ashore, with his band, while I was engaged in endeavoring to run her into harbor. The treachery which must have betrayed me, had doubtless served him the same good turn. 'I know my fate,' said he gaily; 'a priest and a file of soldiers in the market-place.' 'You seem to treat it lightly,' observed I, who had little reason to expect much better myself. 'Because,' he added more gravely, 'I do not mean them to have their will. I mean to escape, and you, sirs, may escape with me if you will, as in these times it may stand but ill with yourselves.' I looked round my dungeon doubtfully, ere I replied. It was a solid stone fabric, with a large iron grating opening on the corridor, promising but few facilities for an evasion. My looks expressed as much. 'I see, signor, you doubt my ability to get out of the clutches of the enemy; but trust me, and all shall be well. I am not without friends in Vigo, and my daughter Maria has such winning ways with her, they never search her basket. She will be here at dawn and at sunset; and if we don't escape to-morrow night, my name is not Juan, that's all.' Exhilarated by this prospect, I explained all to the baron, who brightened up, and, with the peculiar light-heartedness of his countrymen, accepted the *contrabandista's* proffered wine and other refreshments, and did justice to them too. As for me, I am a cosmopolite, and in all countries adapt myself to the people.

In Rome, I do as Rome does, and in Peru I am a Peruvian. We feasted accordingly, and then lay down upon our straw to seek rest and refreshment.

"I woke only as a merry and rich voice was heard carolling a patriotic stave at the other end of the long passage. 'My daughter,' said Castro with a tone of pride. 'It is not every contrabandista can boast such a one as Maria.' I agreed with him in this particular, and, rising, advanced with the hardy smuggler to welcome the girl. She was one of the usual dark-eyed beauties of her native country, in the picturesque costume of a peasant girl, while on her arm was a basket covered with a cloth, which the jailer, who followed her, eyed with somewhat of a suspicious air. 'Well, father,' said Maria, gaily, 'I wish you would teach your keepers manners. Here is a great fellow wants to pull your breakfast about, as if it were not hot and nice, and none the better for being exposed to the air.' 'Nonsense! José is only joking with you,' replied the smuggler, with a self-possession which excited our admiration to no small degree; 'but I am hungry, so hand hither the basket, and take this empty one. And *harkee, girl; this evening bring two more of the same*, for I have a couple of friends here, good Carlists as any, and I would fain regale them ere I take my long journey.' José turned his back with a half-satisfied grunt, suffering his eye to rest admirably on the girl's face for a moment. Maria's really beautiful countenance determined him, especially as she gave him an exquisite smile. Juan in a hurried whisper explained his meaning, and, to prevent suspicion, Maria departed immediately. 'Thank Heaven!' muttered the smuggler, drawing a long and satisfied breath, 'I am now safe.' We asked an explanation, which was offered by his uncovering the basket, and exhibiting, under his food, a pair of pistols and ammunition. We now understood what 'two more of the same' meant, and began to see a prospect of escape. The pistols were hastily concealed beneath the straw; and ere José returned with our scanty and coarse repast, the contrabandista was coolly enjoying his, in which the jailer

joined him by invitation, drinking with much zest the excellent wine that Maria had provided for her father.

"When again left alone, we conversed in low tones, to pass the time; but in vain; the hours hung like lead upon our hands. None of us felt as yet certain of the result of our daring experiment until Maria should again visit us. Besides, we might be separated. I and the baron expected every moment to be dragged before a military tribunal, and to have a summary sentence pronounced on us, as had been the lot of Juan Castro. But we omitted at first to recollect that it was Sunday, and that our captors were doubtless too much engaged in enjoying themselves, and making much of their victory, even to think of us. Still, we felt an anxious beating of the heart, that no reflections could allay; while I prepared, at the worst, to assert my prerogative as an Englishman, and to claim fair trial by a civil tribunal. At length evening drew near, and with it the hour of Maria's return. She came. We listened with intense interest. She passed the outer gate, and again, accompanied by José, came up the passage. 'That was famous good wine of yours this morning,' said the jailer, 'and I fancy I must try a little of it this evening.' 'Very good,' responded the smuggler, taking the basket and handing it to me. '*Take out the bottles*, signor, and then we can treat our worthy jailer properly.' While Juan detained the man by this manœuvre, I removed the pistols from the basket.

"'What does that girl there, and what has she in that basket?' exclaimed a new voice, that of the head jailer. 'It is the daughter of Juan Castro, and the basket contains wine and food which she bears to him. He is to die to-morrow, and I thought no harm in letting him have whatever he wanted.' 'Be off, girl, and let me see you here no more,' cried the brutal jailer; 'and you, José, just come inside and overhaul this basket, which contains, I warrant me, something besides wine.' 'Files perhaps,' said Juan, sneeringly; and then he added, in a whisper, 'Be ready; our time has come, though sooner than I expected.' The jailers entered, and started back: three brace

of pistols, loaded and cocked, were at their heads. 'Keep watch while I bind,' said Juan; and tearing off some of his own and our clothing, he soon secured the astonished guardians, effectually stopping their mouths with straw and a gag. A sharp knife, glistening before their eyes, kept both quiet. 'Now, my worthies,' said Juan—who, having been more than once in a similar position, treated the danger very cavalierly—"I will thank you for that big key; and now, good-by. José, I leave you the eatables; the wine is too good to be spared. Now, gentlemen, if you please;" and in an instant we were hurrying along the prison passage. 'Can we not free my men?' I muttered. 'Certainly,' said Juan, halting at another door, and applying one of the keys he had deprived the jailer of; 'Vigo prison can spare them as well as us.' He was mistaken, however: the cell was empty; and, as I afterwards found, they had all taken service with their captors, and at once obtained their freedom.

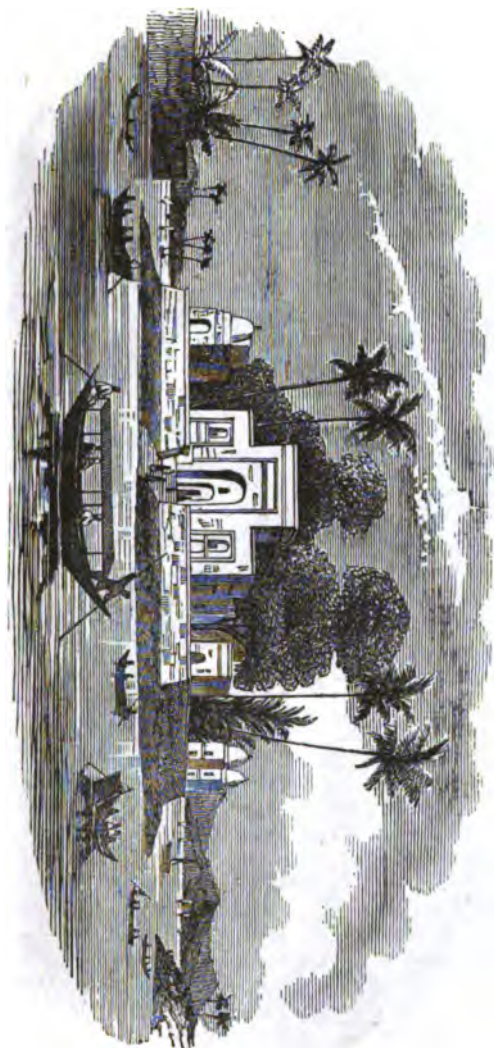
"No more time was lost, and the hall was gained. It was deserted. Vigo prison was confided—so poor were the authorities—to the care of the two men we had succeeded in overpowering. It took but a few minutes to open the great gate, and we stood in the open air. We followed the smuggler, as the only man well acquainted with the localities. Hurrying down the left side of the square, Juan Castro entered the street of La Baca, at the end of which was a lane. Turning short before this, we halted at the door of a tavern. We entered without hesitation, and being evidently expected, a cheerful meal in the kitchen awaited us. Maria was there too, no longer the gay singing-girl of the prison, but with intense anxiety painted in every lineament of her countenance. 'And now, gentlemen,' said the smuggler, seating himself, and motioning us to follow his example, 'what are your intentions as soon as you have refreshed yourselves?' 'To gain our camp in the hills,' I replied; while the Frenchman seemed already disgusted with the cause. As, however, in Vigo his life was in extreme danger, there was little choice in the

matter. I may as well, however, here remark, that it was the baron's first and last effort in the cause, and that at the first convenient opportunity he returned to France, and foreswore all foreign campaigns for the future. I believe you think that, perhaps, I had been more wise had I done the same. Perhaps so; but to my story.

"In half an hour we were mounted on mules; and having once succeeded in leaving Vigo, it will readily be believed we did not allow the grass to grow beneath our feet. About midnight we reached a road-side inn, where we halted, and where, to our surprise and vexation, we found half a dozen soldiers of the other party. Presenting, however, a determined air, we were not molested, even Maria being allowed to set herself unnoticed. We made no stay, however, and after a short half hour of repose, were again on our way. The next morning brought us to a halting-place in safety, and then, and only then, did we enjoy repose and sleep. Next day I made a report to the king, and failed not, as times went, to reward the services of the contrabandista and his daughter. Such is the history of my acquaintance with the prison of Vigo, the only one I hope it may be my lot to make."

I thanked my adventurous friend, who, changing the subject, told me of other passages in his life equally curious, and which may, perhaps, one day find their way into these pages.

FIDELITY OF THE DOG.—The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe; remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor. He is the tried friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity.—*Sir Walter Scott.*



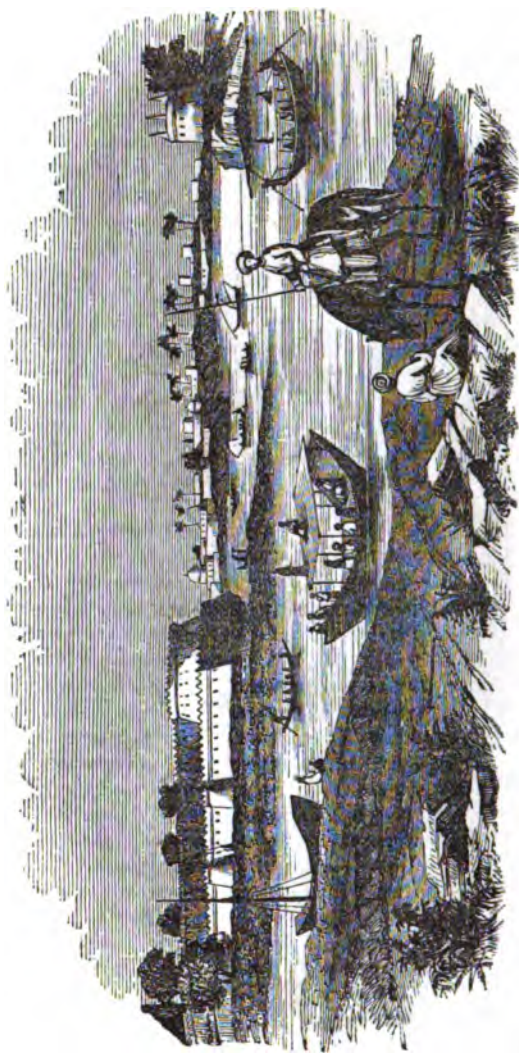
HAJEE KA, A FORT ON THE INDUS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF INDIA.

THE rapid progress of our empire in India attracts the attention of the whole civilized world; and at this moment that interest is almost exclusively turned towards the Indus. We transfer, therefore, to our columns some original sketches made by an officer during a visit to the native cities now standing upon its banks. The sources of the Indus not having been yet visited by Eu-

ropeans, this river may be regarded as likely, before long, to afford many points of novelty and interest. There is yet much to be learned respecting it; and the engravings given in our present number have, in addition to their claims as works of art, the value which attaches to any original contribution to geographical knowledge.

Lieut. Burnes, in his "Travels into Bokhara," says, "We marched to Bukkur on the morning of the 19th, which



TOWN AND FORT OF ROREE, ON THE INDUS.

is a fortress fifteen miles from Khyrpoor, situated on an insulated rock of flint on the Indus, with the town of Roree on one side, and Sukkur on the other. It was not to be supposed that the Ameer would give us permission to visit this fancied bulwark of his frontier, and I did not press a demand which I saw was far from agreeable; but we had good opportunities of examining the place while passing it, both on shore and on the river.

The island is about 800 yards long, of an oval shape, almost entirely occupied by the fortification, which looks more European than most Indian works; it is a beautiful object from the banks of the Indus; its towers are mostly shaded by large full-grown trees, and the tall, date drops its weeping leaves on the mosques and walls. There are several other islets near it, on one of which stands the shrine of Khaju Khizr, a holy Mohammedan,



FORT OF BURKHUR, OF THE INDUS.

under a dome that contributes to the beauty of the scene. The Indus rolls past Bukkur in two streams, each 400 yards wide, and the waters lash the rocks which confine them with noise and violence. During the swell, the navigation of this part of the river is dangerous, though the boatmen of Bukkur are both expert and daring. The town of Roree, which faces Bukkur, stands on a precipice of flint forty feet high, and some of

its houses, which are lofty, overhang the Indus. The inhabitants of these can draw up water from their windows; but a cut road in the rock supplies the citizens with this necessary of life without risking their lives. The opposite bank of Sukkur is not precipitous like that of Roree. A precious relic, the lock of Mahommed's hair, enclosed in a golden box, attracts the Mahommedan pilgrim to Bukkur, though the inhabitants are

chiefly Hindoos. On the banks of the Indus we had a curious interview, in the evening after our arrival, with the Vizier from Khyrpoor, who had been sent by Meer Roostum to escort us thus far, and see that we were furnished with boats. After requesting to be received privately, he renewed the subject of our first conversation, and said that he had been instructed by his master to propose a solemn treaty of friendship with the British government on any terms that might be named; he then ran over the list of neighboring states, which owed their existence to an alliance. — the Chief of the Daodpootras, the Rawul of Jaysulmeer, and the Rajah of Beecaneer, &c. &c., and then concluded with a peroration full of gravity, that it was foretold by astronomers, and recorded in his books, that the English would in time possess all India; a prediction which both Meer Roostum and himself felt satisfied would come to pass, when the British would ask why the chiefs of Khyrpoor had not come forward with an offer of allegiance. I tried to remove, but without effect, the sad prognostications of the minister, and declared my incompetency to enter on such weighty matters as a treaty between the states, without authority, and before receiving a written statement under the Ameer's seal. I said that I would make known the wishes that had been expressed to my government, which would be gratified to hear they had such friends, which seemed to please the diplomatist; he begged that I would bear in mind what had passed, and exacted a promise that I would write to him when gone, and so water the tree of friendship, that the object might be ultimately effected — for the stars and heaven proclaimed the fortune of the English!

THE FIGHT NEAR GWALIOR, AT MAHARAJ- POOR.

We give the following spirited description of the attack at Maharajpoor, extracted from a letter written by a lieutenant of her Majesty's 40th Regiment, who commanded the light company:—

"Camp near Gwalior, Jan. 17.

"Our orders the night previous were

to advance and take up our position to the left of the village Mungawlie, my company (the light) forming the advanced guard. We had no sooner reached our position than they began to play at long bowls with us, and the precision with which they fired was beautiful. We immediately deployed into line, and some of the company's artillery came on our right, fired a few ill-directed shots, and limbered up. We continued steadily advancing in line, under a very heavy fire, across a perfect plain, expecting to receive assistance from cavalry, it not being the duty of infantry to take guns in that position. However, no cavalry coming, of course the sooner we got to the guns the less fire we should receive, and the order to charge was given and nobly executed, the 40th rushing up to the guns and bayonetting the enemy, who fell fighting, sword in hand, with the greatest coolness and determination. Stopford was hit here by a matchlock ball at the head of the regiment, and fell by my side. However, the fellow who wounded him was bayoneted by a sergeant instantly. We then charged after the retreating infantry, who took cover in a piece of cotton. From this place they were soon dislodged after a smart tussle with the light company. We were no sooner clear of the left of the village than we were again within the range of another battery, and on our getting near the guns we received repeated discharges of grape and chain shot, which committed dreadful havoc in our ranks, but 'forward' was the word, and, with a loud cheer, the men rushed on. We now found ourselves opposed to a very strong position, which the enemy had taken up at a well; this well, being surrounded by a wall, afforded good cover, and besides this, they had taken possession of a traveller's resting-house, and had made holes in the walls to fire through. Here they fought like devils; the loss on both sides was very severe; amongst the number poor Codrington was cut down with a sabre, and Nelson shot in the arm. We marched into the thick of it, and drove them out with the bayonet; scarcely a man escaped; but presently we found that some trees, near the well, were oc-

cupied by the enemy; these, however, came falling out pretty fast under our fire, when we discovered where they were. We now began to feel the fatigue very much, having been engaged for about two hours under a very hot sun, and having charged over nearly four miles of cultivated country, besides the march to Mungawlie, a distance of seven miles. However, we saw before us a third battery, and advanced to take it; we were received with a most severe round of grape, and the loss in the ranks was very great, particularly in the light company. Here Thomas, Huey, Dawson, and Eager, received their hits. Nothing could exceed the coolness of the enemy, and had it not been for the British bayonet, the result would, I think, have been very different. It, however, maintained its deserved reputation as an efficient weapon, and soon settled the matter. This was the last we saw of the enemy, and I assure you we were all tired, and not sorry to get into camp, which we did at about eleven o'clock, having been engaged since eight. I then volunteered to go out with a party to bring in our killed and wounded, which I did, and I feel the satisfaction that I saved many a poor fellow's life. When out on this excursion, I saw the last six guns left unprotected on the field, with several wagons of ammunition; this I reported to the general, and I was ordered to take a company and get some bullocks to bring them in, and at about seven o'clock in the evening I had the satisfaction of parking the guns in front of our quarter-guard. The 40th alone took twelve guns. . . . All our officers who were hit are recovering rapidly, but we have lost a great many men. We buried, the next morning, twenty-two poor fellows in one grave, and many have since died from the effects of their wounds. We have about twenty-five who are to go home immediately. . . . Everything is now settled, and we are in possession of the fort, with our whole force encamped about four miles from it. At first we expected another brush with the enemy, but they have now all acceded to our terms, and have enlisted in the Mahajah's service, or else dispersed and

given up their arms. We are to return to Meerut; when, I am not certain, but I fancy it will not be long first. It has been altogether a pretty warm affair, as you may judge when I tell you, that in my company alone we had thirty-six killed and wounded. . . . I went yesterday all over the fort of Gwalior; it certainly deserves its name of the Gibraltar of India, as it is an extremely strong place; there are a great many very large but old guns in the fort, and there certainly would have been many broken heads if we had had to besiege it; in the interior of the fort there are several old temples and buildings, very handsome and curious, and, altogether, I was delighted with my trip."

SILICIFIED FOREST IN THE DESERT.

DR. BUIST, of Bombay, lately laid before the Literary and Philosophical Association of St. Andrews an account of that extraordinary and little known wonder, the petrified forest near Cairo. Proceeding from that city in a south-east direction, the traveller passes for five miles "along an arid valley, through which a river torrent appeared to have flowed, skirted on both sides by low, brown, rocky ridges. He then turns suddenly off to the right, and beyond the first range of sand-hills finds, spreading far as the eye can reach, a vast expanse of rolling hillocks, covered with prostrate trees. At first sight, these wear exactly the aspect of rotten wood dug out from a Scottish or Irish peat-bog. The color and the amount of decay seem the same. They are lying in all positions and directions on the surface of the burning sand — some forty or fifty feet in length, and one or two feet in thickness; not continuous or entire, but in a line broken across, left in their places like sawn trunks. On touching them, instead of proving mouldering and decayed, they turn out to be hard, and sharp as flints. They ring like cast-iron, strike fire with steel, and scratch glass. The sap-vessels and medullary rays, the very bark and marks of worms and insects, and even the spiral vessels, remain entire; the

minutest fibres of the vegetable structure are discernible by the microscope. By what chemical process has this transformation been brought around? Here you have the carbon — the most indestructible matter known to us — entirely withdrawn, and substituted in its place a mass of silica, a matter insoluble by any ordinary agent, and at any common heat. Yet so tranquilly has the exchange been accomplished, that not one atom has been disturbed; the finest tissues remain entire — the most delicate arrangements uninterfered with. The limits of the petrified forest are unknown; it probably extends over an area of many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of miles. It has never been described with any care; and, extraordinary as it is, has excited very little attention. The trees are scattered loosely and at intervals over the desert all the way from Cairo to Suez, a distance of eighty-six miles. No theory of their silicification or appearance, where they are found, has ever been attempted. The trees seemed to have been petrified as they lay; they looked 'like a forest felled by mighty winds.' A further mystery was this: they lay on the surface of bare drift sand and gravel, and reposing on limestone rocks of the most recent tertiary formation — the texture and color of the imbedded oyster-shells were as fresh and pure as if brought not six weeks from the sea. Along with his paper, Dr. Buist presented specimens of the silicified wood — roots, knots, and branches, from three inches to three feet in length. Some were exhibited sliced and transparent, showing the sap-vessels and medullary rays; some cut into bracelets and brooches. It appears there are similar prostrated and petrified forests in Scinde, resting on the same (tertiary) formation, on the coast of Coromandel, in all parts of Australia, in Antigua, in Ireland, and in numberless places up and down the world."

Dr. Buist, on the same occasion, adverted to the nummulite limestone formation, which extends through a large portion of Northern Africa and Southern Asia, including Arabia. "In the desert," he said, "it has the appearance of having been perforated everywhere by the pholades, or

some other variety of marine borers. That this was no fanciful theory, was proved by a specimen struck off the rock at the citadel of Grand Cairo, where the borings were protected by an infiltration of siliceous matter, presenting, when this was cleared away, exactly the appearance of the recent perforations of the pholades on our shores. The whole desert is manifestly one of the most recent of our upheavals. The cliffs, eminences, and mountains along the Arabian shore, present the appearance of very recent elevation — the flat or sloping sea-beach, sands, &c. having risen along with the prominences, at the base of which it was deposited at the depths of the sea. These sweeping expanses of flat sea-sand, where there is little or no discernible tide, and no loose material to furnish drift, strike the spectator at once as ascribable only to submarine elevation. Near Suez, the gravel is full of shells identical with those now existing in the Red Sea."

THE PUNJAB.

THE Punjab, to which recent events have attracted the eyes of the British empire, is an extensive territory at the northern extremity of Hindostan. It is of a triangular shape, the ridge of the Himalaya mountains forming the base, the river Indus separating it on the north-west from Cabool, and the Sutledge on the south-east dividing it from the Rajpootana and Bhaulpoor territories. It is computed to contain 60,000 square miles and 4,000,000 of inhabitants. The word Punjab signifies "five waters," alluding to the five rivers by which it is bounded or traversed; namely, the Indus, Jelum, Chenab, Ravee and Sutledge. Though a large proportion of the territory is of a fertile soil, especially in the neighborhood of the rivers, there are many bare sterile tracts, which no amount of cultivation can ever render useful. Little attention, however, has been paid by the people to the improvement of the land; and it is supposed that not one-fourth of the whole has been brought into cultivation. No part of it, says Mr. Mounstuart Elphinstone, will

bear comparison with the British portion of India, and still less with Bengal.

In describing the state of the country, it will be convenient to follow the divisions which nature has made, and to take in succession the four *doabs*, as they are called, into which the great streams sever the whole. The *doab* lying between the Indus and the Jelum is, at the widest part, 170 or 180 miles across. This is the least populous and most sterile district of the Punjab. The streams run in deep beds between bare eminences, which, towards the centre, rise to a considerable height. The Indus, a stream of great historic interest, forms one boundary of this district. This river divides itself into many arms, which clasp in numberless islands, but there is little picturesque beauty on its banks. "The greatest spirit of antiquity (Alexander the Great)," says Mr. Vigne in his valuable book of travels, "descended this river, and made it known to us; but it has flowed on almost unnoticed since that event: its grandeur has been unknown, and its importance unawakened, although for thousands of years it has formed alike the boundary of a mighty continent, and the barrier of its very ancient faith. One glance at the Indus, and without seeing them, we must believe in the immensity of the Himalaya; one glance at the Himalaya, and we cease to be surprised at the volume of the Indus; and it is impossible not to venerate a river, to form which ten thousand streams have leaped from some of the most elevated and most interesting regions on the face of the earth — a river that, looking to the northward and southward, owns no horizon but that of the sea, and yet moves forward in a course so well defined, that the Ganges, when compared with it, can only be regarded as a channelless deluge." At the apex of the Punjab, where the Chenab (a confluence of four rivers) joins the Indus, the united streams are a mile in breadth, although the ocean is 350 miles distant. The towns in this, the largest of the four *doabs*, are far apart, and inconsiderable. Numerous defiles and hills throw obstacles in the way of travellers; and at the southern extremity there is an extensive

desert of low sand-hills. Mr. Elphinstone, who crossed it towards the upper end, where it is about 160 miles broad, describes the country as uncultivated, much cut with deep ravines and torrent courses, and, like the whole country between the Jelum and the Indus, pastured on by droves of horses of a good breed. He adds, that the country where he traversed it was the strongest, in a military sense, he had ever seen. One little valley, near the Indus, however, is described as being extremely beautiful; and here the emperors of Delhi had a palace, the ruins of which are still visible. The next *doab* is included between the Jelum and the Chenab; a level district for the most part, upon which there is much jungle. Dirty villages, surrounded by fields of cotton, sugar-cane, and grain, are interspersed. Many wells have been constructed, by which the soil is much benefited; and some writers affirm that, if the wells were more numerous, and canals were dug, the country might be converted into a fruitful garden. The Jelum and the Chenab are both clear streams; the former attains a breadth of 300 or 400 yards, but the latter is not more than 100 yards broad. Between the last-named river and the Ravee, is the third *doab*, which, at the widest part, is nearly eighty miles broad. This district chiefly consists of a plain, over which tamarisks, wild indigo, and other shrubs, grow undisturbed. The mimosa, the poplar-leaved fig, and the tamarind-tree, flourish here luxuriantly; and there is no doubt that, if more attention were paid to irrigation, the produce of the country would be much increased. Some dry canals prove that civilization has gone backwards. The towns which lie on the main road from the Indus to the valley of the Ganges, are principally inhabited by Mussulmen. Large herds of oxen and buffaloes pasture upon this and the preceding district. The fourth and most eastern *doab* is the most neglected. There is a luxuriant vegetation, but the hand of man has been employed in other works than taking advantage of the bounties of nature. The Sutledge, usually from 300 to 400 feet broad, overflows its banks in the rainy season, and spreads

its fertilizing waters over a large district. In this part Lahore and Amritsir, the ancient and modern capitals of the Punjab kingdom, are situate. "The soil," says Mr. W. G. Osborne, "appears to be rich and prolific, as far as it is possible to judge from the small quantity of ground under cultivation; and, with a more enlightened government, there can be little doubt of the Punjab becoming one of the richest provinces of India."

Rice is not much grown in the Punjab, in consequence of its not suiting the palate of the people; their usual food being wheat or pease boiled into a thick soup. A good deal of sugar is made from a cane with an unusually small stalk; but, after all, the supply is not equal to the demand, and an importation from British India takes place. Indigo is produced to some extent, and exported to the countries in the west. Cotton is partially grown; but the climate is not favorable to its production. The cloth manufactured by the native looms varies in price from sixpence to two shillings per yard. It is stouter, but less showy, than that of British make. There is a range of hills, extending from the Indus to the Jelum, formed entirely of rock-salt, from which a large quantity is excavated, yielding a considerable revenue to the government. Another source of revenue is the shawl manufacture of Cashmere; eighteen lacs of rupees being stated to be the annual profit to government. In the province of Mooltan, a district on the right bank of the Indus, seventy miles in breadth, the silk-worm is bred, and the silks are highly prized; but in the Punjab itself, the silk-worm is unknown.

Though not the most numerous, the Sikhs are the dominant part of the population. The Sikhs are a religious sect, the founder of which, Nanac Shah, was born near Lahore, in 1469. At a very early age he showed a strong inclination for religious pursuits; he practised austerities, he had communications with invisible powers in trances and visions, until at length he felt justified in declaring his mission to be the reconciliation of the Mohammedan and Hindoo faiths. He preached his doctrines in many of the

cities of India, meeting with much opposition, especially from the Hindoos; but he succeeded in making thousands of converts; and when he died, he conferred his spiritual functions upon Angad, a member of the warrior caste. The doctrines of these two founders of the new faith were embodied in a book called "Grunth," which served to keep the faithful united, and to increase their number, until they were a sufficiently large body to separate themselves from the heathens around them, and to venture on the singularity of a peculiar garb. Nine successors to Nanac appeared as spiritual leaders of the Sikhs; the tenth and last of whom bore the name of Govind. He remodelled the body, and, having ambitious designs, he prevailed upon the Sikhs to form a military as well as a religious association, like the Templar soldiers of the middle ages. He abolished caste, and enforced the adoption of a peculiar dress, which was of a blue color. The use of tobacco was interdicted, their beard suffered to grow, and the bull was accounted sacred, as it was among the Hindoos. The new sect had endured much persecution, and the military regulation was partly instituted in self-defence, partly for retaliation. Their own excesses at length drew down upon them the vengeance of the emperor of Mogul, to whom the country then belonged; and so effectually were they suppressed, that for a time they seemed to have entirely disappeared. In the troubles that convulsed the northern part of Hindostan, between the invasion of Nadir Shah and the extinction of the Mogul empire (1738-1761), the Punjab became the drill-ground and battle-field of contending powers. These convulsions were taken advantage of by the Sikhs, who carried on for some time a sort of guerilla warfare against the potentate who, for the time being, had nominally conquered the country; until at length a company of twelve chiefs, supported by bands of followers, who adhered to their head in the manner of retainers to a feudal chieftain, were in open revolt against the government of the country, and, in fact, organized a kind of government of their own.

The members of this association were called Misuls, and they were powerful enough to bring into the field a body of 70,000 horse soldiers. Churut Sing was one of the first twelve Misuls, but one of the least in authority. However, his descendant, Maha Sing, possessing activity and enterprise, attached many of the subordinate officers — who professed to be independent chiefs on a smaller scale — to his banner, and success following his movements, he became the greatest of the Sikh grandees. Maha Sing was not allowed many years to acquire or enjoy his sovereignty, for he was cut off at the age of twenty-seven, leaving a son, called Runjeet, only twelve years old. The decision of character which Runjeet Sing displayed through life was precociously exhibited, for, at the age of seventeen, he assumed the command enjoyed by his father; and, in the course of a few years, he obtained peaceable possession of Lahore, the principal town of the Punjab. Slowly and steadily did the young Sikh make his advances; chief after chief submitted to him, till he found himself ruler of the whole country, from the Indus to the Sutledge. The British government, perceiving how strongly he had seated himself in the district, and failing to see that he had imposed any limit to his ambitious designs, determined on sending an agent, the present Lord Metcalf, to negotiate a treaty; but it was not until we had made a display of our military force, that Runjeet condescended to make satisfactory terms. By the treaty, signed in April, 1809, an offensive and defensive alliance was agreed on between the Sikhs and the British government. The rajah, however, continued his system of warfare and aggression in other quarters; and such was the ability with which it was conducted, that all his projects were crowned with success. The better to effect his purposes, he took into his service two French officers; and, with their assistance, he re-organized his army, which he increased till it amounted to 50,000 regular, and 100,000 irregular troops. He subsequently received two other French officers; but he commanded these, and all other Europeans who entered his service, not to smoke tobacco

(which is offensive to the religious tenets of the Sikhs), not to eat beef, and not to shave their beards. The first regulation, however, was waived, upon their consenting strictly to observe the other two. He gradually possessed himself, by sheer force, of Cashmere and Mooltan. The Affghans were his most violent enemies; but he succeeded, in the end, in becoming master of Peshawer through the treachery of Dost Mahomed's brother. From the time of the treaty of 1809 to Runjeet's death, the British and the rajah continued friends. He seems at once to have comprehended that his best policy was to show his firm confidence in our honor and power, for he treated us throughout with uniform cordiality. Several interviews, conducted after the accustomed manner of Oriental etiquette, and on the usual scale of Oriental magnificence, took place between the maha-rajah and the governor-general: presents were interchanged, and embassies received and returned. In his personal appearance, Runjeet was a mean-looking man: he was small, slightly deformed, and blind of one eye from the small pox. He loved to see magnificence about him, but his own attire was simple; and he wore few ornaments, except on state occasions. He was delighted, however, to exhibit to distinguished guests the splendid jewels of which he had deprived less fortunate monarchs. The famous diamond, called Koh-i-noor ("Mountain of light"), and a string of three hundred pearls of extraordinary size, were deposited, with a number of other valuable jewels, in his treasury. He looked best on horseback, for he was an excellent rider. Of great personal bravery, he always led his troops to battle, and was seen foremost in the heat of contest. Runjeet's chief political adviser was his physician, the Fakir Uzeezodeen, descended from the Arabs of the desert between Bagdad, Damascus, and Aleppo. These fakirs are a kind of monkish race, who secrete themselves as much as possible from the world, intermarry only amongst themselves, and affect great poverty. The rajah, however, succeeded on more than one occasion in extorting immense sums from

them for the supply of his own coffers. Several of Uzeezooddeen's brothers and nephews were in the confidential service of Runjeet. The rajah's vizier was Dheean Sing, to which post he had risen from that of porter in his palace. He was descended from a noble family of the Himalaya, and the rajah's attention had been first drawn to him by his fine personal appearance.

Runjeet died in June 1839, and was succeeded by his effeminate son, Kurruch Sing. The affairs of government were, however, left in the hands of his brother Ceth Sing, whose cruelty provoked his assassination. Kurruch Sing died after a short reign of seventeen months, not without suspicion of foul treatment, and his son Non Nehal Sing stepped to the throne. A few days after his accession, he was killed by an archway falling upon him as he was riding underneath. The great men of the court now deliberated who should succeed to the vacant throne, and thinking that a woman would be more easily managed, they chose Chandkaur, the wife, in preference to Shere Sing, the brother, of the late monarch. Quarrels sprung up between the queen and Dheean Sing, whose authority she was prevailed upon to supersede. But the people grew discontented, insurrections broke out, and Shere Sing, assisted by the vizier, assumed the sovereignty. The queen was soon afterwards murdered by four of her female slaves. The new monarch found himself entirely dependent upon his minister, Dheean Sing, who possessed great influence throughout the country; and his intellect was of a much superior order to that of his master. The power wielded by the vizier was acquiesced in the rajah; for he allowed him to nominate his own creatures to all the principal posts, and he showed his submission by rising and folding his hands whenever the minister entered his presence—a mark of respect in use amongst the common people. Shere Sing, in due time, was assassinated, and the country has since been in a state of complete political disorganization. The Sikhs have had many captains, who have committed all sorts of disturbances; and the only

recognized law seems to have been,

That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

Now that the territories under our protection have been attacked, the best policy for all parties seems to be, that we should restore peace to the Punjab by at once placing it under our own superintendence; and perhaps, before this appears in print, the news of our having done so may have reached Britain. A conflict between the Indian and the British powers in this part has been expected for some time. No farther back than the beginning of 1843, a German traveller, in considering the matter, came to the conclusion that this remarkable kingdom would soon become a question of life and death for our power in India. "Unless possessed of this, there is no security: the Indus above Attock, with the mountain chain behind Peshawar and the Himalaya mountains, form the true and natural frontier of the immense dominions of the British empire in India. When once this has been attained, all her powers can be concentrated in the interior, and civilization take root and flourish."

CHOOSING A WIFE.

"WHEN I wed," said young May to a friend with whom he was one day in conversation, "it shall be with a woman who is pretty; I could not love any other. She must also be accomplished; I should not otherwise feel happy in society with her. She must be good tempered, or we might be eternally squabbling. She must be young, or her attractions would soon fade."

"When I wed," replied his friend, "it shall be with a woman who is wealthy; I shall then be sure of being comfortable for life."

In the course of time both May and his friend, whom we will call Matthews, went in search of a wife. They were both of respectable connections, comely young men, and possessed fair opportunities of making a selection. May first entered upon his matrimonial expedition, resolving that he would adhere implicitly

to the combination of qualifications which he believed could alone secure his happiness. Many months passed away, and among none of his acquaintances could he select a lady whom he conceived either sufficiently pretty, or accomplished, or good tempered, or young: they were all tolerable; but did not attain the necessary standard in either of the requisite qualifications. His was a persevering temperament, or he might have despaired. At length he was fortunate enough to meet a young lady, then in the zenith of her beauty, with blue eyes, auburn hair, and a complexion of alabaster and vermilion in their most approved proportions. May was smitten. Had his heart been less under the control of his head, he would have fallen straightway "in love;" but he recollected that beauty was only one of the necessary ingredients of his matrimonial compound, and he paused. Here, however, was one requisite to begin with—something on which he might base his hopes—upon which he might have an assurance to proceed in search of the remaining qualifications. He procured an introduction to the family of the young lady, and was soon on intimate terms. Everything advanced prosperously. The lady was accomplished in the most extended signification of the term. She was evidently young, although—ladies will be so close—he had not been able to learn her precise age; and he had watched narrowly, but had never succeeded in discovering that she possessed any infirmity of temper. He paid her a visit one morning, for the purpose of presenting her with tickets for an approaching concert, and being ushered suddenly into her presence, discovered her in the act of pulling her younger sister's ears, the latter not having properly learned a French lesson to which she had been set. This was improper, but should scarce have been an unpardonable offence. May was, however, so surprised and shocked at the occurrence, that he curtailed his visit to the shortest dimensions commensurate with good-breeding (taking care to make no reference to the tickets he had brought), and never returned to the house. He was undoubtedly a fastidious young gentleman.

Beautiful as the morning, and gentle as the dove, was the next damsel who passed under his review. A winning kindness lurked beneath the glances of her dark hazel eye, and the tones of her voice resembled softest music. She was indeed the impersonation of goodness and meekness. May was enchanted with her appearance; but with his enchantment was mingled the cold calculation which had influenced him, probably for good, in the preceding case. He thought he could be happy with this fair creature, were she but accomplished. Unfortunately she was not: her circumstances and condition in life were such as had led rather to the cultivation of the amiable, than of the more brilliant qualities of a female education. There was stability of character, mingled with infinite taste, but an absence of extrinsic adornment. May was too much wedded to his standard to be content with this, and he thus lost a "pearl of precious price." Some time elapsed ere he was enabled to make a third essay towards obtaining a wife possessed of beauty, accomplishments, good temper, and youth. He had found youth, beauty, and accomplishments, and next, good temper and beauty, but with these he had not been content. He now met youth, good temper, and accomplishments, but was as little so. The young person who now attracted his attention had just passed over that period of life which has been so aptly compared to the earliest of the seasons. Her mind partook of the elasticity of her gait, yet had it acquired a certain degree of maturity, which told of her approach to womanhood. See was the breathing representation of the point of transition from the freshness and verdure of spring, to the brilliancy and the brightness of summer. She was, however, deficient in personal beauty, nay, particularly "plain," as the phrase is; and as May had resolved that he could "love no woman who was not beautiful," why, he passed her by also. Those persons who were aware of the objects of his search predicted an utter failure—not so much on account of the rarity of the stated combinations, as of the fastidiousness of the party who was to judge of their extent. It was, however,

May's good fortune to be at length enabled to test the propriety of his standard. After many researches, and many disappointments, he met a lady at once young, accomplished, beautiful, and good tempered. What a day of joy was that to our fastidious friend! how numerous the congratulations he bestowed upon his zeal, his patience, and his perseverance! He would certainly have become insane from an ecstasy of delight, had he possessed an excitable temperament; but he did not, as has been already perceived.

May experienced no difficulty in placing his suit in desirable progress; and when it appeared to him that he had submitted to all reasonable delay, he "proposed," and was—rejected!

The lady entertained, and perhaps more justifiably, ideas not less exalted than his own relative to the party whom she should select as her partner for life, and it had occurred to her that May by no means coincided with those ideas.

Such a consummation of all his hopes, of all his perseverance, had not been expected, and it inflicted a fearful blow upon his pride. He endeavored to reason himself into the belief that he had been grossly ill-used; but he could not conceal from himself that a freedom of selection was not his right alone. The result of his reflections was, that if he hoped to obtain a wife at all, he must in future abandon one or more of the qualifications which he had regarded as so absolutely necessary. He determined on abandoning accomplishments. These could be acquired in after life, when youth and beauty could not; and to create good temper where it had not originally existed, was very problematical.

Having come to this determination, he had to traverse much of his old course again, but with the disadvantage of new faces and new acquaintances. While he had been loitering on his way, now rejecting this beauty, now that, time had travelled onwards, and those whom he once knew as "disengaged," either had become the partners of less fastidious persons, or now regarded him with different eyes. A manly elegance of person had in him given place to extraordinary corpulence, and suavity of demeanor to

somewhat of pomposity and irritability. The good things of this life had enlarged his bulk, self-esteem had given a disagreeable turn to his conversation, and mortifications and disappointments in the progress of his matrimonial plans had rendered his temper uneven. He was therefore no equal competitor with younger and buoyant-spirited persons in the new field on which he was entering, and it was not to be wondered at that he was vanquished in many set encounters. After very characteristic perseverance, it became again evident to him that he must lower his standard for a wife another peg.

A love of the beautiful had rather predominated in May's mind, and he now resolved that, if he encountered beauty and good temper, he would be content. This would of course sometimes include youth: but it was a great modification of his original conceptions. Alas, however, for May's good fortune! Beauty had so many admirers, that he seldom succeeded in securing attention to the offerings he presented at her shrine; while good temper playfully hinted that the gentleman who had for so many years shown so much fastidiousness with regard to others, could not himself prove a desirable acquisition.

Well, thought May—willing to make one more effort ere he resigned himself to despair—beauty is but transitory after all, and good temper a lottery—I will be content with youth. It is so delightful to watch the expanding of the young mind, and to mould the character of one's wife to the perfection of our standard. My wife shall certainly be young. But alas for the vanity of our expectations! May had forgotten that he was now old, and that it is not every one's good fortune to meet with a young woman who would "rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave." He proposed to youth, and he was rejected. From this moment he abandoned what appeared to him a hopeless task, and passed the remainder of his days "an old bachelor."

Matthews, in the interim, had entered upon his search after wealth—unsatisfactory and humiliating as it is under most circumstances, but particularly so

when made to influence considerations respecting marriage. It was necessary for him to veil his interested motives; and for a time he succeeded in doing so. As, however, his attentions were ever in the direction in which wealth was to be found, they were soon imputed to the right cause. This was unfortunate, as it subjected him to many rebuffs. Mothers would bid their daughters be cautious of encouraging advances on the part of Mr. Matthews; and guardians would delicately hint that his views in certain quarters were presumptuous. Our hero was, however, clothed in "triple brass," and was not thus to be deterred. It was remarkable to observe how, in despite of all the defences which surrounded his objects of pursuit, with what ingenuity and intrepidity he would surmount them all, and procure an intimation of his "ardent and devoted suit" to be conveyed to its destination. Every similar act recorded in ancient or modern times is, upon comparison, cast immeasurably into the distance. Well, unlike his friend May, he was ultimately successful. Despite all the precautions which had been taken to prevent his approach, and in the teeth of all the dangers which beset him, Matthews succeeded in obtaining the affections of a young lady of fortune, and married her.

To do him justice he was not wholly unprincipled. He had wedded for wealth, but was quite disposed to love and to do all honor to his wife. The latter was high-spirited, confiding, and affectionate. Reared in the midst of luxury and profusion, she scarce knew the value of wealth, and had given little heed to the exhortations of her friends concerning Matthews's interested views. "He has told me he loves me," she would reply, "and I believe him. He may be poor, but he is not mercenary." Accustomed to the gaieties of a fashionable circle, Mrs. Matthews contemplated rendering her house, after marriage, the agreeable resort of all the *élite* of the society in which her wealth entitled her to move. Being at the same time benevolent, she mentally arranged plans of extensive usefulness. On these two points it seemed probable that some unfortunate collision

would occur between her husband and herself. Matthews had no enlarged views of benevolence; and his idea of society was limited to an occasional dinner, or a party at cards. At any rate, he was not disposed that that for which he had yielded his liberty, and fought so strenuously, should be what he considered "foolishly squandered." For some months, however, he felt a delicacy in stating his views to his wife, simply observing on one occasion, "I fear, my dear, that we must begin to keep our expenditure within more circumscribed bounds." "Nonsense, Henry," replied Mrs. Matthews: "of what value is wealth if it ceases to minister to the necessities of the unfortunate, or the gratification of social intercourse! If you love me, you will offer no opposition to my views in this matter." Matthews was about to reply, but his wife placed her fingers playfully on his lips, enjoining silence, and the subject was discontinued. A few days after, he had another opportunity of adverting to the matter, of which he availed himself. His wife contemplated giving an entertainment on a more than usually splendid scale, and was desirous of consulting him relative to some of the arrangements.

"I suggested the other day, my dear," he remarked, "that we should place some limit to these entertainments."

"I think I replied to you, Henry, that if you loved me, you would urge no objection;" she said pettishly.

"I know you did, my dear, but I cannot longer defer speaking plainly; we must retrench."

"Must, Henry; did you say *must*?"

"Certainly, my dear; the money may be more advantageously disposed of than in giving these parties."

"Is it not *mine*, Henry?"

Matthews reddened to the eyes; he had not anticipated so pointed a question. "It is yours; but remember that the law gives me control over it," he replied somewhat sharply.

Mrs. Matthews colored deeply in her turn; and then, a moment after, the blood fled from her countenance, and went back rushing to her heart, till it produced a feeling of suffocation. Her husband's

language and sentiments were of a nature to which she had been totally unaccustomed: his declaration concerning the control which the law gave him over her property, brought back vividly to her mind the caution of her friends concerning his interested motives in proffering marriage. The whole was the occurrence of an instant. "Henry," she said, as the thought presented itself, "it is not true what my friends reported of you previous to our marriage, is it?"

"What did they say of me?" he asked.

"They said you sought my fortune rather than myself."

Here was a direction given to the discussion which Matthews did not expect, and the suddenness with which it had occurred completely discomposed him. His wife perceived his discomposure, and reiterated the question. He said, abruptly, "It is not true," and quitted the room.

Here was a disavowal of the suspicion which had occurred to her, but the mode in which it had been given was not calculated to produce belief. If it were not well-founded, wherefore the agitation, the delay in giving a reply? Suspicion, once excited, overthrows every barrier of confidence, and Mrs. Matthews felt convinced that her friends had spoken truth. Pride, self-esteem, vanity, love, all brought the tears gushing to her eyes, and she wept bitterly.

Matthews, after composing himself, returned to the apartment, to assure his wife of the falsity of her suspicions. She permitted him to believe that he had succeeded, but never again did Mrs. Matthews repose that confidence in her husband's affection, and that reliance on his honor, which are among the surest safeguards of the happiness of wedded life. They appeared to the world a contented, if not happy couple; but Matthews ever felt, in despite of himself, that he was receiving the wages of a mercenary trickster; while his wife would sometimes wonder what it was which so weighed her spirits down, and rendered her wretched, until she reflected that she was wedded to an ADVENTURER.

FRAY CRISTOBAL

A NARRATIVE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR IN TEXAS. BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

BEFORE the war which for many years filled with desolation and rapine the whole of Texas, colonization was extending its beneficial influence into the very heart of the country. The untiring energy and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race were carrying the arts of peace and civilization into the wilds; and in every district where wood, water, and fertile land tempted the adventurer, arose farms and cultivated fields. The savages, even the wild and warlike Comanches, were easily conciliated, and the whole land was dotted — at vast distances one from the other, it is true — with smiling homesteads. That happy and noble results would have ensued, none can doubt, had not the trump of war shaken the fabric of society, and replaced the back settlements in the condition of a wild and unproductive waste.

Andrew Pollock, a Kentuckian landowner of no inconsiderable wealth, had been one of the earliest colonists who determined, at the instance of Moses Austin, the original settler, to make Texas his home. Of peculiar tastes, however, which led him to love the solitude and sublimity of the woods and the mighty prairies, where none but the painted Indian is found to dwell. Pollock with his family, passed the outermost borders of civilization, and erected his tent some thirty miles beyond San Antonio de Bexar, within the district where the Arabs of the American desert, the Comanches,* hunted and fought. His habitation presented, after two years of care had been devoted to it, a most pleasing sight. Andrew Pollock had selected as his abiding place the mouth of a valley, where a stream burst from its pent-up position between craggy heights. To the north and east spread a vast plain, dotted with its lands of timber, while a thick grove in the vicinity of the dwelling showed that the

* Of this remarkable tribe of Indians — their manners, customs, and peculiarities — an account will be found in "The Enchanted Rock," a little volume by the author of the above narrative. London: Hayward and Adam.

wary Kentuckian was as much alive to the importance of his proximity to wood as to water. The dwelling and its appurtenances had been erected with care and taste; its size betokening that room had been provided for a large family, while a stockade proved that danger was yet to be feared in that secluded spot. Numerous fields of corn, maize, and other vegetable productions, were carefully fenced in, while large herds of cattle roamed at will over the plain, recalled at even by the sound of the guardian's voice and bell.

Early on the first sabbath morn in May, 1835, the whole family and the laborers were congregated on a kind of lawn in front of the dwelling at breakfast. The family was composed of the father, mother, two sons, and a daughter, Helen Pollock, a charming girl, who added to the unsophisticatedness of the wilds the advantages of an excellent education. A dozen farm-laborers and their wives, with half as many black slaves, completed the party, if we add a solitary Indian, who stood leaning against an upright post a little way from the table. Fray Cristobal was an anomaly in his tribe. About two-and-twenty, gay, tall, and handsome, with features utterly distinct from his companions, though paint and exposure had done their worst, this young man commanded a band of daring warriors, who carried their arms into the very heart of Mexico. His followers, about sixty in number, it was notorious, were better accoutred and better provided in every way than their fellows, while, different from the usual Indian practice, they yielded implicit obedience to their chief. Between Pollock and Fray Cristobal, as he called himself, a friendship had subsisted ever since the farmer's settlement, which was invaluable to the white man, who in the constant presence of his Comanche friend at his farm, found his best protection against injury.

"I tell you, Fray Cristobal," said Andrew Pollock, "on the present occasion you must be mistaken. A Mexican army in full march on Texas, and a regiment of dragoons about to pass this way — impossible!"

"Fray Cristobal has seen them. War has begun, the Mexicans have thousands

in the field, and my friend will feel the first blow if he is not wise," replied the other, calmly, but firmly, in pure English, or rather American, as our tongue is called in these regions.

"You appear very positive," said the colonist, "and I must fain credit your words. But what would you have me do? If the Mexicans are in such force as this, surely to defend this house would be of little use, unless indeed your warriors could be brought down?"

"My warriors are far on the war-path, and Fray Cristobal is alone. His arm would be as a reed to defend; but he will hide the gray-head and his flock," exclaimed he, his eye glancing with a look of mingled bitterness and admiration at Helen.

"Fly, and leave my home to the destroyer?"

"Or stay and be destroyed with your home," said the Comanche chief.

"Father," interposed Helen, rising and moving nearer to him, "better let home and the wealth of this world perish alone, than us die with it. If there is danger, follow Cristobal's advice, and fly."

"It is too late," said the Indian in a tone of deep dejection; "look up the valley; the *sombreros* of the Mexicans are rising on the edge of the cliff."

It was too true: the peace of that quiet spot was to be invaded, and by the ruthless and pitiless Mexicans, with orders to treat all Americans as rebels, and put them to death on the spot. Before the strength of Texas was discovered, such was the terrible policy of the late President Santa Anna. A loud shout from the Mexican cavalry proclaimed their delight at their arrival at a habitation; and in a few moments the house was surrounded, and all its inhabitants made prisoners, with the exception of Fray Cristobal, who had instantly sought the cover of the wood. The wild appearance of the centralist troops was little calculated to reassure the captives. With huge low-crowned hats, gaudy jackets adorned with buttons, pantaloons covered with tinsel, and the *serape saltillero*, or fancy blanket, they at the first glance looked picturesque enough; but black and unwashed faces,

eyes in which gleamed no fire of mind or intellect, the knowledge of their gross ignorance, with their huge moustaches, blunderbusses, and every variety of firearms, filled the thoughts with visions of banditti, to whom, in guise and conduct, the Mexican soldiers unfortunately approximate too much.

Andrew Pollock, with his whole family and dependents, were now led before the commanding officer, a young man in a faded uniform, with the addition of a yellow cloak and a high steeple-crowned hat. This was Colonel Don Jose de Sarmiento, who, eyeing his prisoners with little favor—except indeed the fair-haired and now pallid Helen—inquired who they were, and what they did within the confines of the Mexican territory? Andrew Pollock, who understood Spanish, replied somewhat haughtily that he was a free-born American citizen, and, by adoption, a member of the new republic of Texas. Colonel Don Jose scarcely permitted him to finish his reply, ere he cried, “A rebel! a rebel! *Muertos a todos los Texanes!*”^{*} I shall rest here a day or so: to-morrow morning, at daybreak, let these rebels”—comprehending by a sweep of his arm all the white men—“die. You, Pietro, back to General Woll, and bring his warrant for their execution.” Andrew Pollock and his sons, with all the white men, were now hurried into one of their outhouses, round which a strong guard was placed, while Helen and the rest of the women were placed in safe custody within one of the huts of the laborers, also guarded.

Colonel Jose, after giving the inexplicable order, as it appeared to his men, to spare all property as much as possible, and to touch nothing but what was absolutely necessary for their refreshment, sat down on the lawn with his officers to eat the untasted breakfast which had been provided for its rightful owners. For some time the colonel was silent, apparently musing deeply within himself. At length he spoke in a low tone to the next in command. It appeared that, struck

by the comfort, peace, and tranquillity of that retired hamlet, the soldier, called much against his will from the pleasures of Mexico city, had conceived a desire, very natural in a conqueror, of appropriating Pollock's property to his own use; and as of course, in his view of things, Mexico must triumph, of settling there and making it his home. “It will make a lovely *ranchero*,” said he, gazing with admiration at all the evidences of Anglo-Saxon taste and industry displayed around; “and with that little fair beauty for its mistress, it would be a perfect paradise.” Colonel Jose was notoriously a man of impulse; but as the present whim promised to transform a lieutenant-colonel into a colonel, the inferior officer made no comment, but with a meaning smile said, “You can learn your fate at once: make her hand the price of her father's life, and I doubt not Padre Vevordia will wed you on the spot. The old fellow will doubtless be too happy to give his daughter's hand and his possessions to save his rebel life.” Colonel Jose, approving of his subordinate's idea, Helen and her father were sent for. The interview took place in the best room of the house, where the invader unceremoniously installed himself in the arm-chair that up to that day only the patriarch of the spot ever sat in. The colonel's air was self-satisfied and confident. He knew the lax principles in vogue in Mexico, and that few would there hesitate between life and honor. He therefore boldly broached his proposition of giving Pollock and all his dependents liberty in exchange for his possessions and his daughter. Pollock was petrified; while Helen, who understood Spanish, looked at her captor in disgust. “No, infamous spoliator!” said the stern Kentuckian; “my life is in your hands—take it; but neither lands nor child shall be yours. My daughter wed a Mexican robber! No. My life you will take; but yet a few days, and my brave countrymen will scourge you and your race back beyond the Great River.” The colonel was astounded, and at once ordered his prisoners back to confinement. Sentiments of this character were so new to him, that it required some leisure ere he fully comprehended their

* Death to all Texans!—a cry which hurried hundreds of Texans to a bloody end. Four hundred were slaughtered in cold blood at one time in the war.

force. He then reiterated his commands for the execution, stroked his moustache with a self-satisfied air, and lay down to an early siesta.

Helen, meanwhile, who sat at her prison window gazing out upon the scene before her with vacant eye, dwelt with agony upon the position of her family. Her thoughts were of a mixed character. Horror at the proposition of the Mexican partisan was mingled with the reflection that her sacrifice might save many whom she loved. This again was doubtful, as the free gift of the property appeared the great object aimed at by Don Jose. Then came upon her other thoughts of one who had laid his life and love at her feet, and whom she had rejected with disdain because of his color — Fray Cristobal. He had offered to quit his tribe, his roving life, all for her, and settle down a colonist under the banner of Texas. Her manner, her shrinking repugnance at binding herself to one with Indian blood in his veins, had been sufficient answer for the warrior. He had spoken no more, but his altered mien indicated deeply-wounded feelings. Helen knew him well, and knew that, under other circumstances, Fray Cristobal had perilled life, all, for her and her family. She felt with bitter regret that on his devotion she now had no claim.

The day passed; the Mexican soldiers ate, drank, slept, and amused themselves, a few keeping watch. Night came, and then sentinels were posted at every weak point: in fact a chain of soldiers surrounded the house. Ingress and egress appeared equally impossible. Hours passed; the last meal was brought to the prisoners, with an intimation that at day-break the terrible tragedy would be enacted. For greater safety, lights were denied them, though the guards omitted to deprive the captives of their pipes and tobacco pouches, in which flint and steel were always kept. For about two hours after sunset, no sound was heard save the measured tramp of the mounted sentinels without the stockade, and of the foot within. Helen sat alone at the window of her hut, which overlooked the lawn. To the right was the outhouse containing the male prisoners, to the left the stream. On this now fell the rays of the dim moon,

just rising from a bank of clouds; and on this Helen gazed, under the influence of the only feeling which preserved her from utter despair. It wanted an hour of midnight, and yet there was no sign given. Ten minutes more passed, when a dark mass rising slowly from the water gave hope, and made poor Helen's heart beat wildly. A figure was clearly visible. It stood upon the brink of the stream, near a wood-pile, when a musket-shot was fired by an observing sentinel. A heavy plunge was heard in the water, and when the alarmed sentinels reached the spot, a dark mass was seen floating down the river, already at a distance. Satisfied that the Indian intruder had been slain, or mortally wounded, the soldiers, after reporting as much, returned to their posts.

Helen, who had seen the Indian, after throwing a log into the river, glide behind the wood-pile, now saw him, with intense anxiety, crawl along the line of buildings. He reached the spot where she stood, and was about to pass, when a low-whispered "Cristobal" arrested him. "Miss Pollock," said he in the same tone, "in one sentence tell me all you know." Helen in a few hurried words explained all. "Your father, all, shall be saved." "Oh, Cristobal, do that: save my father, my mother, my brothers all, and my deep and eternal gratitude shall be yours." "Gratitude is but a cold word to me," said Cristobal, who with her dropped all semblance of Indian manner. "Be generous, dear Cristobal," whispered Helen, blushing unseen in the darkness. "I have been cruel, unkind, but your devotion to my friends will make me forget all." "Even my Indian blood?" said Cristobal, with a sad melancholy in his tone which went to the girl's heart. "All but your noble risk of life and all life's joys to save my friends." "And you, Miss Pollock?" "Cristobal," said the agitated girl hurriedly; "dear Cristobal, such dreadful scenes as these make us live years in an hour. Call me, then, Helen; save my father and mother, and hope everything." Fray seized the girl's hand through the barred window, and said in a husky tone, "If I save all, would you forget my Indian taint, and become my wife?" "I would — I will," said Helen,

who in this hour of peril became a woman, forgetting all maiden coyness in the excitement of the moment. "From gratitude only?" said Cristobal gloomily. "I will never marry a man I do not love and respect." "And you will be mine?" "I will." "You love me then?" "Dear Cristobal, waste not the precious moments; think what is most dear to you, and doubt not but time will prove you not far wrong." There was a tenderness in Helen's tone which carried irresistible conviction, and pressing her hand to his lips, the young man glided away towards the shed in which the men were confined.

A brief and hurried conversation now ensued, which having lasted about ten minutes, the Comanche chief returned, and bidding Helen be of good cheer, again sought the river, and plunging therein, disappeared. The agitated girl now noticed that a great bustle was taking place in the shed containing the male prisoners, as if the whole party were busily engaged in moving all it contained. Sounds of breaking up barrels were plainly heard, and then the low and cautious striking of a light. Helen's heart beat violently; she felt confident that some plan arranged between Cristobal and her father was about to be carried out. Next instant a flame rose in the shed on the side which communicated to the outbuildings and granaries, while handfuls of burning sticks were cast from narrow loop-holes, which were intended to supply light and air to the erection. The alarm was given; the sentinels rushed to stay the flames and punish the audacious captives, when the door flew open, and a volley of musketry was poured upon the astonished Mexicans. The prisoners had been placed in the arsenal of the whole hamlet. And now, amid the roar of musketry and the crackling of the flames, came the fearful Comanche war-whoop from the plains upon the bewildered and affrighted Mexicans. To defend the house was impossible, as the fire would soon wrap it in one mass of flames; but for this a successful resistance might have been made. As it was, without attempting to recapture the armed Anglo-Saxons, who poured a galling fire upon them, the Mexican cavalry mounted, and collecting in one dense body, re-

treated towards the valley, followed by the Comanche horse, of whom they entertained a most wholesome and salutary fear.

Efforts were now made to extinguish the flames, which had been the main instrument in dislodging the Mexicans, who, but for this, would have held good the house against the Comanches. It was, however, in vain, and all that could be done was to remove the wagons and every kind of valuable from their proximity to the conflagration. This the party soon effected, the furniture in the house being all saved and placed upon the green sward. At dawn of day nothing remained of the late comfortable and happy home of the stern Kentuckian but smouldering rubbish and blackened stumps. Still, more than he hoped for had been saved in the shape of household goods and cattle, while not one precious life had been lost.

No time was, however, to be lost, as the whole Mexican force could easily overtake them. The wagons were loaded with rapidity, the oxen harnessed, and the cattle all driven into herds. In an hour every preparation was made, the word was given, and, escorted by the Comanches, Andrew Pollock turned his back upon his late home, to seek one less subject to the inroads of an invading army. Like most of his neighbors, the patriarch of the wilderness had resolved to send his wife and daughter, with the other women, to the sea-coast, and, joining General Samuel Houston, do battle for his country. For several days the Comanches accompanied the cavalcade, and then, according to Indian custom, disappeared without the ceremony of an adieu. The leader, however, remained, who then, in the presence of her whole family, declared the engagement between himself and Helen. Andrew Pollock started in anger, and turning to his daughter, said, with little delicacy towards his Comanche preserver, "Helen marry an Indian!" "Who saved my father from death and me from worse?" replied Helen firmly. "Not an Indian," exclaimed Cristobal, at this instant extending a parchment to Andrew; "but Henry Norton, of Kentucky, captain in the service of the republic of Texas." The

young man then explained that his father, impelled by romantic feelings, had wedded a beautiful Indian girl; that on coming into the enjoyment of that parent's property, galled by the concealed sneers of some of his acquaintance, and the feeling that Indian blood was in his veins, he had adopted his mother's baptismal name, and fled to her relatives, where, by dint of gallantry, and by spending his income among them, he had raised the troop we have above alluded to. Until he saw Helen, he had determined forever to dwell with the Comanches: her beauty had, however, won him back to civilization. We need enter into no further particulars. The lovers were united; Henry, Andrew, and the sons, all distinguished themselves in the war of independence: it ended; and now peace being finally established, the family once more occupy their original abiding-place, where the writer, in 1842, enjoyed their unaffected hospitality.

SCENE IN A RUSSIAN GARRISON.

On the 22d of May, 1841, one of the battalions composing part of the military colony recently established by the Russian government at Novgorod, and which, in the singularity of its organization, resembles the Prussian landwehr, was drawn up in line on the parade ground attached to the immense barracks constructed a few years since on the most solitary and ancient part of the town, not far from the church of Saint Sophia. In front of the line, formed with that mechanical regularity and precision which have made the Russian foot-soldiers such admirable automats, strode General L—eff. He was a man fifty years of age, remarkable for his rigid deportment, his leanness, his tawny complexion, and his large gray restless eyes. He was distinguished in the army for his bravery—daring proofs of which he had given during the campaigns in Persia and Turkey. But whether, as was generally thought, domestic unhappiness had been the means of souring a temper naturally energetic, or that his heart had been hardened by

the frequent application of the inexorable necessity of a discipline degrading in its principle, and too often monstrous in its effects, General L—eff was looked on as an object of terror by the soldiers; for not a day passed unsignalized by one or more of those acts of severity which might justly undergo the imputation of ferocity. It was known, however, that this man had an attachment for the daughter of one of his ancient comrades, killed in the late war with Poland. Having adopted her, no parent ever showed more solicitude for his offspring than he evinced for the young orphan, and they were seldom separate. Although grateful for the kindness of the general, the young girl—to whom the soldiers had given the name of Solowoiva,* from the sweetness with which she sang the old and melancholy slave romances—could never overcome in his presence the unconquerable constraint which his brief address, imperious countenance, and cold and distant manners, imposed on those who approached him.

On the day when the following events took place, Solowoiva, who, to please the general, regularly attended all the exercises and parades, was seated before one of the barrack windows on a level with the parade-ground, looking quietly at the movements of the soldiers. A blush suffused her countenance as her eyes encountered those of a young military surgeon named Ivan Polovoi, dressed on this occasion with marked elegance in the simple uniform of his rank.

Already General L—eff had passed several times before the front of the battalion without speaking; but his bushy eyebrows contracted, and passion began to be visible in his countenance, when he found that a number of men were absent. His attention at this moment was arrested by a party of soldiers advancing towards him from the other end of the parade-ground, each carrying a long rod, used in the application of an abominable punishment which has not yet ceased in the Russian army. Turning towards one of his aides-de-camp, he demanded, in a voice of thunder, from whom the order

* Nightingale.

had emanated, and who was to be punished.

A sergeant, remarkable for his livid and scarred appearance, rushed towards the general, snatched his sword from his hand, and struck him in the face with it, exclaiming, "Yourself!"

The action had an effect like an electric shock on the ranks of the battalion, and the usually immovable countenances of the soldiers seemed to brighten with an impulse of hatred. A spontaneous movement was made by the officers along the line to the assistance of their chief; but they were instantly seized, thrown to the ground, and a bayonet pointed against the breast of each. Ivan the surgeon had alone been left untouched; for, by his humanity and kindness, he had conciliated the good-will of the troops. A grenadier, however, was stationed before him to act as a guard, who whispered in his ear, in a mysterious voice, "Whether the Nightingale sings or not, remain quiet; not a gesture nor a cry, or you are a dead man!"

Recovering from his surprise, the general seized with both hands the bayonets presented to his breast; and having by a violent effort struck them aside, shouted, as his eye flashed along the battalion — "Down on your knees, vile brutes! Down on your knees and ask pardon — your heads in the dust, or you have not flesh enough on your backs to expiate your rebellion!"

His words were received with a shout of savage laughter, and the sergeant, with that peculiar tranquillity which distinguishes unshaken resolution, retorted — "We each and all of us know that our lives will be the penalty of what we now do. When the sentence passed on you shall be executed, we shall seek General Suroff, governor of Novgorod; we shall give up to him your sword, your decorations, and whatever may remain of your body, and say to him, 'General L—eff was a tiger, and we have killed him; here are our arms; we look for our punishment!'" The sergeant, while speaking, tore the epaulettes from the general's shoulders, and trampled them under his feet. "These insignia don't become you; the knout is fitter for an execution-

er. Remember the soldier Betsakoff, flogged with rods for having been too slow in carrying arms; remember the old *sans-officier* whom you reduced to the ranks for having a stain on his uniform, and whom you struck with your cane until the blood streamed from his forehead, his cheeks, and his lips; and because the unhappy old man, pale with shame, repulsed the hand which inflicted the indignity, he was condemned, flogged, and sent mutilated and dying to Siberia." The sergeant continued with a terrible coolness this degrading scene, dragging off the general's belt and coat, and lastly his shirt.

In spite of his remarkable firmness, L—eff shuddered while he listened to the accusing voice, so eloquent in its simplicity, so calm and so measured even in its passion. As for Solowoiva, she sat for some time without being able to comprehend the strange scene passing before her eyes; but when the truth at length flashed on her, that her adopted father was about to undergo the odious chastisement which he had so often inflicted on others, she was seized with horror, and gave utterance to the most heart-rending cries. Ivan the surgeon, who till then had stood neuter, could not remain insensible to the despair of the young girl, and forgetting the warning he had received, and the ferocious exasperation of the soldiers, he advanced towards her. He had not gone many paces when a shot was fired, and the unfortunate young surgeon fell to the ground a corpse.

There is in most Russian regiments a kind of buffoon, who fills a situation somewhat resembling that held in the ancient German armies, to whom the soldiers applied the significant appellation of *Lustig*. One of these men, attached to the battalion, seeing the surgeon fall, approached the corpse, dancing and gesticulating, and, raising it in his robust arms, carried it towards where Solowoiva still sat, and depositing it immediately before her, exclaimed — "Here, my little singing bird, this is yours." Pale with terror, the girl recognized the body as it rolled at her feet, and uttering a faint cry, sunk by its side.

While this scene was being enacted,

General L—eff had been laid on a car, drawn along the ranks, and had received the *baguettes* — a terrible torture; which, however, was only the commencement of his sufferings. He had scarcely reached the extremity of the line when a voice exclaimed, "Take him to the ovens!"

The general, whose spirit was already crushed, heard the words, and, too well comprehending their meaning, threw around him a look of supplication and terror.

"To the ovens!" shouted a hundred voices.

The countenance of the general became livid, and his body shook with terror: his pride had fled, and, groaning in agony, he asked for pardon. But the shouts of the battalion drowned his voice; and the sergeant, approaching his victim, said in a stern tone — "I also besought pity when my brother fell expiring under the *baguettes*."

We shall not go into the details of the horrible scene which followed, unfortunately but too true. Suffice it to say, that the general and the superior officers of the battalion, shut up in the ovens, under which a slow fire was carefully renewed by the soldiers, were literally roasted alive.

Certainly the execution of the sentence had a terrible originality; yet the punishment was fully proportionate to the vengeance.

A mounted jager carried to the emperor the account of the fearful drama which had been enacted in Novgorod, and eight days afterwards several batteries of artillery entered the decayed capital of ancient Russia, preceded by a major-general, who, during the late war in Poland, had been known to the army under the title of the "Butcher of Warsaw."

One of his aides-de-camp was sent to the quarters of the mutineers, with an order to assemble the next day, without arms, on a small parade-ground at the eastern extremity of the town, and called the Tartar Camp. The soldiers replied to this mysterious injunction by the customary shout (*karachó*.) The following day they dressed themselves, and arranged their moustaches, as if preparing for a

simple parade; then pale, silent, their lips white with emotion, but still keeping their ranks, they traversed the town through a triple row of Cossacks, followed by the mournful looks of the populace. Arrived upon the ground, they silently formed into square. At the same moment the drums beat, the belfries of the numerous Greek churches in Novgorod pealed, and the several batteries established at the entrances of the five long avenues leading into the field were suddenly unmasked, and the grape-shot began the work of extermination. Horrid shouts followed each discharge, and a heavy groaning, mingled with the interrupted songs of some of the dying soldiers. For three hours the discharge continued; and when the executioners of this bloody duty entered the place of punishment, they found it literally a lake of blood, and covered with mangled limbs. Five soldiers alone, who had been miraculously preserved, were found alive, and they expired under the knout. Among this latter number was the sergeant, who to the last moment, manifested an extraordinary degree of fortitude in the midst of his sufferings.

Solowoiva, the adopted daughter of General L—eff, was taken under the protection of the empress, and placed in the society of noble Russian ladies at Smolnoï.

It may be necessary to add that the preceding details are not exaggerated in any respect. We present them as described by a respectable correspondent of a French newspaper, who mentions that he was an eye-witness of the scenes to which he alludes. From what is being daily disclosed of the savage character of Russian institutions, there seems no reason to doubt their accuracy.

ANIMAL HUMANITY.

It is extremely curious to observe in animals ways and doings like those of human beings. It is a department of natural history which has never been honored with any systematic study: perhaps it is thought too trifling for grave philos-

ophers. I must profess, however, that I *feel* there is some value in the inquiry, as tending to give us sympathies with the lower animals, and to dispose us to treat them more kindly than we generally do.

The *sports* of animals are peculiarly affecting. They come home to our social feelings; and the idea is the more touching, when we regard the poor beasts as perhaps enjoying themselves when on the very brink of suffering death for our enjoyment.

It is reported by all who have the charge of flocks, that the lambs resemble children very much in their sports. In the mellowed glow of a June evening, while the ewes are quietly resting in preparation for their night's sleep, the lambs gather together at a little distance, perhaps in the neighborhood of a broomy knoll, and there begin a set of pranksome frolics of their own, dancing fantastically about, or butting, as in jest, against each other. The whole affair is a regular game at romps, such as a merry group of human youngsters will occasionally be allowed to enjoy just before going to bed. It is highly amusing to witness it, and to trace the resemblance it bears to human doings; which is sometimes carried so far, that a single mamma will be seen looking on close by, apparently rather happy at the idea of the young folk being so merry, but anxious also that they should not behave too roughly; otherwise, she must certainly interfere.

Monkeys have similar habits. In the countries of the Eastern Peninsula and Archipelago, where they abound, the matrons are often observed, in the cool of the evening, sitting in a circle round their little ones, which amuse themselves with various gambols. The merriment of the young, as they jump over each other's heads, make mimic fights, and wrestle in sport, is most ludicrously contrasted with the gravity of their seniors, which might be presumed as delighting in the fun, but far too staid and wise to let it appear. There is a regard, however, to discipline; and whenever any foolish babe behaves decidedly ill, the mamma will be seen to jump into the throng, seize the offender by the tail, and administer exactly that extreme kind of chastise-

ment which has so long been in vogue among human parents and human teachers.

That there is merriment—genuine human-like merriment—in many of the lower animals, no one can doubt who has ever watched the gambols of the kid, the lamb, the kitten, or of dogs, which

"Scour away in lang excursion,
And worry other in diversion."

But there is something to be observed in these sports still more human-like than mere sport. The principle of *make-believe*, or jest, as opposed to earnest, can be discerned in many of their merry-makings. A friend of mine one day observed a kitten amusing itself by running along past its mother, and giving her a little pat on the cheek every time it passed. This must have been done as a little practical joke. It may be added, that the cat stood it for some time very tranquilly; but at last, appearing to get irritated by the iteration of such absurd procedure, she gave her offspring a blow on the side of the head, that sent the little creature spinning to the other side of the room. The kitten looked extremely surprised at this act of mamma, as considering it very ungracious of her not to take the joke in the way it was meant. The same gentleman has observed similar fun going on in a department of the animal kingdom certainly far below the point where we would have expected it; namely, among spiders. He has seen a little spider capering about its parent, running up to it, and then away again, so as to leave no doubt upon his mind that the creature was making merry. Ants, too, have their sports. They pat each other's cheeks, wrestle and tumble, and ride on each other's backs, like a set of schoolboys.

The *kindly social acts of animals*, among themselves and towards mankind, form the next series of phenomena to which I would direct attention. Burns justly eulogizes, as a high virtue, the being disposed to hold our being on the terms, "Each aids the others." It is the grand distinction of human society, to interpose for the comfort and protection of each other in needful cases. Many families of the lower animals are indiffer-

ent on such points; but others are not. It is not yet many months since some workmen, engaged in repairing the cathedral of Glasgow, observed an unusual concourse of sparrows coming regularly to a hole in one of the slanting walls, and there making a great ado, as if feeding some birds within. Curiosity being at length excited, the men proceeded to examine the place, and found that a mother bird, after the flight of her brood, had got her leg entangled in some of the threads composing her nest, so that she was kept a prisoner. The leg was visibly swollen by the chafing produced by her efforts to escape. In this distressing situation the poor bird had been condoled with and fed by her fellows, exactly as a human being might have been in similar circumstances.

Not long before that time, in the pleasure-grounds of Rannoch Lodge in Perthshire, a little field-bird was observed by the gamekeeper to wound itself by flying against one of the so-called invisible fences; whereupon a companion, not stated to have been a mate, came and sat beside it, as it were sighing and sobbing, careless whether he himself was caught — which was easily done by the spectator of the scene. He took home the two birds, and had them carefully attended to, till the wounded bird had a little recovered; he then set them both at liberty; and, to pursue the narrative of a local newspaper, “nothing could have been more touching than the affectionate solicitude with which the one watched the progress of the other — now lending it a wing, and again cheering it while it rested, until both were at length lost to the view of the kind-hearted gamekeeper.”

Instances like these could be multiplied indefinitely. They are the daily habits of some creatures. The dugong, a whale-like animal, but herbivorous, has the social feeling so strong, that, when one is harpooned, the others flock around, regardless of their own danger, and endeavor to wrench out the weapon with their teeth. In what is this different from a soldier shielding a comrade, or endeavoring to rescue him from dying of his wounds on the field of battle? Of the many anecdotes told respecting rational-

looking proceedings of animals for the benefit of each other, I shall adopt one related by Monk Lewis in one of his letters: “About ten days ago [writing in Jamaica,] one of the farm-keepers’ wives was going homewards through the wood, when she saw a roebuck running towards her with great speed. Thinking that it was going to attack her with its horns, she was considerably alarmed; but, at the distance of a few paces, the animal stopped, and disappeared among the bushes. The woman recovered herself, and was proceeding on her way, when the roebuck appeared again, ran towards her as before, and again retreated, without doing her any harm. On this being done a third time, the woman was induced to follow it, till it led her to the side of a deep ditch, in which she discovered a young roebuck unable to extricate itself, and on the point of being smothered in the water. The woman immediately endeavored to rescue it, during which the other roebuck stood quietly by, and as soon as her exertions were successful, the two animals galloped away together.”

The same measures have often been adopted by dogs on account of a master who has fallen into any kind of trouble. Leaving him, they run home, scratch at the door, and, on gaining admittance, pull the skirts of wife or servant, to induce her to come to the spot for his relief. The horse, too, sometimes shows this species of sagacious kindness. Not three months before the time when this paper was written, the horse of a man called Graham, belonging to the Stainmore collieries, came home in the evening without him. According to a local chronicler, the animal “proceeded direct to the house-door, and commenced neighing, and seemed greatly distressed. Being a docile, playful animal, Graham’s family did not at first take much notice of its complaints, not thinking but that Graham himself was not far distant; he, however, not arriving in a short time, and the horse still continuing its wailings, they became a little alarmed, and a person was therefore despatched on the road in search of him. He was found lying on the road near Coupland Beck, a distance of two miles from Appleby, with

his head severely cut, and in an insensible state. The evening was extremely cold, and a pinching frost having set in, he would doubtless have perished had he lain much longer." It appeared that the poor man had fallen asleep, and in that state tumbled from his cart.

The sense of *duty* is another of the human-like characteristics of animals, and one of those best known. A dog will take a trust, and fulfil it as well as a man. A very affecting instance was presented about two years ago by a female dog belonging to a shepherd near Dunning in Perthshire. The man had bought for his master, at Falkirk, four score of sheep, which he immediately despatched homewards *under the care of his dog alone*, though the flock had to go seventeen miles through a populous country. The poor animal, when a few miles on the road, dropped two whelps; but, faithful to her charge, she drove the sheep on a mile or two farther; then, allowing them to stop, returned for her pups, which she carried for about two miles in advance of the sheep. Leaving her pups, the collie again returned for the sheep, and drove them onwards a few miles. This she continued to do, alternately carrying her young ones, and taking charge of the flock, till she reached home. The manner of her acting on this trying occasion was afterwards gathered by the shepherd from various individuals, who had observed these extraordinary proceedings of the poor animal on the road. It is painful to add, that she did not succeed in bringing her offspring alive to her master's house. As a pendent to this tale, take one relating to a Newfoundland dog, which lived a few years ago with a family in one of the southern states of the American Union, and which had rescued one of its master's daughters from drowning. The family had to proceed in a schooner for the city of St. Augustine: they had embarked, and the vessel was swinging off from the pier, when the dog was missed. To quote a newspaper narrative,—"They whistled and called, but no dog appeared; the captain became restive, swore he would wait no longer, gave the order, and the craft swept along the waters with a spanking breeze, and

was soon a quarter of a mile from the shore. The girl and her father were standing at the stern of the vessel, looking back upon the city, which they had probably left forever, when suddenly Towerer was seen running down to the edge of the wharf with something in his mouth. With a glass, they discovered that it was his master's pocket-handkerchief, which had been dropt somewhere upon the road down to the vessel, and which he now recollected, with some compunctions of conscience, he had sent his shaggy servant back to look after. The dog looked piteously around upon the bystanders, then at the retreating vessel, and leapt boldly into the water. His master immediately pointed out the noble animal to the captain, and requested him to throw his vessel into the wind, until the dog could near them. He also offered a large sum if he would drop his boat, and pick him up; told him of the manner in which he had preserved the life of his daughter, and again offered him the price of a passage if he would save the faithful creature. The girl joined her intreaties to those of her father's, and implored that her early friend might be rescued. But the captain was a savage; he was deaf to every appeal of humanity; kept obstinately on his course; and the better animal of the two followed the vessel until, his strength exhausted, and his generous heart chilled by despair, he sank among the more merciful billows."

The high degree in which animals are susceptible of *attachment*, needs little illustration; for every one knows the dog and horse. One is, however, less struck by the general fact, that these animals, and some others, devote themselves to a kindly and servile association with man, than by the particular friendships which certain animals form with individuals of our species, as if from some peculiar, though inscrutable election of qualities, or, it may be, merely from accidental contact. We can even, in some instances, see this attended by a demonstration of an *auld lang syne* feeling, such as usually attends the rencountres of human friends long separated. For example:—A few years ago, a sailor, entering

a show of wild beasts at Plymouth, was surprised to find a tiger very much agitated at his approach, acting always with the greater violence the nearer he came to its cage. The keeper, to whom he pointed out the circumstance, remarked that the beast must either be greatly pleased, or as much annoyed. Upon this the sailor went close up to the den, and, after a few minutes, during which the animal lashed its sides with its tail, and uttered the most frightful bellowings, he discovered that it was a tiger which had been brought home to England a few years before under his especial care. It now became Jack's turn to be delighted, as it appears the tiger was, in thus recognizing his old friend; and after making repeated applications to be permitted to enter the den, for the purpose, as he said, of "shaking a fist" with the beautiful animal, he was suffered so to do: the iron door was opened, and in jumped Jack, to the delight of himself and striped friend, and the astonishment of the lookers-on. The affection of the animal was now shown by caressing and licking the pleased sailor, whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction; and when the honest tar left the den, the anguish of the poor animal appeared almost insupportable. Was not this the very same sentiment which makes us sing, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" But animals of much lower grade will strike up friendships with men. There is an anecdote of a goose which became unaccountably attached to a farmer in Ireland, insomuch that it raised a joke at his expense. One day it followed him to a court, which he was attending upon public duty, and so irritated was he, that he twisted his whip about its neck, and swung it round till he thought it dead. Some time after, when he was lying dangerously ill, he was horror-struck to observe the same goose looking in at his window. His daughter told him it had waited there, with an air of the greatest concern, during the whole time of his illness. Of course there was no standing this disinterested attachment, and the poor goose was instantly admitted into favor.

This predilection of animals for par-

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ticular persons was once the means of deciding, very amusingly, a case before a court of justice. It was a Dublin police-office, and the object of dispute was a pet parrot, which had been stolen from a Mr. Davis, and sold to a Mr. Moore. The plaintiff, taking the bird upon his finger, said, "Come, old boy, give me a kiss," which the parrot instantly did. A youth, in the defendant's interest, remarked that this proved nothing, as the parrot would kiss anybody. "You had better not try," remarked the plaintiff. Nevertheless, the young man asked the parrot to kiss him. Poll, Judas-like, advanced as if to give the required salute, but seized the youth's lip, and made him roar with pain. This fact, and the parrot's obeying the plaintiff in several other requisitions, caused it to be instantly ordered into the possession of its original master.

Human foibles, too, are participated by animals. The dog, I grieve to say, is capable of both envy and jealousy. A gentleman, calling one day upon Dr. Gall, at Paris, found that most original observer of nature in the midst of birds, cats, and dogs, which were his pets. "Do you think," said he, turning his eyes to two beautiful dogs at his feet, which were endeavoring to gain his attention—"do you think that these little pets possess pride and vanity like man?" "Yes," said the other, "I have remarked their vanity frequently." "We will call both feelings into action," said he. He then caressed the whelp, and took it into his arms. "Mark that mother's offended pride," said he, as he walked quietly across the chamber to her mat. "Do you think she will come if I call her?" "Oh yes," answered his friend. "Not at all." He made the attempt; but she heeded not the hand she had so earnestly endeavored to lick but an instant before. "She will not speak to me to-day," said Dr. Gall.* Not long ago, it was stated in a Plymouth newspaper, that two dogs, a setter and a little spaniel, being kept in the same kennel, the larger animal manifested a great jealousy of the smaller. At length the little

* Medical and Physical Journal, November, 1829.

dog was missing, and the setter was found to have taken ill. The latter dying very quickly, was opened, when the little dog was found almost entire in its stomach.

Revenge is not a conspicuous animal passion. The incapacity of deep impressions is perhaps a preventive to it. But it is not quite unknown. James Hogg tells a story of a dog which was much annoyed by the persecutions of a larger animal of his own species, till one day he brought a still more powerful friend, which set upon, and gave the persecutor such a worrying, as served to deter him from his cruelty in future. Mr. Thomson, in his *Note-Book of a Naturalist*, relates a similar circumstance as occurring some time since at the seat of a noble lord in Surrey. "In the park are two large pieces of water, divided by a small isthmus, which widens considerably at one extremity, and at the time in question, a pair of swans were the occupants. A doe and her fawn, belonging to a herd of deer in the park, coming down to one of the pieces of water to drink, were immediately set upon by the swans; and the fawn, by their joint efforts, was got into deep water, and drowned. After a considerable interval of time, when the swans were one day on the wide part of the isthmus, and thus separated from their element, and at a disadvantage, a rush was made upon them by a number of the deer, which trod under foot and destroyed one of them. The bereaved doe must have had some means of communicating her loss to the other deer, and of urging them to help her in her revenge; and the most remarkable part of the transaction is, that the deer must have had a kind of consciousness of the fitness of the moment, when the swans were, to a great extent, defenceless, or at least deprived of their greatest advantage, and had no means of effecting their retreat to the water."

An anecdote was lately given in a newspaper, which would show animals to be even capable of a sense of equity; but perhaps there is some exaggeration about it. A gentleman, visiting a menagerie at Penrith, found there a fine lioness with two cubs. While he was observing her,

the keeper handed in a sheep's head to the cubs, which instantly began to quarrel over it, as if each desired exclusive possession of the prize. In the midst of the turmoil the lioness rose and advanced, and with two well-directed cuffs, sent them cowering into the corners of the den. She then lay down, and deliberately dividing the spoil into two equal parts, assigned one to each of her young ones; after which, without taking a morsel to herself, she retired, and lay quietly down again. If the fact was exactly as thus related, it certainly forms one of the most curious illustrations of animal humanity which we have on record.

But, it might be asked, what class of ordinary human actions is not imitated by animals? A gentleman comes home late at night, and uses the knocker to gain admission: a cat belonging to a friend of ours used to do the same. A weary pedestrian rejoices to get a cast in a passing omnibus: in the *Magazine of Natural History* (1833), is an anecdote of a dog which, being in like circumstances, came into such a vehicle on one of the London thoroughfares, and could not be induced to come out, till he voluntarily left it at a place which seemed to be his home. An innkeeper's son will take a drive for half a stage in one of his father's coaches, and come back in another: this also did Ralph, a famous raven of the Elephant and Castle public house: he knew all the coach-drivers who plied at that inn, and would take short jaunts on the coach-top with them, till he met some other coach coming the contrary way, when he would change coaches, and return. To pass to something very different:—The persecuted Covenanters, when met for worship in the lonely glens of Ayrshire, used to plant a sentinel to watch the approach of the dragons. This also do the red-deer in the Highlands. The youngest of the herd is set to watch, while the rest browse; and if he leave his post, they butt him till he shows he is corrected. Men make hay—with and without favor of sunshine—knowing it is needed for winter store. The marmot of the Altaic mountains makes hay also, to serve as winter fodder. He piles it in stacks as

high as a man, and the selection of herbs for the purpose is far beyond what human hay-makers can pretend to. "If at first you don't succeed," says the moralist, "try, try, try again." The spider did this nine times in the sight of the fugitive Bruce, and taught him to regain a kingdom. So also has the lion been seen, after failing in a leap at his prey, to go back to try it over again, though the prey was gone, as anxious to investigate the cause of failure, and to train himself up to the proper pitch of power for a future occasion. To emigrate for better subsistence and climate has been a practice of the human family since its earliest ages. It is now fully admitted that the migrations of animals are prompted by precisely the same motives. And as men, in the infancy of navigation, crept along the shore, or navigated from headland to headland, or, in crossing, chose the narrow passes, and those which were assisted by intervening islands, so birds of passage adopt all these facilities. Those which move from Scotland to Ireland, proceed by the straits of Fortpatrick. They wait for a side wind, too, to aid them. So also Capri is used as a resting-place in crossing the Mediterranean; as the bishop knows by the tithe of quails, which is said to form an important part of his revenue. In what, moreover, does the return of continental tourists in winter, each to his particular brick dwelling in London, differ from the resumption of particular residences by the swallows in spring? The absence of title-deeds and rents makes the only distinction. There is even some inscrutable means of communicating ideas amongst animals. The deer, in the anecdote already given, must have had a talk about the swans. Even creatures of different families, as cows and horses, have been ascertained to interchange their thoughts.

There is a disposition amongst us to deny all that assimilates animals to ourselves, as if there were something derogatory in it. Miserable pride and delusion, to suppose there can be any good in battling off one of God's facts! When I hear of men endeavoring to extinguish the idea of animal intellectuality and sen-

timent, by calling it instinct, I am always reminded of the weak creatures of the desert, which get their heads into a bush, and then think that they cannot be seen. What imaginable benefit can there be in any such falsity? Rather let us acknowledge the beautiful and ingenious qualities of animals, as they actually are, seeing in them the hand of a Divine Author, and something which even we ourselves may occasionally imitate with advantage.

INSECT IMPORTANCE.

INSIGNIFICANT as insects may appear to the casual observer, there are families of the race which assume the highest importance, either from the benefits they confer, or from the ravages they commit. We grant that it is neither a very dignified, nor always a very accurate, mode of estimating the importance of the lower animals to judge of them merely as they may subserve or thwart the purposes of man; but taking even this standard, we shall find that insects are not the insignificant creatures we vulgarly esteem them. Individually, the highest of the class is but a feeble instrument either for good or for evil: it is the infinity of their numbers, and the fact of their generally living and acting in community, that renders them special objects of human consideration. We shall glance, in the present paper, at a few whose produce gives to them an economical and commercial importance.

By far the most valuable of the class is the silkworm (*Bombyx mori*), whose splendid tissue has been known from the remotest antiquity. Though early cultivated in China and India, it was not till the beginning of the sixth century that the insect was brought into Europe. Since then the culture and manufacture of silk has extended over Italy, France and other southern countries, holding a high place in their economy, giving employment to a vast number of hands, setting in circulation a large amount of capital, and involving much intricate and difficult fiscal regulation.

It is not our intention to enter upon the natural history of the silkworm—which, like many other insects, passes

through the successive stages of egg, caterpillar, chrysalis, and moth—farther than to remark that it is in its second stage that it becomes economically important. Each moth having dropped to the number of 300 or 500 eggs, these are hatched by natural or artificial heat, according to the climate of the country, and a voracious caterpillar is the produce, which is carefully tended and fed with mulberry leaves, or with lettuce—both of these plants abounding in a tenacious juice or caoutchouc. On acquiring its full growth (about three inches in length), this caterpillar spins for itself an oval-shaped cocoon, formed by a single filament of yellow silk, from ten to twelve yards in length, emitted from the stomach of the insect preparatory to its assuming the chrysalis form. It is in this state that the silk is taken, the insect being destroyed by immersion in warm water, and the cocoon carefully unwound. Were the cocoon left undisturbed till the chrysalis had become a moth, the latter would eat its way through the envelop, and so cut the silk into a number of short lengths, instead of one continuous filament. Of course, a sufficient number of cocoons are left untouched for next year's brood, comparatively few moths being sufficient to stock an extensive establishment. It is thus that a plain-looking, greedy, leaf-devouring insect becomes of so much economical importance; requiring human attention to supply it with food and shelter, hands to unwind the silken ceremony, to assort and twist the filaments into threads, cords, &c.; individuals to dye, weave, and finish it—independent of the co-relative aids of chemists, designers of patterns, and framers of the necessary machinery. Nor can this insect, humble as it may seem, be dispensed with so long as man admires and values the beauty of the silken fabric; for though he knows that the cocoon is obtained by the animal from the peculiar vegetables it feeds upon, yet all his boasted knowledge in chemistry has not enabled him to elaborate from mulberry leaves a filament possessing the same lustre, beauty, and tenacity.

It is almost impossible to enumerate the various fabrics woven from silk, either

for the purposes of dress, upholstery, or ornament; but an idea of its importance may be formed from the fact, that scarcely an individual, even in humble life, but can boast of wearing it to some extent, either for dress or ornament. In Britain the annual value of the manufacture is estimated at nearly ten millions sterling—more than nine-tenths of which are for home consumption. We draw our chief supplies of the raw material from Bengal; from Italy, which produces about eleven millions pounds annually; from China, where, next to tea, it is the staple article of export; from Turkey; and in smaller quantities from Holland, the United States, and other countries. The foreign states in which the manufacture chiefly exists are China, India, Italy, Switzerland, and France; the latter kingdom alone producing fabrics to the annual value of about eight millions sterling. We have no very accurate data as to the amount of silk stuffs consumed in the various countries of the world; but considering how generally they are worn in oriental as well as in European countries, and reflecting upon the increasing demand by a civilized population in the Americas, we cannot be far wrong in stating that a million and a half of human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of silk, and that it creates an annual circulating medium of between thirty and forty millions sterling! So much for the importance of an humble insect which, if it had been shown to our ancestors five hundred years ago, would have been as little valued as the earth-worm beneath their sandals.

As an appropriate sequel to the silk-worm, we may next advert to the cochineal insect (*Coccus cacti*), from which the red dye-stuff of that name is obtained. The male insect is winged, and not much larger than a flea: the female is wingless, and when full grown, about the size of a barley grain. It is the dried body of the female which forms the cochineal of commerce, having in this state the appearance of a shrivelled berry. It is principally used in dying scarlet, crimson, and other esteemed hues, of which red forms the basis. The insect is found

in Mexico, some of the southern states of the Union, and in the West Indies, and has, we believe, been introduced, with some success, into our East India possessions. The principal supply, however, is still from Mexico and the Central States, where it forms a staple commodity of export. In a wild state, the cochineal insect feeds on various plants of the cactus tribe; but, under cultivation, it is confined to two or three species, which are found both to increase its size and color. The wild variety is gathered six times a year; but that which is cultivated is only collected thrice during the same period. Arrived at maturity, the insects become torpid, and are detached by a thin split of bamboo, or by a blunt knife — care being taken not to break them in the operation. They are then put into bags, and dipped in boiling water to kill them, after which they are dried in the sun; and though they lose about two-thirds of their weight by this process, more than a million and a half pounds are brought annually to Europe. Some idea may be formed of the vast number of these creatures from the fact that each pound is supposed to contain about 70,000 insects. At present, the value of cochineal fluctuates from six shillings to nine shillings per pound, which is scarcely a fourth part of the price obtained during the war, when it sometimes sold so high as thirty-six shillings and thirty-nine shillings a pound. At the present rate, Britain cannot pay less than £200,000 annually — for what? the dried carcasses of a tiny insect!

Lac, or gum-lac, with its varieties, seed-lac, lump-lac, shell-lac, &c., is also the produce of a small insect — the *Coccus ficus* of Linnæus, or the *Kermes lacca* of modern entomologists. This insect abounds in Bengal, Assam, Pegu, Siam, &c., and deposits its eggs on the leaves and branches of certain trees. So soon as deposited, the egg is covered by the insect with a quantity of this peculiar gum or lac, evidently intended to serve for a protection to the egg, and as food for the young maggot when produced. As each insect produces many eggs, and each egg has a separate envelop, the entire nest has a cellular arrangement as

ingenious and compact as that of the bee. As there are myriads of these insects in every forest, the supply of lac may be said to be indefinite. In its natural state, this production is called *stick-lac*; after the cells are separated from the sticks and granulated, they are called *seed-lac*; this melted by fire, and made into cakes, becomes *lump-lac*; and the term *shell-lac* is given to this substance after it has been again liquefied, strained, and formed into thin transparent plates. Lac also yields a fine red dye, which, though not so bright as cochineal, is said to be more permanent, and is often used as a substitute. From our East India possessions we annually export about 3,000,000 lbs. of shell-lac, and 1,000,000 lbs. of lac-dye; about one half of which is, however, re-exported to Italy, Belgium, Germany, and other parts of the continent. We believe the present price of lac-dye in the London market is from 2s. to 3s. per lb., though it has been known to be so high as 8s. 6d.; stick-lac sells from £2 to £4 per hundred weight, and shell-lac from £3 to £5; so that a vast sum of money must be yearly expended on the produce of this — another humble insect. The various lacs are employed in the manufacture of sealing-wax, ink, varnishes, and in hat-making.

We may here also notice the *Coccus ilicis*, or kermes — an insect from which Europeans obtained their most valuable scarlet dyes previous to the discovery of America. The kermes adhere to the shoots of the berry-bearing ilex, which is found very plentifully in many parts of Europe. They appear under the form of smooth, shining grains of a brownish-red color, about the size of peas, and covered with a fine brown powder. These grains contain the young kermes, which proceed much in the same manner as the lac insect, till they attach themselves to the young branches, and become the receptacles of a future progeny. The scarlet dye obtained from the kermes is less brilliant, but more durable than that from the cochineal; old tapestries which were dyed with it two hundred years ago having lost scarcely anything of their original vividity. It is now little used, unless in

Spain, and other countries where the arts have yet made inconsiderable progress.

Known from the earliest periods of human history, and of more obvious importance than some of these dye-insects, are the various kinds of honey-bee — “the little busy bee” of the poet and moralist — the permanent symbol of industry and unprocrastination. Plain-looking and humble as the common bee may appear, it divides with the silkworm the care and attention of man, and has had more books dedicated to its history and nurture than any other of the lower animals — the horse and ox, perhaps, excepted. At this moment we can lay our hands upon more than a score of treatises; nor does time seem to exhaust the subject, for every year is adding to our library of “bee-books.” And after all, this attention is not more than the brown, dusty-looking little insect deserves. Its honey is one of the most delicious products in nature, and along with its wax subserves numerous purposes; whilst its roaming habits assist in carrying the fructifying pollen from plant to plant, thus not only rendering fertile that which would otherwise be hopelessly barren, but creating new and approved varieties. The silkworm and cochineal insect require to be fed and cared for; the bee is a reveller in nature’s common, trenches upon the store of no other creature, and converts into honey and wax what would otherwise be utterly useless. There cannot be a readier and more certain contributor to the income of the cottager than a snug little apiary, and even were it only in this light that the bee were useful, it would be deserving of all the importance with which it is invested. In Britain alone about £120,000 is annually spent for foreign honey; and if we add to this a large home supply, and consider that in other countries the article is even more liberally made use of, we shall arrive at some conception of the economical value of the bee. But it is not the honey alone; we import 10,000 hundred weight of wax each year, and when we state that the price varies from £5 to £10 10s. a hundred weight, it will be seen that its value is all but equivalent to that of honey. In Holland, the south-

ern states of Russia, in Greece, and other countries of the Levant, as well as in America, the produce of bees forms an important item of their resources — resources, be it borne in mind, which could not be obtained by any other known means either in nature or art.

Our list would be incomplete without adverting to the insect which produces the gall-nuts of commerce, so extensively used in dyeing, in the manufacture of ink, and in other processes. These excrescences, varying from a quarter of an inch to an inch in diameter, are produced on several species of oak trees by the perforation of the female *Cynips* for the deposition of her eggs. The juices of the leaf being diverted from their proper channels by this puncture, they form a sort of wen, which increases in size, together with the larva inclosed in it. On the larva arriving at maturity, it eats its way out; hence gall-nuts are generally found with a hole in them. They are in perfection when they have acquired their full size and weight, but before the insect has pierced them; after which they become of a brighter color and lose part of their weight. Galls are produced abundantly throughout Asia Minor from a small species of oak, but the best are those of Aleppo and Mosul, which are about the size of a nutmeg, and mostly of a bluish or gray color, hard, heavy, and compact, with numerous small tubercles on their surface. They abound in astringent matter, or tannin, and are much used in medicine as well as in the processes already alluded to. They are imported in great quantities, and vary from £2 to £4 a hundred weight, according to quality.

To these insects of utility we might add the *Cantharis*, or Spanish fly, used by the apothecary in the preparation of blister ointment; as well as many others of minor value; but our limits forbid. Enough, we should think, has been adduced to prove, even to the most heedless, that insects — laying aside altogether the purposes they fulfil in the scheme of nature — are, economically, not the insignificant and unimportant creatures which the uninformed mind is but too apt to regard them.

RISE OF GREAT MEN. — It is beneath the philosophy of history to inculcate that men who rise from comparatively low to the highest stations, do so from any cause besides that of force of character, operated upon by force of circumstances. To suppose that the future dictator, king, emperor, or protector, shapes his conduct with a view to reach the greatness he ultimately arrives at, were absurd in the case, probably, of the most ambitious individual that ever existed. At most, the aspirer sees a few of the successive points of elevation that mark the height before him; and he is impelled upwards as much by the pressure of his fellows as by his own talents and desires. As "hero-worship" goes far to make the hero, and as, where sacerdotal power predominates, the people are always as ready to constitute the priest their master as the priest is wistful to see the people obedient, so political power is thrust upon a man of commanding ability by a sort of instinct in the thrusters, especially in troubled or unsettled times. Such times are essential to the attainment of the *most* exalted posts, by those who originally occupied much lower ones, be their ability ever so commanding: to this rule history will hardly present an exception. And so Cromwell would have been an eminent brewer, country-gentleman, or parliament-man under the reign of Elizabeth; Napoleon only the first general of his age, had he led the armies of Louis Quatorze — the demigod of the French nation; and Cæsar, living in our own days, would have conquered and written as has done the Wellington of these times, adding to the splendors of the sway of George IV., and reposing on his laurels at the courts of King William and Queen Victoria. — *Literary Florets*, 1846.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S REWARD. — Whatever may be the difficulties of the task before us — and difficulties great and many there are — we may rest assured in the reflection that our reward is certain. No man ever followed the study of nature with honesty and diligence, without an ample repayment of discovery. The particular object sought may not at that mo-

ment be attained; none can tell at the outset of an investigation where it may lead, or in what way it may terminate; but this is certain, that lead where it may, and terminate where it may, new, important, and interesting truths will have been met with, and the boundaries of human knowledge permanently enlarged. Disappointment in the study of nature is impossible, provided legitimate objects be alone pursued, and by the appointed means. When physical truth ceases to be admired and loved for its own beauty and excellence, and scientific discovery becomes merely valued as a source of personal reputation, as the road to wealth and power and earthly dignity, then indeed may the bitterness of disappointment be often felt, and jealousy and bickerings divide those who, beyond all men living, should be the first to set an example of unity and brotherhood, whose lives are habitually passed in the contemplation of the handwriting of God. — *Professor Fownes*.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. — We are far indeed from delighting in the tendency of some authors on natural sciences to drag in religious views at every turn, thus secularizing things sacred in the attempt to sanctify things profane. We avow our belief that the province of natural theology is confined within narrow and very definite limits, although within these limits it exercises a just and incontestible jurisdiction; but we delight not in the pedantry of converting treatises of science into doctrinal compilations. — There is, however, an opposite pedantry as worthy of condemnation. We conceive it to be impossible for any well-constituted mind to contemplate the sum and totality of creation, to generalize its principles, to mark the curious relations of its parts, and especially the subtle chain of connection and unity between beings and events apparently the most remote in space, time, and constitution, without referring more or less to the doctrine of final causes, and to the *design* of a superintending Providence. We call it the highest pedantry of intellect to put to silence suggestions which arise spontaneously in every mind, whe-

ther cultivated or not, when engaged in such contemplations. — *Quarterly Review for December.*

M. D'AUBIGNE. — The manners of D'Aubigné are marked by a plain, manly, unassuming simplicity; no shade of ostentation, no mark of the world's applause, upon him — a thing which often leaves a cloud of vain self-consciousness over the character of a great man, worse by far than any shade produced by the world's frowns. His conversation is full of good sense, just thought, and pious feeling, disclosing a ripe judgment, and a quiet, well-balanced mind. You would not perhaps suspect him of a vivid imagination, and yet his writings do often show a high degree of that quality. A child-like simplicity is the most marked characteristic to a stranger, who is often surprised to see so illustrious a man so plain and affable. He is about fifty years of age. You would see in him a tall, commanding form, much above the stature of his countrymen; a broad, intelligent forehead; a thoughtful, unsuspicious countenance; a cheerful, pleasant eye, over which are set a pair of dark, shaggy eyebrows, like those of Webster. His person is robust, his frame large and powerful, and apparently capable of great endurance; yet his health is infirm. Altogether, in face and form, his appearance might be described in three words — noble, grave, and simple. The habit of wearing spectacles has given him an upward look, in order to command the centre of the glass, which adds to the peculiar openness and manliness of his mien. — *Wanderings in the Shadow of Mont Blanc.*

INGENIOUS MODE OF DEMONSTRATION. — In the collection of natural history at Cassel, in Northern Germany, is a very interesting set of volumes, as they appear to be; though, when examined, they prove to be no real library, but specimens of the woods of five hundred different European trees, made up in the form of books. The back is formed of the bark; the sides of the perfect wood; the top of the young wood, with narrow rings; the bottom of the old wood,

where the rings are wider apart. When one of the volumes is opened, it proves to be a little box, containing the flower, seed, fruit, and leaves of the tree of which it is a specimen, either dried or imitated in wax. Something of this kind, though with a more especial reference to the age of trees, might be made an interesting portion of our own collections in natural history, both public and private. — *Chronicles of the Seasons.*

CONSEQUENCES OF INDULGENCE. — I have heard of a mother who humored her son to that pitch of folly, that, upon his taking it into his head that it would be pretty to ride upon a cold sirloin of beef which was brought to table, she gravely ordered the servant to put a napkin upon it, and set him astride in the dish, that he might have his fancy; and of another, who begged her little daughter's nurse to take care of all things that the child should not see the moon, lest she should cry for it. If parents will in this manner make it a point never, even in the most necessary cases, to oppose the wayward wills of infants, what can they expect but that peevishness and perverseness should grow upon them to a degree that must make them unhappy on every occasion, when they meet with proper treatment from more reasonable people? — *Burgh.*

HOW TO BE LOVED. — To be really loved, we should cultivate, by all our language and conduct, a certain reverence in others towards us; even in those between whom and ourselves familiarity has been longest established. At the same time we should take care to excite no apprehension, either by ill-natured exhibitions of wit (if we have it), or by displaying any species of power or superiority. Genuine attachment naturally allies itself with respectful deportment; and the most rooted dislike is the offspring of dread. To express all in a distich —

True love to win, live so that men revere you :
To gain their hatred, live to make them fear you.

— *Literary Florets, 1846.*



NO. VI.

JUNE, 1846.

VOL. III.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT. NO. III.

Gilaroo. — You have been reading I see. Anything new?

Stukely. — Not exactly new. I have been perusing an early volume of Tytler's History of Scotland, one of the most interesting works I have read for some time — all the elegance of a romance with the solidity of a history. What fearful revelations the writer makes of the state of past manners — what monstrous usurpations — what crimes — what tyrannies of the strong over the weak!

Gil. — All history is much the same thing; little else than a record of crimes and miseries; injustice on the one hand, and suffering on the other. Ambition, however, has been the principal source of national calamity. A monarch, already powerful, wishes to become more so. He sees a comparatively helpless little kingdom in his neighborhood, and thinking what a fine thing it would be to add it to his own already large territory, he does not scruple to put every species of base engine at work to accomplish his ends: if underhand means fail, he proclaims open war, lets loose a body of armed men on the unhappy country, with orders to put all to the sword who resist his iniquitous aggression. This was what Edward I. did with Scotland, a country he had no right to meddle with, and which fortunately was able to beat off him and his successors. This was what Henry II.

did with Ireland, which was less fortunate in making its defence. This was what different sovereigns of the overgrown Russian dominions have done with Poland. It was by no other means that Prussia grew to be a great kingdom out of the small duchy of Brandenburg. France was once half a dozen little kingdoms, which were all swallowed up, the less by the greater, till it now forms only one. Spain has undergone the same process. Austria has encroached upon and absorbed Lombardy, one of the finest portions of Italy. What country, indeed, that can be named, has not become what it is by a violent aggression on the rights of others?

Stuke. — What, indeed; but it is one comfort that we do not see any of the injustice you allude to in our times.

Gil. — Pardon; not quite come to that yet. As long as there is ignorance, there will be also vulgar ambition, and its natural consequences. At present, if we choose to look abroad, we have many spectacles of already powerful and sufficiently large states attempting to extend themselves over comparatively defenceless territories. Nicholas of Russia is carrying on a war against the inhabitants of the Caucasus, of precisely the same nature as that which Edward I. carried on against Scotland, and with equal injustice. On what plea of right the French are attempting to conquer the north of Africa, is more, I imagine, than they could satisfactorily

explain. The people of the United States, too, imitating the ambition of the Edwards, Henrys, Fredericks, and Nicholases of the old world, seem to have latterly become quite unscrupulous as to their acquisitions. After this, nobody need blame *kings* as the only aggressors on national rights.

Stuke.—Ah, I see; you allude to that Oregon affair? I cannot say I rightly understand it.

Gil.—Yes, it is that I was thinking of. Is it not a monstrous pity that the intelligent and peace-loving of two nations should forever be kept on the brink of a mortal quarrel about such utterly contemptible points of dispute? Who in Great Britain cares a farthing for Oregon, and what rational American cares for it either? Yet, by heedless persons using indiscreet words, and manifesting a thirst of acquisition, the most alarming consequences may be threatened.

Stuke.—I have heard it said that a smart war, though expensive at the time, is not a bad thing in the main; it scatters money about, and gives a great deal of employment.

Gil.—I'll tell you what war does. It causes large sums—ten millions or so, for a beginning—to be raised by immediate or postponed taxation; if postponed, then interest as well as principal has to be provided for. This exaction operates detrimentally in two ways. Everybody gives money out, for which he gets nothing back, which is a loss; and the money, instead of being spent in creating articles of exchangeable value, is laid out on things altogether worthless. In making these articles—guns for example—men no doubt receive wages, but the articles never sell for anything afterwards: you might just as well give men wages for doing nothing.

Stuke.—Stop a moment. Do not those who pay out money to buy guns—that is, the tax-payers—get back a considerable part of it in consequence of the briskness of trade? That, I believe, is the question.

Gil.—A few individuals in particular circumstances may get back more than they pay out. For example, a farmer who supplies food to a dépôt of prisoners

of war may realize a profit ten times the amount of his taxes. But the people at large get back nothing. The money in the course of circulation may be paid to shopkeepers for articles, but these articles were not got for nothing. In the most favorable view of the case, the proportion of money returned must be infinitesimal—a thing too illusory to be spoken about.

Stuke.—But you will allow that vast numbers of men are employed as soldiers and sailors?

Gil.—Of course, and so much the worse. Assuming that the war is never to bring anything good to the country, the employment of so many men is a double loss—the loss of the money expended in feeding, clothing, and paying, perhaps pensioning them; and the loss incurred by the abstraction of so many able-bodied men from the field of labor.

Stuke.—I don't clearly see that. Are not the men busy fighting, which is surely labor?

Gil.—But it is a labor which yields no return. We get nothing out of it but misery. If fifty thousand men are kept blowing away gunpowder into the atmosphere for a whole year, we cannot, as far as I can see, be the richer for it, but a great deal the poorer. It is a labor worse than lost. As every one of the fighters might be working at some useful employment, and adding to the national resources, if he were not a soldier, it is pretty clear that war is an engine of national impoverishment. Of the calamities which it otherwise produces, I need say nothing. Its interruption of commerce, its distracting of people's minds from all sorts of social improvement, its positively barbarizing influence, is all bad. The loss of life and limb arising from it is deplorable.

Stuke.—At all events, the army is recruited from the least useful and respectable portion of the community—a kind of riddance of badly-behaved young men. Is it not Laing who compliments us on our constructing the army out of the least valuable materials in the country, instead of, as in Prussia, using up indiscriminately the best members of the community as soldiers?

Gil. — There may be some truth in that, although I must say the army, on the whole, is 'an exceedingly well-conducted body of men, and abounds in persons of great respectability and intelligence. However, granting that it does rid us of many bad spirits, might not there be some better plan of rendering these men harmless to society, than in making them soldiers? Have all fair means of instruction and melioration been tried? One defect in our institutions seems obvious: we have no general and humane plan for preventing petty crimes, and rescuing the youthful poor from vices which ruin their character, and send them a long life of misery. Public justice, in treating these unfortunate beings, never considers temptations, nor has any idea of predispositions in the individual. All are swept into the gulf; driven into the hands of the recruiting sergeant, or condemned and sent to the penal colonies.

Stuke. — I don't know that society is to be blamed for this. Some years ago, an association of benevolent persons, at their own expense, rid the streets of London of houseless and destitute children, to whom they kindly gave board, clothing, education, and industrial training. After thus putting them in a way of earning a livelihood, they apprenticed them to farmers at the Cape of Good Hope; for they could not get employment for them at home. Well, this institution was brought to an end, by what I thought a very senseless howl of the metropolitan press. They said it was a system of white slavery; and as the supporters of the institution had no interest in carrying it on, and did not like to be called names, they gave it up. I now see, by a report of what took place a short time ago in the Lord Mayor's court, that the streets are again haunted by destitute children, who of course all become thieves. I wonder who, in the face of the former experiment, will be willing to look after them.

Gil. — Why, the parish authorities certainly; and if they don't, schools of industry ought to be got up, at the public expense, to rescue these poor children from destruction. Something of this

kind is already done in Aberdeen, with the best effect, and will be by and by in some other towns. Why should London not follow the example? My opinion is, that the society you allude to was far too easily intimidated. The members, knowing that what they were doing was from no bad motive, but the reverse, should have persevered — outlived the clamor against them.

Stuke. — So they would, I daresay, if they had been backed. The world is often most thankless to its benefactors, and often joins in the laugh against individuals who have for years been doing much good.

Gil. — Men of integrity of principle should not mind either sarcasm or abuse. You remember what Sir Walter Scott said of his enemies and detractors: "I let them hum and buzz themselves to sleep." Whatever arrangement is founded on truth and justice, must stand; whatever has a basis in fraud, must come to nought. Emerson puts this in the clearest light. It is an acknowledged truth in ethics, and not less true in social economics. Honesty, you know, is always the best policy.

Stuke. — Yet what is more observable than that of clever dishonest men succeeding in their schemes, while good men are defeated in their most useful arrangements?

Gil. — The dishonest and the shabby may achieve some paltry end, no doubt; but look around, and see that if, on the whole, the honest men have not the best of it. Who are those who command respect? — I do not mean obsequious adulation — the honest men to be sure. Who are those who gain no esteem, though, perhaps, some applause, for their talents? — the unprincipled, to be sure. If there be a lesson taught more distinctly than another at the present moment, it is, that no brilliancy of qualification, no power of genius, no learning, no rank, no anything, can make a dishonest man be respected. The plain inference is, that, in defiance of sneers and obloquy, every one should do his best to act with a resolute integrity of principle. It may be inconvenient, or it may involve some sacrifices in the mean

time, but it will unquestionably be alone gainful in the end.

Stuke. — All very fine in theory, but only so-so in practice. We see countries making a capital thing of stealing other countries near them; we see great bodies of individuals living in splendid style, by stealing men and making them work like brutes; we see hundreds of persons as comfortable and respected as may be, although living by very shabby kinds of tricks.

Gil. — You look only at the outside of things. Among universal affairs it is often difficult to trace the retributive punishment of acts unquestionably vicious, and indefensible on moral grounds. The ways of Providence are not always clear to the intelligence of man. Retribution may sometimes demonstrate itself in secret cankering cares, or feelings of remorse; sometimes in exposure to the world, and disgrace; sometimes in distressing annoyances from the failure of schemes; sometimes in terrible fears for consequences; at the very least, loss of self-respect. Who knows whether Russia may not yet repent of having crushed Poland? Is not Austria at its wit's end keeping Lombardy in subjection? Have not the French caught a Tartar in Algeria? May not the United States, by their extensions, be going on infatuatedly to their ruin? Is not their very slave system enough to blow them up? Honesty, along with kindness, I repeat, should be the governing principle of the world.

Stuke. — What you say may be true in the main, but I doubt its application to ordinary matters. It would be all very well, acting in every affair of life with transparent uprightness, and candor, and generosity, if every other person would do the same; but the bulk of the world are a set of sharks, with whom it is necessary, at the very least, to be always on the defensive. For my part, I have been the victim of all sorts of encroachments; and, what is strange, I have been ill-used chiefly by those to whom I have shown kindness. I have got only kicks for my half-pence. Sometimes I cannot help laughing at the way I have been treated; it reminds me so much of the

old story of the beggar and the merchant.

Gil. — What story do you allude to? I don't remember anything of the kind.

Stuke. — The story was this: I have seen it in some old book. In a certain city in the East there was a poor man, a beggar, who sat daily at the corner of a street, where his miserable appearance might excite the charity of the numerous passengers. One occasionally would give him a trifle; many gave him nothing. It happened that a rich merchant came to reside in that quarter, and taking compassion on the poor man, he dropped an alms to him daily in passing. The regularity of this bounty cheered the beggar very much. A coin equal to a penny was the amount of the alms each day, and on this he began to reckon with as much certainty as that the sun would rise. It became to him a sort of annuity. Well, this went on for a series of years, the beggar all the time improving in circumstances, and looking on his benefactor with profound respect. At length things took a turn with the merchant. Whether he had met with heavy losses, or had discovered some other pauper more needful and deserving, I do not know, but it is certain that he all at once desisted from giving the beggar his usual alms. The first day that this took place the beggar was a little surprised, but as it might be an accidental omission, it did not give him very deep concern. The second day he was surprised in earnest; he was dreadfully chagrined. What have I done, thought he, that I should merit this extraordinary treatment? The third day he was furious; it was an indignity not to be borne; it was a positive robbery. Addressing the merchant on the fourth day, he requested to know what he had done to be treated thus: why was his daily allowance stopped? The merchant was now in his turn surprised, and replied that he could not be questioned as to his dispensation of alms; he could do with his own as he liked. This answer, which you would think was quite reasonable, would not do for the beggar. He said that he had no wish to injure any man, but it was his duty to defend his rights, and seeing the

merchant would not pay him his daily salary, he must refer the case to a court of justice. Accordingly, he had the merchant up before the cady, to whom he explained his wrongs. "This merchant," said he, "has done me a serious injury. He gave me a penny a-day for so many years, that I arranged all my plans in reference to it. I married on the faith of the penny, and nothing else. I have a family to support and a rent to pay, and without the continuance of the penny, how am I to do either the one or the other? The stoppage of this revenue is, in short, a very great calamity, and I, in the name of the prophet, cry to your highness for justice. Far be it from me, however, to insist on the defendant continuing his penny daily; if that be inconvenient, I am willing to accept a compensation in a distinct sum." The cady now heard what the merchant had to say in reply, and he did not seem at all pleased with it. He remarked that it was a case of very serious oppression; a very bad case indeed, which could not be suffered to go unredressed. If the merchant did not intend continuing the penny for life, he had no business leading the beggar into the idea that he would, by giving him alms so regularly. The notion of now, out of mere caprice, withdrawing a bounty which was essential to the poor man's existence and happiness, and to which he was unquestionably entitled by prescriptive right, was on the face of it absurd. "Go, sir," said he, in conclusion, to the merchant, "and pay the man his dues. I ordain that you give him a hundred piastres in liquidation of all demands." — There, what do you think of that? There was gratitude for you.

Gil. — Pooh! only a fable.

Stuke. — A good quiz, you mean; not a bad satire, I take it, on what one often meets with for all his kindness.

THE TOLLMAN.

STRETCH my philanthropy as I may, it will in nowise embrace him. There is something so annoying and vexatious about the whole status and functions of this official, that 'twere more than is to

be expected of mortal patience to look upon him complacently. See the cold-hearted wretch planted in his vile little cot, like a spider in his den, ready to pounce out upon every passenger from whom he is entitled to exact his odious dues. No compunction or sympathy has he for any fellow-mortal. It may be a wedding party rolling gaily and merrily along to church; it may be a funeral train; the parson; the country surgeon; a set of ladies and gentleman caroling forth for pleasure; a chain of dull, patient carriers' wagons, heaving slowly forward on their laborious mission — the Alexandrine of the road. No matter who it be, what it be, or how or whence it be, this atrocious tollman is sure to present his harsh, passively-compelling visage, uncharged with any feeling whatever, save the stern resolve to withstand passage until a certain sum has been paid. No thanks, no relents of a humane courtesy, from the tollman. He approaches and he takes his leave as a declared enemy. The victim, once forced to render his dues, becomes the husk of an idea, and may go where he pleases. Surely this is an amazing image of individual atrocity to be kept up in an age remarkable, upon the whole, for its exemption from downright barbarisms. The only personage with whom he can be at all compared is the tower-pent baron of the fourteenth century, who obliged all travellers passing his residence to stop and yield him at once reverence and tribute; but the romance is here wanting, and we feel how different was the armed barbarian who, in robbing, took his chance of thwacks and cuts, from the base mechanical varlet who plunders you in regulated sums (giving back with disgusting accuracy coppers in change), secure under the banner of some mean-featured act of parliament which he has got inscribed upon a board beside his door in letters of statutory magnitude. O profane not the middle ages with any such reference! Surely the veriest, vilest wretch that now breathes, or ever did breathe, is — the tollman!

I don't know either. Human life is a blotted page. Men are often the victims of infelicitous circumstances. Possibly

even tollmen, if you could get to the bottom of them, might in some instances be found to possess respectable and amiable qualities, only overlaid and disgraced by the sad necessities of their lot. Perhaps Cromwells and Miltons might be discovered amongst them — hands that the rod of empire might have swayed, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre. Even in that ill-favored corduroyed form there may be faculties that, in better circumstances, could have melted at the tale of woe, or struggled to help forward the cause of suffering humanity. Coarse, insolent, dogged, “not to be done,” as he now looks, he doubtless once lay a babe upon his mother’s gentle bosom — innocent, smiling, and loveable; undreaming of ever having to assert his title to twopences over contumacious carters. Lovely was he at his christening in the old parish kirk; pleasant to look upon in his first breeks. Wandered he oft with his flaxen-headed companions to muse and sport through innocent hours amongst the gowans and rushes by green burn-sides, while as yet he knew not what grown men have to do for bread. Since then, the strong necessity of a subsistence has driven him, as it drives us all; and, behold, it has been his lot to keep a toll! Perhaps this has been less the poor man’s fault than his misfortune — and what a misfortune to have been forced to take to the road even in this modified form of the destiny! There he is, the universal enemy! cut off and dissociated from all of his own kind, as one with whom none have any sympathies — the man whom they may not be quarrelling with to-day, but with whom they may have to quarrel to-morrow, and whom it is therefore necessary to keep ever at arm’s length. Backing and countenance he never gets from a single human being, except as a cold official matter from road trustees, and even that by compulsion. It is not wonderful, in such circumstances, that tollmen are all unhappy. How can it be otherwise with men who have no friends? Thus regarded, and not as the insolent tyrants that look in at coach-windows to extort our money, tollmen become objects of pity. We ought perhaps only to condemn the system which tempts poor

men into such unhallowed situations. To this, doubtless, must be attributed much of the harshness which we complain of in tollmen. Their suspicious looks are induced by liability to be bilked, and they stand upon their twopences rather in a transport of misanthropy, resulting from their unsocial position, than from any immediate love of the lucre.

But what a base and absurd system is this of tolling, taken altogether! Not only for its betraying simple rustics into miserable lives would I anathematize it, but as a wholly rude and clumsy expedient for its purpose, and one entailing equally endless and needless vexation upon us poor members of that generally ill-used compound personality — the public. Let any one recall for a moment the annoyances to which he has been subjected throughout life by tolls. Say you have been travelling by night in your own vehicle, and desiderate a little sleep. After much coaxing, Morpheus gently lights upon your prostrate senses; but lo! ere ten minutes have elapsed, the horses are pulled up abruptly, and the coachman commences bawling for the turnpike-man to arouse himself. You start up in alarm, and for hours can sleep no more. Say you are setting out on a party of pleasure, full of joyful anticipations — nice friends, capital cold turkey, with some sherry, in a basket under the seat — pleasant sunny morning; a joke already established, which is to be the key-note for all the gay nonsense of the day: behold, in the midst of your enjoyments, a halt is called, and a hard hirsute hand is presented — **THE TOLL!** You have to stop short in perhaps one of your drollest whimsies, to twitch out one or two shillings to the horrid intruder. The coachman drives on; you try to resume the suspended joke; but no — your mind has been disturbed by an alien idea; and the rest of the matter is as flat as fifty flounders. Or it may be that you have obtained from her “mamma” the privilege of driving your fair one out. Conversation has reached a most interesting point. The next gentle accents of the adorable are likely to be those which are to make you blest. When lo! a turn-

pike. At sight of the tollman love claps his soft wings, and in a moment flies. Once thus broken, it is impossible to bring the discourse exactly to the same point again, and so you are for that time, perhaps forever, disappointed. On a thousand such interesting occasions may the dire Gorgon of a tollman come in to mar your happiness, taxing your purse much, but your patience a hundred times more. Is taxation so agreeable a thing that we should have it thus intruded upon us at the most critical times, and distributed, as it were, over the hours of our existence? What worse, I would ask, was the introduction of the skeleton at the Egyptian banquets? Though Englishmen wished to have something disagreeable presented to their thoughts at regular intervals, could they hit upon a better plan for the purpose than to have their roads beset with tolls?

Surely, when nice and convenient regulations are making in all departments of our social economy, it is time that this enginery, worthy only of the fourteenth century, or of a country in the condition of Spain at this day, were replaced by something more smooth in its working, and involving less expense for its support. Were our letters still carried each by private couriers, or were the poor left to beg each for his own support by wandering throughout the country, it would be in perfect analogy with this plan for keeping up roads. Not wonderful is it to find, as Mr. Pagan assures us, that of the money raised for the roads of the county of Fife, seventy or eighty per cent. goes to the expense of collection, not to speak of continual litigation occasioned by collisions between those unhappy beings, the tollmen and their victims. Surely it is most desirable that this expense were reduced, that tollmen were set free from a life so wretched, and that less exercise for the Hampden spirit were called for in our carmen and postilions.

O, my countrymen, for a Rowland Hill of tolls!

In every grove there is a concert provided for our entertainment, — a concert, too, of choicer music than art can possibly afford.

MINUTENESS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

TAKE any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us, from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under your microscope; you will find therein countless living beings, moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up; and since they never come into rude contact, obviously exercise volition and sensation in guiding their movements. Increase the power of your glasses, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious and equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eye to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted nature in the descending scale. Perfect as our optical instruments now are, we need not be long in convincing ourselves that there are animals around us so small that, in all probability, human perseverance will fail in enabling us accurately to detect their forms, much less fully to understand their organization! Vain, indeed, would it be to attempt by words to give anything like a definite notion of the minuteness of some of these multitudinous races. Let me ask the reader to divide an inch into 22,000 parts, and appreciate mentally the value of each division: having done so, and not till then, shall we have a standard sufficiently minute to enable us to measure microscopic beings. Neither is it easy to give the student of nature, who has not accurately investigated the subject for himself, adequate conceptions relative to the numbers in which the infusoria sometimes crowd the waters they frequent; but let him take his microscope, and the means of making a rough estimate at least are easily at his disposal. He will soon perceive that the animalcule inhabitants of a drop of putrid water, possessing, as many of them do, dimensions not larger than the 1.2000th

part of a line, swim so close together, that the intervals separating them are not greater than their own bodies. The matter, therefore, becomes a question for arithmetic to solve, and we will pause to make the calculation. The *Monas termo*, for example—a creature that might be pardonably regarded as an embodiment of the mathematical point, almost literally without either length, or breadth, or thickness—has been calculated to measure about the 22,000th part of an inch in its transverse diameter; and in water taken from the surface of many putrid infusions, they are crowded as closely as we have stated above. We may therefore safely say, that, swimming at ordinary distances apart, 10,000 of them would be contained in a linear space one inch in length, and consequently a cubic inch of such water will thus contain more living and active organized beings than there are human inhabitants upon the whole surface of this globe! — *Rymer Jones*.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

"TELL me, father, what is meant by geometry?" Such were the words of a child of nine years old one summer evening in the year 1632. They were uttered in a large room in a house in Paris, and addressed to a pale, intelligent-looking man in the prime of life. He was seated at a table covered with books, maps, &c. and the shade which deep thought and incessant study had cast over his brow, was dissipated by the well-pleased smile with which he gazed on the upturned face of his little son. It was no common countenance he looked on: childish as were the features, mind had stamped them, and a fervent soul looked through those bright young eyes, as the boy anxiously awaited his father's reply.

"Geometry, my child, is the science which considers the extent of bodies; that is to say, their three dimensions—length, breadth, and depth; it teaches how to form figures in a just, precise manner, and to compare them one with another."

"Father," said the child, "I will learn geometry!"

"Nay, my boy, you are too young and sickly for such a study; you have been all day poring over your books. Go now into the garden with your cousin Charles, and have a pleasant game of play this fine evening."

"I don't care for the playthings that amuse Charles, and he does not like my books. Do, father, let me stay here with you; and tell me if the straight and round lines you often draw are part of geometry?"

The father sighed as he looked at the slight delicate form and flushed cheek of his son, and taking the little burning hand in his, and putting aside his books, "Well, Blaise," he answered, "I will take a walk with you myself, and we will breathe the fresh air, and smell the sweet flowers; but you must ask me no more questions about geometry."

Such was one of the first manifestations of Blaise Pascal's intellect: the early dawning of that mathematical genius destined in a few years to astonish Europe, and which would probably have achieved wonders in science, rivalling the subsequent discoveries of Newton and La Place, had he not, while still young, abandoned the pursuit of earthly knowledge, and dedicated all his powers of mind and body to the service of religion and the good of his fellow-men.

His father, Etienne Pascal, was a man of talent, well known and much esteemed by the literati of his day. He felt a parent's pride in watching the opening powers of his son's mind, but he also felt a parent's fears for the fragile form which enshrined it, and he wisely sought to draw the little Blaise from his darling sedentary studies, and induce him to share in the out-door amusements which boys of his age in general love. Having himself experienced the absorbing nature of mathematical pursuits, he did not wish his son to engage in them until his mind should be matured and his body in greater vigor; and as Blaise did not again mention the word geometry, and ceased to linger so long in the study, his father hoped that balls and hoops had at length chased circles and triangles from his

brain. At the end of a long corridor in M. Pascal's house there was an apartment which was used only as a lumber-room, and consequently seldom opened. He one day entered it in search of some article, and what was his surprise to see little Blaise kneeling on the floor, and, with a piece of charcoal in his hand, busily occupied in drawing triangles, circles, and parallelograms. The child was so much absorbed in his employment that he heeded not the opening of the door, and it was not till his father spoke that he raised his head. "What are you doing, child?"

"O father, don't be angry; indeed I could not put geometry out of my mind; every night I used to lie awake thinking of it, and so I came here to work away at these lines."

M. Pascal looked, and with delighted astonishment perceived that his child, without instruction, without knowing the name of a single geometrical figure, had demonstrated that the three angles of every triangle, taken together, are equal to two right angles — a truth established by the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. The father now saw that it was in vain to repress his son's thirst for knowledge: he gave him every assistance in the study of mathematics, while at the same time he watched over his health. Arrived at the age of eleven years, this wonderful boy composed a treatise on the nature of sound; in which he sought to explain why a glass, when struck by a knife, gives a sound that ceases as soon as the hand is applied to it. Five years afterwards appeared his celebrated "Treatise on Conic Sections," admired by the great mathematicians of the time. The famous Descartes could not be persuaded that a work displaying so profound an acquaintance with science, was the production of a youth of sixteen. Yet it is quite certain that Blaise Pascal was its sole and undaunted author.

He had often observed that the science of numbers is, like the thoughts of men, subject to error: he had seen that, in the every-day use of calculation, it is very difficult to preserve exactness for any considerable time; because memory be-

comes weary still sooner than patience; and when the first of these faculties fails, it follows, as a matter of course, that mistakes escape notice. In order, then, to remedy this defect, he constructed the well-known and singular arithmetical machine by which, without a pen, without counters, and without understanding arithmetic, all kinds of computation may be readily performed. "By other methods," said he, in writing to Christina, queen of Sweden, "all the operations are troublesome, complicated, long, and uncertain; by mine they become easy, simple, quick, and certain."

Le Père Mersenne, a Parisian monk, about this time proposed to the world of science a famous and difficult problem. It was required to determine the curve line described in the air by a nail attached to the circumference of a carriage-wheel revolving and progressing at an ordinary speed. It would not be interesting, nor perhaps intelligible, to general readers, were we to attempt explaining the difficulties which, in the then state of mathematical science, attended the solution of this problem. It will suffice to state that, after having baffled the efforts of all the great men of the day, it was solved by Pascal, when not twenty years old, and while lying on a bed of sickness. More than this; he defied all the mathematicians of Europe to resolve in detail the difficulties of the problem, offering four hundred francs (equal to two thousand in the present day) to him who should succeed. All having failed, Pascal gave his own solution to the world, and from that moment took his place in the first rank of science.

Torricelli, an eminent Italian mathematician, taught by Galileo that air is a ponderable fluid, tried several experiments by producing a vacuum. These induced Pascal to try some others, which he caused to be made by his brother-in-law, M. Perier, on the mountain of Puy de Dome, in the province of Auvergne, and which were crowned with brilliant success. Galileo had discovered the weight of the air; Torricelli, measuring the pressure of the atmosphere, had found it equal to a column of water of the same base, and thirty-two feet in height, or to

one of quicksilver of twenty-eight inches. The experiments of Pascal confirmed the others, because they established the fact, that the column of mercury becomes low in the same proportion that the one of air diminishes in height. He was the first who proved clearly, in a "Treatise on the Weight and Density of the Air," that the effects — until then attributed to nature's abhorring a vacuum — are derived from the weight of the atmospheric air; and reversing this point in the physics of the ancients, he established, as a principle thenceforth incontestable, that the mass of this fluid has a limited and determinable weight; that it weighs more at one time than at another, as in thick fogs; in certain places than in others, as in valleys and on low ground; that, pressing on all the bodies which it surrounds, it acts more powerfully in proportion to its increase of weight. From these facts he deduced several consequences, such as ascertaining whether two places are on the same level; that is to say, equally distant from the centre of the earth; or which of the two is most elevated, however distant from each other they may be. It remained for him to show that a small quantity of water may keep a great weight balanced; that two weights of different materials, adjusted, while the air is dry, to the most perfect equilibrium, lose their equality when the air becomes damp; that bodies floating in the water weigh precisely as much as the liquid they displace; because the water touching them from beneath, and not from above, serves only to raise them. Having established these preliminary facts, he published a "Treatise on the Equilibrium of Fluids."

In the present day, when immense progress has been made both in physics and geometry, the writings of Pascal on these subjects are not of much practical utility; but when we reflect that from them we derive our first knowledge, we shall always regard them with the respect due to monuments of a genius, which has left its immortal impress on even the most trifling details.

Having passed some years in these studies and recreations, he suddenly resolved to devote the remainder of his

life to an exposition of the Christian religion. For this purpose he returned to Paris, where amid the interruptions caused by frequent attacks of illness, he conceived and partly executed a comprehensive work on Christianity, its nature and evidences. This he did not live to complete; but some of its detached fragments, found after his death, were published as his "Thoughts." They contain the germ of many a noble sentiment and profound view of human nature, which, had they been wrought out, and the rough outline filled up by a master's hand, would have formed a work fit for immortality. About this period of his life he published the "Provincial Letters," which have been characterized by competent judges as the most perfect prose work in the French language. They treat of the points in dispute between the Jansenists, whose cause Pascal espoused, and the company of Jesuits. We find in them the pointed wit and dramatic powers of Moliere, mingled with the sublime eloquence of Bossuet. When the latter was asked which book in the world he would choose to have been the author of, he immediately replied, "the Provincial Letters."

Pascal, in his thirtieth year, already exhibited the symptoms of premature decay. He was an old man at that period, when it is generally considered that both the physical and mental powers are most fully developed. But his health had sustained a severe shock from his intense application to study, no less than from the ever-stirring activity of his genius. He had been, for many years, under the care of medical men. Perceiving that the cure of their patient could not be effected, so long as he persisted in the indulgence of his sedentary and studious habits, the physicians advised him to take as much exercise as possible, which would at once strengthen his enfeebled frame and divert him from his mental fatigue. In pursuance of this advice, Pascal used to go out in a carriage, every day, to the bridge of Neuilli. His only surviving and fondly-loved sister, Madame Perier, who, with her husband and family, resided in the country, frequently visited him, and left nothing

undone that affection could suggest to support and cheer him. One morning, in the month of October, 1654, she accompanied him in his accustomed drive. The day was lovely, and Pascal's enfeebled frame seemed to receive strength from the balmy air, while he conversed with ease and pleasure. He spoke of the folly of national antipathies, and the sin of war. "Fancy," he said, "a Frenchman addressing an Englishman, and asking him, 'Why do you want to kill me?' 'What!' the other answers, 'don't you live at the other side of the water? My friend, if you lived on this side, I should be an assassin, and it would be most unjust to kill you; but, as you live at the other side, I'm a brave fellow, and feel quite justified in taking your life.' Persons of great and little minds," he afterwards remarked, "are subject to the same accidents and annoyances; but the latter are on the circumference of the wheel, and the former near the centre, and thus are they less agitated by the same movements. Yet, even in his loftiest state, what is man, fettered as he is by a frail body! The mind of the greatest man in the world is not so independent as to remain undisturbed by the noise around him. It does not require the sound of a cannon to impede his train of thought; the winding of a pulley, or the shutting of a door, is sufficient. Don't be astonished that the philosopher reasons badly now; a fly is buzzing about his ears; that's enough to render him incapable of deep reflection. If you want him to discover truth, drive away the insect which keeps his reason in check, and troubles the powerful intelligence that governs cities and kingdoms. Yet is the study of the human mind, in all its greatness and littleness, the noblest of pursuits."

"I have often regretted, dear brother," said Madame Perier, "your relinquishing the grand career of science you had entered on, and changing so completely your course of thought."

"Dear sister," said Pascal, "I had passed much time in the study of abstract sciences; but it disheartened me to find how few persons there were with whom I could hold communion about them.

When I commenced the study of man, I saw that these abstract sciences are not fitted for him, and that I wandered farther from my path in diving into them, than did others in avoiding them; and I forgave them their ignorance. I believed that I should find companions, at least in the study of man, because it is the knowledge which best befits him. I was deceived: there are yet fewer who study man than geometry."

While thus speaking, they came to the bridge; and the horses, taking fright, and refusing all control, plunged headlong into the river Seine. Fortunately, however, the strong concussion broke their harness, and the carriage remained on the border of the precipice, while the horses were hurled below. By this means the life of Pascal was saved from instantaneous destruction; but his health received, nevertheless, a severe shock. One may easily imagine what effect this sudden fright and violent motion must have produced in the weakened state of his constitution. He fell into a fit, from which he was with great difficulty recovered. A severe illness followed, the effects of which he never got quite over. Yet the gentle and fervent charity of his nature shone forth all the more brilliantly for his bodily sufferings. He gave alarm to an extent which appeared folly to his acquaintances. One of them lectured him one day on his imprudent expenditure, which, he affirmed, would speedily bring him to poverty. Pascal smiled, and quietly replied, "I have often remarked, that, however poor a man may be when dying, he always leaves something behind him."

He denied himself the comforts, and even the necessities of life, in order to minister more abundantly to the wants of the poor. He always preserved the utmost purity of mind and manners; and he would never suffer the pleasures of the table to be extolled in his presence, remarking, that food was simply intended to satisfy the appetite and nourish the body, not to pamper the senses. The unfortunate ever found in him a brother. One day, as he was returning from the church of St. Sulpice, he was accosted by a young and beautiful peasant girl.

"O, sir," she said, "for the love of God give me a few sous!"

Pascal stopped, touched at the danger to which her youth and beauty would expose her, if suffered to wander, unprotected, through the streets of Paris. He inquired into her history. "My father," she said, "was a mason, and lived some leagues from the city. A short time since he fell from some scaffolding, and was killed on the spot, leaving my mother and me alone and friendless in the world. We managed for a time to support ourselves, till my mother's health failed; and, after struggling in vain against her illness, she this morning entered the hospital, where, though I can visit her, I am not permitted to live; so that, to avoid starvation, I am forced to beg."

"My poor child," said Pascal, "yours is a hard lot; I will try what can be done for you."

He immediately conducted her to the house of a venerable ecclesiastic, to whom, without making himself known, he gave a sum of money sufficient for her food and clothing, promising to send next day a charitable lady to take charge of her. This was Madame Perier, who entered warmly into her brother's benevolent feelings, and took care of the grateful young girl until a respectable situation was provided for her. Who can describe the feelings of the poor sick mother, when she heard of the kindness that had been shown to her daughter! She longed to bless her benefactor, her guardian angel, who had saved her child from misery, perhaps from ruin. Yet Pascal would not suffer his name to be disclosed, and it was not till after his death that he was known to have performed this good action. Truly might it be said that he

"Did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame."

Notwithstanding his habitual gravity, he had a fund of natural wit, and keen penetration into character; and could have been sarcastic, but the overflowing kindness of his temperament forbade it. He one day remarked, "The authors who are incessantly announcing *my* book, *my* history, *my* commentary, would they not do better to say, *our* book, *our* com-

mentary, *our* history? for, generally speaking, there is more in their works that belongs to others than to themselves."

One of his maxims was, "If you wish others to speak well of you, do not speak well of yourself." Another just remark was this, "In proportion as we have our minds enlarged, we discover in the world a greater number of original characters — commonplace people do not perceive any distinguishing difference between men."

It may not be out of place to cite a remark of Pascal's, alluding to the strange political revolutions of Europe, and the casting down of crowned heads, which took place in his day. He says, "Who would ever have supposed that an individual possessing the friendship of the king of England, the king of Poland, and the queen of Sweden, might be left destitute in the world, without an asylum or retreat?"

This refers to three revolutions which had occurred in Europe nearly at the same time.

We will now set down, somewhat at random, a few of his remarks breathing a spirit of true philosophy.

"There is nothing more common than good things; all we require is to discern them; and it is certain they are all natural, and within our reach. Yet it is universally the case that we do not know how to distinguish them. It is not among strange and extraordinary things that we are to look for excellence. In rising to attain it, we but leave it behind us. We must stoop. The best books are those which each reader thinks he could have written himself. Nature, which is alone good, is common and familiar to all."

"Curiosity is often but vanity. Most frequently we wish for knowledge, only in order to speak of it. We would not undertake a long sea voyage, if we were never to talk about it; and for the simple pleasure of seeing, without the hope of conversing with any one about our travels."

"A horse does not seek to be admired by his companion. We see, indeed, a sort of emulation between them in the

race, but it is not followed up; for when in the stable, the most clumsy and worst-made horse will not yield his oats to another. It is not so with men; they rest not satisfied with their perfections, unless they are made the means of asserting their superiority over others."

"The virtue of a man ought not to be measured by one or two unusual efforts, but by his habitual course of life."

"Nature has perfections, to show that she is the image of God; and defects, to show that she is only his image."

Many of his most valuable remarks have been lost, from his neglecting to write them down; entrusting them to his memory, which was indeed so great, that he was never known to forget anything which he had once imprinted on his mind.

The enemies of Pascal thought to diminish his glory by suppressing his eulogium in the "Lives of Illustrious Men," by Perrault; but this only served to enhance it the more, for every one applied to them the words of Tacitus—"Cassius and Brutus shone more brightly because their images were not seen."

The life of Blaise Pascal drew near its termination. A fatal disease was preying upon him, brought on by the intense working of a mighty soul, enshrined in a feeble body—"Its shell the spirit wore." A deep shade of gloom and despondency, arising from physical causes, often clouded his mind. But his sufferings were soothed by the fond attentions of his sister. She brought her family to Paris, and having taken a house near his, devoted herself to him with anxious affection. One day, while still able to walk out, he was accosted in the street by a wretched-looking man, holding a little boy by the hand. His countenance showed marks of suffering, and his tale was a sad one. He had been a journeyman shoemaker, and lived happily with his wife and little ones, inhabiting a small house in the outskirts of Paris. A fire broke out one night; his little dwelling, with all that it contained, was consumed. He and his family escaped with their lives; but from exposure to cold and anxiety, his wife and two children fell victims to fever; and

he, only just recovered from the same disease, was forced, with his remaining child, to beg a morsel of bread. Pascal's heart was touched by his tale, and, not satisfied with relieving his immediate wants, he took him to his own house, and desired him to make it his home until his health should be reestablished, and he should be able to procure work. Some days passed on, and Pascal became rapidly worse: he could with difficulty leave his room, and was forced to discontinue his accustomed walks. His sister's fond cares were now indispensable to his comfort: every day she passed in his chamber, ministering to his wants, and learning holy lessons of patience and resignation, springing from love to God, and submission to His holy will. The poor shoemaker also tried, by every means in his power, to serve his benefactor; and the pleasant laugh and winning ways of his little son George often soothed and cheered Pascal, who dearly loved children.

He had an old female servant, who had lived in his house and served him faithfully for many years. One morning she entered his room before the hour when Madame Perier generally came, and withdrawing the curtains, she gazed sorrowfully on the wasted form and hectic cheek of her beloved master.

"How do you feel to-day, sir?"

"Not well, Cecile; I passed a sleepless night; but I had sweet thoughts, which comforted me."

The old woman proceeded to arrange the room, and her master said—"Where is little George, Cecile? I have not heard his merry voice this morning?"

"O, sir, I wanted to tell you about him, and still, seeing you so poorly, I did not know how to do it; for I'm afraid it will flurry you so."

"Speak, speak, Cecile! What has happened to the child?"

"O nothing, sir; but all yesterday he was very dull and heavy, and would not eat; his father watched him all night, and early this morning brought the doctor to see him, and he says the child has got the small-pox; and when I asked him if he could not be removed to another house, he said it would risk

the boy's life to do so. However, I'm sure I don't know what we're to do; for we could not endanger Madame Perier and her darling children for the sake of a beggar's brat."

Pascal thought for a moment. "No, Cecile," he said, "their health must not be risked, nor shall poor little George be removed. I will go to my sister's: I know her rooms are all occupied, but I am sure she will spare a small one, good enough for me during the short time I shall want it."

Madame Perier soon came, and the arrangement was made according to his wishes. After providing amply for the comfort of the sick boy and his father, he left his quiet house and airy apartment, never to return thither again. With much pain, and suffering from exhaustion, he was borne to his sister's house. There, on the 19th of August, 1662, at the age of thirty-nine years, the gentle and holy spirit of Blaise Pascal returned to Him who gave it, leaving to the world a name which will live as the representative of splendid talents, united to self-denying benevolence and ardent piety.

THE RETURNED SLAVE.

AN ANECDOTE FROM THE ITALIAN OF SOAVE.

A NOBLEMAN being at a state banquet, given at Marseilles, was anxious to refresh himself by taking a few turns in a boat on the river. He accordingly called for a boatman, when a pleasing-looking youth, with a most gracious manner, offered himself. The nobleman was induced to look at him attentively, seeing him possessed of more refined manners than are usually met with in that rank of life. "You do not row," he said, "as if you were a sailor; and I cannot understand that, if it is not your trade, you could undertake such a severe exercise for recreation."

"I was not born, indeed," replied the youth, "in this rank of life, nor is this the trade I belong to; but the misfortunes of my father have obliged me to

take to it, to earn a trifle on festival days."

"And what misfortunes have happened your father?" said the nobleman.

"He is a slave," replied the youth, in a state of distress; "and I have no means of ransoming him but by the most severe labor and fatigue."

"A slave! And how long, and where?"

"He is now six months in chains at Tetuan. He formed a small capital by his earnings, freighted a ship, went in it himself, industriously wishing to make the most of it; but unfortunately it was seized by the Moors, and he and the crew were made slaves. Two thousand crowns they require for his ransom; but as he took all our property with him, we are very far from being able to procure so large an amount. My mother and sister work day and night to assist in collecting the sum, and I do the same; therefore I wish to take advantage of every opportunity of adding to our earnings. At first I thought to be able to liberate him by taking his place; but my mother (who suspected my plan) assured me that my design was useless; and fearing, not without some reason, that I still might venture, forbade all the captains to take me on board."

"Have you not heard anything of him since? Do you know whom he serves, and in what way he is treated?" asked the nobleman.

"He is the superintendent of the royal gardens, and is treated humanely. But, alas! this is small comfort for him; he is a slave, and far from all those most dear to him."

"What is his name and age?"

"Robert; and he is nearly fifty-five years of age."

"You have my best wishes, and certainly are deserving of better fortune. From your good conduct, I think I may promise it to you."

Night coming on, the nobleman desired him to land him, and, jumping out of the boat, would not allow the youth time to thank him for the purse of money which he left in it as a reward. The young man, surprised at such generosity, for many days sought the nobleman to

express his gratitude ; but in vain. Two months afterwards, while this poor but honest family were at their scanty dinner, to their utter amazement, Robert arrived. A scream of joy and surprise escaped them : they even doubted the reality of their vision. He tenderly embraced each one : " My wife and my children," he exclaimed, " how deeply indebted I am to you ! but, tell me, how have you been enabled to release me ? The sum required for my ransom was enormous : these clothes, and my passage paid beforehand, all astonish me. Alas ! to what a state of misery do I see you have reduced yourselves for me."

The sudden joy quite overpowered his wife, who had not strength to answer, until relieved by a flood of tears. She again embraced her husband, and, pointing to her son, said, " You see in him your liberator ; we never could have collected the immense sum required, were it not for his indefatigable exertions, aided by those of a charitable nobleman who was struck by his amiability. To that boy you certainly owe your freedom ; he even secretly arranged a plan to exchange with you."

A shriek from her daughter interrupted her, and, on turning round, she perceived her son had fainted. The first symptom of returning consciousness was a vacant gaze at his father. Making a vain effort to speak, the poor father was stricken dumb by the sudden transition from joy to grief, and turning to his son, in an angry manner, he exclaimed, " Alas ! unfortunate youth, what have you done ? I cannot feel myself indebted to you for this liberty without shuddering. If my ransom had not caused you to commit some crime, you would not have dared to conceal it from your mother. The son of a miserable slave, and in these wretched times, it is not likely that by honest means you could have procured such assistance. I tremble at the thought of your filial love leading you into crime. Relieve me from this uncertainty ; if it is true, I would rather ——"

" No, no ; compose yourself, father ; embrace your son : I am not yet unworthy of that name ; for it is neither to

me nor one of us that you are indebted. Our benefactor is quite another person. Indeed, mother, it is to that stranger who gave me the purse in such a generous manner that we owe our happiness. O, if I could meet him ! If I could—— But I will leave no stone unturned to discover him." He then related to his father how he had met the stranger, and thus eased his mind of all uncertainty.

After two years of useless inquiry, one morning the youth chanced accidentally to meet the object of his search.

" Ah ! my lord, my benefactor !" He could say no more, but threw himself at his feet.

" What do you want ? What is all this ?" said the stranger.

" My lord, do you not know me ? Have you forgotten the son of the unfortunate Robert whom you so generously saved ?"

" You mistake, my friend ; I am a stranger only just arrived."

" That may be ; but do you not recollect being here about two years and a half since ? Let me remind you of the few turns you took on the river ; the purse that you gave me ; the compassion you felt for my father's misfortunes ; the numerous questions you asked on whatever could throw light on the means for his liberation. You have thus formed the happiness of an entire family, who desire nothing now but your presence, to heap it with a thousand blessings. Alas ! do not deny us our wishes."

" Softly, my friend ; you are too easily deceived ; you perhaps ——"

" No ; I am not deceived ; your features are too deeply impressed on my mind ever to forget them. Receive our thanks." He then seized him by the arm, and tried to induce him to return with him to his home, and witness the happiness which he had been the means of restoring. The contrast between the two attracted a crowd round them. The unknown person was in the height of his glory ; but, instead of showing his astonishment, he had the courage to repress it, and still to remain in concealment.

This fact would have remained forever a mystery, if, on the death of a Mar-

ssilles merchant, his relations had not found among his papers a note for 7500 francs, "sent to Robert Meryn à Cadice," and for which there was no receipt. A famous English banker said he had made use of this money, by the orders of Signor Charles, second Baron de Montesquieu, president of the parliament of Bourdeaux, for the ransom of an inhabitant of Marseilles, called Robert, enslaved at Tetuan. This celebrated man was in the habit of occasionally visiting his sister, Madame d'Hericourt, who was married at Marseilles.

The generous action which he performed, and which we have now related, does not merit less commendation than his literary labors, by which he has rendered his name immortal.

RECENT REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

THE Manchester Guardian, with characteristic industry, gives ample reports of six lectures on the Microscope and its Revelations, delivered in the course of last December by Dr. Carpenter, in the Royal Manchester Institution. They present a ready summary of the chief services which the microscope has of late years rendered to science. It appears that this instrument remained for two centuries in nearly its original state, but that, within the last twenty years, there have been great additions both to its powers and to its accuracy. The consequence has been, the accumulation of a vast quantity of curious facts regarding the minuter departments of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the ultimate structure of organic substances, including particularly that of shells, which has been Dr. Carpenter's own department in the investigation. The instrument has also been brought to bear in a happy manner upon certain geological inquiries and speculations, into which it has been the unexpected means of introducing certainty where otherwise all was, and would have continued to be, doubtful. We would fain give our readers some idea of the importance to which the microscope

is thus rising as a philosophical instrument, and we pitch for this purpose upon the geological investigations, as those likely to be the more novel to a large class of readers.

We may first explain that the geological investigations of the microscope proceed upon certain facts: first, that organic structures—that is, vegetable and animal matters—in their composition differ essentially from such as are inorganic, inasfar as there is always some regularity of form discernible in them, when minutely observed; and, second, that particular organic substances usually have certain peculiarities in this intimate structure, by which they may be distinguished one from another. Here, it must be observed, minute inspection is the all-important matter. Masses are often of no particular character to ordinary observation; they may be inorganic or organic for anything we can tell, judging merely by the naked eye. But when the least bit, properly prepared, is subjected to the microscope, we see features in it which at once determine the question. So also a mass may be known to be organic (a fossil); but we may not be able, from its external aspect, to say whether it is vegetable or animal, or to what order of plants or animals it has belonged: the microscopist, however—knowing that petrification, while changing the component material of the object, produces no change on its ultimate structure, or, as we might say, its architecture—proceeds with confidence to examine the mass in question, and, discerning the forms characteristic of certain classes of plants or animals, assigns it at once its proper place in organic nature. Such decisions are often of great consequence; for it not unfrequently happens that a scale, or a tooth, or a fragment of bone, is all that we possess of some fossil, the determination of whose character may be the only means of solving an important geological question.

Dr. Carpenter states that, some months ago, he was applied to by Mr. Darwin, the eminent naturalist, to ascertain, with regard to two extensive strata in North America, whether they were identical in materials. From the comminuted shells

contained in both, Mr. Darwin thought it likely they were identical; but he could not be sure. Dr. Carpenter examined them microscopically, and "was enabled to state, with almost perfect certainty, that the one formation was produced by the still further subdivision of the other; and that the two, so far as regarded their material, were identical." He had also been referred to by Dr. Falconer, the distinguished palæontologist of the Himalaya mountains, to pronounce on certain bodies he had found in a rock, when in search of organic remains, whether they were organic or inorganic. By microscopic examination, Dr. Carpenter was enabled to determine that they were of the latter character, because he found their structure to be crystalline. Here a difficult point was settled at once, and satisfactorily.

On another occasion, Dr. Falconer was at a loss to ascertain the nature of certain small bones which he had found in the Sivalik hills, near the remains of the twenty-feet-long tortoise which he was the means of discovering. He was inclined to believe that they were the toe bones of some animal of the same species; but their form was not sufficiently characteristic to enable him to determine this with certainty. He placed them in the hands of Mr. Quekitt, subcurator of the College of Surgeons, who has paid considerable attention to the microscopic structure of bones. Dr. Falconer did not tell him what they were, or give him the least clue to his own opinion, but merely asked him to throw as much light upon the nature of the bones as he could. Mr. Quekitt, in due time, gave notice that they were the bones of a reptile, and most probably of the turtle order; thus completely confirming the supposition which Dr. Falconer had formed from other evidence.

The principal substance of the teeth, in almost all animals, is one, called *dentin*, characterized by minute tubular passages permeating it in a direction from the centre to the circumference. "Considerable variation in the arrangement of these tubuli was found in different groups of animals, which enabled us to determine with great precision, by the inspec-

tion of even small fragments of ivory, the animal to which the tooth belonged. Dr. Carpenter then showed a section of the tooth of the great megatherium, one of the gigantic fossil sloths, which were to the sloths at present existing in South America like what an elephant is to a sheep. That tooth, like the front teeth of rats and other rodentia, was always growing from a pulp at the base, thus making up for the gradual wearing of the surface from the want of enamel. The dentin or ivory in these teeth was peculiar in this, that it was entirely destitute of the small canals. There was one great central cavity, from which various canals passed out over the internal portion of the ivory; and there was no doubt, from their general appearance, that in these canals there had been blood-vessels in the living animal. External to this layer was a layer of ordinary, or non-vascular ivory; and external to this, was the *crusta petrosa*, which corresponded very closely with the substance of bone. This was precisely the substance of the teeth of the sloth at the present time, except that they had not the vascularity of the internal portion of the dentin; and they were made up of dentin and an external layer of cementum, without any enamel. Teeth formed upon this plan would not be enabled to grind down any very hard vegetable substance; and the sloth lived now upon the soft shoots of trees, &c. It was formerly supposed that the megatherium, the *milodon*, and other sloth-like animals, burrowed in the ground, and perhaps fed upon the roots of trees, which they met with in digging the soil. This view seemed borne out, too, by the fact, that it would be impossible for any tree to support the enormous weight of these animals. They could not climb a tree, as did the sloth at the present time, and find subsistence upon its branches. But the structure of their teeth was investigated by Professor Owen, and his discovery went in complete opposition to such an idea. It was shown that these teeth could not, by any possibility, grind down the hard roots of trees; that they were not formed at all upon the same plan as the teeth of beavers, and other animals

which fed upon hard vegetable substances, and which had not only enamel present, but enamel arranged in plates upon the substance of the teeth in such a manner as, by the equal wear of the dentin, cementum and enamel, produced a constantly rough surface upon the crown of the grinding teeth. Nothing of this kind existed in the fossil sloth, and it was perfectly clear that that gigantic creature could not have existed upon the roots of trees; that it must have fed, in fact, upon the same kind of substances as the sloth of the present time. How did it get them? Could it climb trees? Certainly not. Reasoning upon these facts, then, and upon the habits of the animal, Professor Owen was led to work out a most curious train of investigation, which led to the most complete history of the habits of any fossil animal, differing so widely from the animals of the present time, that had been ever given to the world, from the material supplied by the anatomist. He had fully proved, as far as circumstantial evidence could prove, that the habits of the animal were these:—By its enormous digging fore-feet (for there was no question that they were organized for digging) it burrowed down and excavated beneath the roots of trees, and then, rearing itself up upon its hind-legs and tail, as upon a tripod, it pushed against the tree, swaying backwards and forwards until the tree fell; then it browsed upon the leaves and young shoots, until it had completely stripped them, when it went on to another: and the present sloth completely stripped one tree before it left it. Professor Owen had mentioned this circumstance to him (Dr. Carpenter,) as showing the confirmation which accident would sometimes give to elaborately worked-out views of this kind. He was explaining to Dr. Buckland (the principal advocate for the theory that it ate roots) his views upon the subject, who said, that, if this was the case, the animals would be very likely to be killed by the fall of the tree. Professor Owen replied, that their gigantic strength might possibly push the tree down in a direction from them, and that they would have sufficient instinct to get out of the

way. But the very next specimen that was brought home from South America, (at present in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and which was worthy the inspection of every one the least interested in the subject,) the skeleton of the great *milodon*, the most complete skeleton of this group, showed a very large fracture in the skull of the animal; not made at the time of fossilization, or since, but a fracture which had been united and healed again. The fracture was one the animal must have received from such an accident as a tree falling upon its head; but being provided with a very thick skull, of which the brains did not form a very great portion, it thus escaped vital injury, and eventually led a long and active life subsequent to this blow. This corresponded most remarkably with the views Professor Owen had already suggested, in consequence of the determination of the microscopic observations of the teeth.

The lecturer then adverted to another animal of the ancient world, one belonging to a still remoter era, and denominated, from certain extraordinary peculiarities in its teeth, the *labyrinthodon*. "All must have heard, and many witnessed the fact, that the quarries at Stourton, in Cheshire, and other quarries in the midland counties—Worcestershire and Warwickshire—had presented regular footmarks of an animal. He did not allude to the recent undetermined footsteps, but to discoveries, some years ago, of an animal which could only be referred to the group of batrachian reptiles or frogs, as no other animal was found which seemed to make such footprints. But the enormous size of the footmarks seemed to militate against the idea that it was possible for such an animal to have made the impress, for it would have required a frog three or four feet long to make such an impression, it being fully the size of the foot of an ostrich. Professor Owen received from some of the Worcestershire and Warwickshire quarries several of the bones and teeth of this animal, and also some smaller teeth from Germany, which he was requested to examine. Upon making a section of the teeth, he found they were utterly dissimilar from

anything he had elsewhere seen; and yet, when unravelling this complex structure, and searching for something corresponding with it in other groups, he was gradually led to perceive that the bones and teeth must belong to reptiles intermediate between the ordinary reptiles and fishes: one bone nearly approaching the ichthyosaurus, another the teeth of the lepidosteus [a sauroid fish, resembling the present bony pike,] and one of the bones of the sword-fish. Other indications led him to perceive that teeth, and fragments of the jaws in which the teeth were imbedded, might have belonged to a batrachian reptile of the frog kind." Thus the case was made out, and it was determined that the world, at the time of the deposition of the rock of the Warwickshire quarries, contained a frog-like animal of probably the size of a little bullock.

Dr. Carpenter then alluded to his own investigations in determining the structure of the solid parts of animals allied to the star-fish and sea-urchin. The shell of the echinus, or sea-urchin, was found to be composed of a network of calcareous matter, sometimes forming a series of plates parallel to each other, and connected by little pillars proceeding from one surface to another. In the spines with which the animal is covered, this network had a most beautiful appearance. Upon showing the sections of these objects, under the microscope, to a friend engaged in the lace manufacture — Mr. Heathcote, the member for Tiverton, — that gentleman observed that he thought it would be a good pattern for lace. (It would not be the first time that objects in natural history had suggested patterns; for, within a few weeks after the publication of a section of the teeth of the labyrinthodon, it was to be seen in the centre of a large handkerchief printed in Manchester.) The crinoids, or stone-lilies, were a fossil tribe of this order of animals, and their remains form a large part of many ancient strata. It was supposed by mineralogists that the fragments of these animals, where calcareous matter had been infiltrated to the complete displacement of the original matter, were crystalline in structure; but the lecturer

had shown that they contained a characteristic and beautifully-preserved structure.

He had done the same with the shells of molluscs (common shell-fish,) both ancient and modern. The hard parts of these animals are not mere masses of calcareous matter, as a piece of limestone is, but are distinguished each by some peculiarity of structure, which the microscope exhibits to us. Primarily, the shell of a molluscous animal is composed of cells of animal matter, in which are contained calcareous matter. In many cases these cells are of a prismatic form, and the internal matter takes its shape from the cells. By seeing, then, the smallest fragment of shell, or even a little of the calcareous dust left when the membrane was discharged from it, he could tell to what tribe of molluscs it had belonged. There is a family of bivalves, very prevalent in early ages, and still existing — the terebratulæ — which have a most peculiar structure, enabling the microscopist to determine them with ease. In this large group, two great divisions "have been assigned by microscopic observation. One division is marked by a series of little dots on the surface, sometimes visible, although difficult to be seen by the naked eye, and sometimes requiring a strong magnifier to distinguish them. These dots are the orifices of canals which pass through the shell from one surface to the other. This was not known before the test of the microscope was applied. He showed a rough diagram of the thickness of one of these shells, and the canals passing nearly straight through, from surface to surface; sometimes they were found winding a little, but in many fossil species of the oolite they passed through direct. This distinction served to divide the very extensive genus, containing several hundred species, into two divisions; and previously, naturalists had been very much at a loss to obtain good characteristics for the division of the group. One division is characterized by the presence of these extraordinary perforations; the other by the absence of them. By the examination of the recent shell, with the animal in it, he had made out,

few months, this very which was quite unique in the history of the formation of shell, that in these tubes, passing to the external surface of the shell, there were glandular prolongations of the substance of the animal; that every one of the tubes contains a little gland connected with the mantle or skin lining the shell. It was evident, therefore, whatever might be the office of the glands, (which was not determined,) the presence or absence of these orifices in the shell must be regarded as of considerable importance. Suppose he took a shell not perforated, and, scaling off the minutest fragment (which it was more easy to do than in the other division of terebratulæ,) placed it under the microscope, the following curious structure would be observed:—It is made up of an excessive quantity of layers, each layer folded and folded upon itself; and this characteristic structure of these terebratulæ distinguished them from every other shell. The internal surface of the shell being ground away, tile-like markings were seen, laid one over another, which were, in fact, the extremities of these long folds, which crop out obliquely upon the internal surface of the shell; and these long folds, broken up into fragments, have, at the termination of every one of them, this long, tile-like, rounded form. This structure he had made out to be characteristic of that group, and to be confined exclusively to it; and therefore we are enabled to determine with precision, from the most minute fragment of the shell, the division of the group to which it belonged."

In a future paper we may return to this subject, and take advantage of the Guardian's reports to give our readers some idea of the discoveries by the microscope in physiology.

King George II. having ordered his gardens at Kew and Richmond to be opened for the admission of the public during part of the summer, his gardener finding it troublesome to him, complained to the king that the people gathered the flowers. "What," said the monarch, "are my people fond of flowers? Then plant more."

THE FROG AND THE FOX.

(ÆSOP ILLUSTRATED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," &c.

Most monstrously swollen with pride,
He deem'd himself wiser than all.
"I knew it, I said so," he cried,
Did an empire flourish or fall.

ANONYMOUS.

FIRST, the fable.

"A frog leaping out of a lake, and taking advantage of a rising ground, made proclamation to all the beasts of the forest that he was an able physician, and for curing all manner of distempers would turn his back on no person living. This discourse, uttered in a parcel of hard, cramp words, which nobody understood, made the beasts admire his learning, and give credit to everything he said. At last the fox, who was present, with indignation asked him how he could have the impudence with those lantern jaws, that meagre pale phiz, and blotched, spotted body, to set up for one who could cure the infirmity of others."

Next, our application.

CHAP. I.

"I TELL you what, missus," said Farmer Brassey, addressing his wife, as he unbuttoned his leathern gaiters, "we must do something for that boy of ours more than common. He's too clever by half to look after the sheep and pigs, and drive the cows home."

"That boy of ours? Which of 'em do you mean?" said Mrs. Brassey, laying down the stocking she was in the act of mending. "We've three of 'em, and I don't know, for my part, that any one of 'em wants for sense."

"The two oldest is well enough in their way," said Brassey; "but our Bill beats 'em hollow when it comes to a little ingenuity."

"I can't say I ever observed his superiority," said his wife.

"How can you, when you are in doors and he out o' doors, I should like to know? Why, it was only this very morning that the linch-pin of our wagon was lost, and he whips in a tenpenny nail while his brothers was looking about for it," said Brassey.

"I don't see much in that, Simon," said his wife.

"Just you set him to top the candle with his fingers, and see if he wets 'em first—not he; he knows the snuff would stick to 'em and burn 'em. He's got some brains, he has—I'll have 'em cultivated—he shall be sent to school, wife; his talents shan't be wrapped up in a napkin. He'll do honor to his family," said Brassey.

"Consider the expense, Simon. Fust, there's board and lodging; then there's washing, and books, and physic, and stationery, and extras."

"Drabbit the expense. I can afford it, and it's only four guineas a year," said Simon.

"Why, you aren't going to send him to a charity school?" said Mrs. Brassey, dismayed, for her pride was hurt.

"I shall send him to Crumpleton grammar-school—it is but two miles off, and he can ride over and back every day on a donkey."

"What! send Bill to school among the gentry's sons, as learns nothing but Latin and Greek—ain't even taught 'riting and 'rithmetic—where's the good of it? He'll be teased out of school by the boys, or flogged out by the master, in less than a week. You know that Doctor Scrumps hates free boys, as only pays him a guinea a quarter, and is reckoned objectionables as associates, and flogs 'em three times a day until their parents removes 'em," said Mrs. Brassey.

"Our Bill's a thick-skinned one, marm, and won't mind trifles; and as for a 'sociate, he's fit company for a nobleman, let alone the sons of country squires and clergymen; so to Crumpleton school he goes."

"Then he must be properly out-fitted," said Mrs. Brassey. "He never can show himself in those corduroys, nailed shoes, and a jacket out of elbows."

"Of course not; as I mean him to be a scholar and a gentleman, a pound or two for clothes won't be an objic. But here he comes; just ask him how he likes the notion of it, that's all."

An ungainly boy, about twelve years of age, came into the room in a dress which was certainly not calculated for a classical school-room.

"Shouldst like to be a gentleman, boy?" inquired his father.

"Shouldn't I, that's all," replied the boy, winking vigorously at the notion.

"For why, William?" asked his mother.

"Wouldn't I go to rat-hunting every day in the week, and keep *such* a terrier, that's all."

"Pooh! stuff, boy," said his father, who did not quite like the look which the reply elicited from his wife. "I mean a scholar fust, and then a lawyer, or a doctor, or maybe a parson, or a—"

"No, no," said Bill, looking very knowing, "none of that for me. I don't like being shut up at a desk all day long, or pounding drugs, or catechising charity children. I'd rather be a gentleman and ferret rats."

"But you are such a clever fellow, Bill," said the father, drawing his son towards him, "you can be a scholar and a professional, and ferret rats too."

Bill Brassey could see the truth of the first proposition, but did not clearly comprehend the latter part of it; being a gentleman and hunting rats he could understand, but how he was to hunt rats, and be a scholar and a professional was beyond him.

"Well, boy, thou shalt have a new suit of clothes made, and shalt go to school, and try to beat the best of 'em. Crumpleton is but two miles off, and I've got interest enough with the corporation to get thee put into the grammar-school. Wilt try thy best?"

Master William hesitated; he had heard that there was such a thing as a rod kept in Crumpleton school, and that Dr. Scrumps was not sparing in the use of it. As a set-off to this, however, there was the new suit of clothes, and a sort of conviction on his mind that he was possessed of abilities above his fellows.

"And you are to have a donkey, and ride over and back every day," said his mother.

"Make it a pony, and I'll say yes at once," said the boy.

"Well, I think it will be more respectable, and not much more expensive," said Mrs. Brassey.

"But there's the tax," said the prudent father.

"I shan't go without the pony," said the boy.

"Well, well, sha't ha' a pony then — thee'lt do honor to the family, and what's a pound or two to stand in the way o' that?" said Brassey.

The clothes were made, the pony bought, the appointment obtained, and Master William duly admitted a free-boy in Crumpleton grammar-school. In one week from that day he was expelled. He had been teased so incessantly by the boys, as his mother prognosticated, and flogged so severely by the master, that instead of going to school, he played truant — was found out — carried before the trustees, and in pursuance of a statute in the founder's will, which Dr. Scrumps clearly explained to them, ignominiously turned out.

The boys had a half holiday given to them to celebrate the happy event.

How did Farmer Brassey act upon the occasion? He instilled into his son a belief in his great abilities, and a hatred of the upper classes of society — the nobs and grandees, as he called them. He sent him as a boarder to a classical and commercial school a few miles off, and sold the pony for five pounds to pay the first quarter's account.

Mrs. Brassey, in spite of the extra expense, applauded her husband for his spirited conduct, and did her best to persuade her son that the nobs were jealous of his great abilities.

CHAP. II.

YEARS have passed away, reader. Bill Brassey is now Mr. William Brassey, of the firm of Brassey and Stubbs, extensive ironmongers in the borough of Crumpleton.

Had he displayed any great abilities?

Yes. He was clever at accounts, and wrote a good hand. He could speak, too, with great fluency on certain subjects, although his language was not peculiarly select, or his sentences grammatically constructed. The class of men, however, to whom his orations were delivered were not particular about the one or the other. He talked fast and furiously, about his superiors, and made his hearers laugh at their expense, and that was enough for

them. He was the popular leader of all anti-church and anti-borough-rate meetings — the proposer of the popular candidate at all elections for a member of parliament, and the great promoter of everything which he thought likely to crush the church and the aristocracy. Above all things he hated the grammar-school and its master, and spent a great deal of money in inducing the little tradesmen to send their sons there as free boys, because he knew it annoyed the doctor and his young "nobbs and grandees." When the boy, as he invariably was, had been flogged out of the school, or bullied out of it, Brassey laid the case before the trustees, hired an attorney's clerk to argue the case before them, and paid for the insertion of a garbled statement of "the brutal cruelty exercised in Crumpleton school" in the columns of one of the county papers.

He met with but little support from his fellow-townsmen in these attacks. They did not wish their sons to receive the sort of education for which the school was designed, and they knew that their incomes were considerably augmented by the pupils who were placed under Dr. Scrumps's care. Brassey called them by many hard names in consequence, and fought his battles without their aid. He was always beaten — like the poor boys who were sent to the school through his agency. But what did it matter? — he got up a new case, and went to fighting again.

In person Mr. Brassey was tall, very stout, and had a large red face. His cheeks hung down over his neckcloth — for he despised collars — and his mouth was enormously large, and shaped very much like that of a cod fish. Out of this mouth issued, as I have said, a voice that by its power proved the strength of his lungs.

Brassey was a married man. He had taken unto him a wife, "one of the people," as he said, "not one of your nobbesses," in the person of his servant-maid. A good, prudent woman, was Mrs. Brassey, and quiet withal. She had a family of four little children, and gave her husband good advice — to attend more to their interests and his own busi-

ness than to the interests of the working classes and the business of the borough.

"Mrs. B." he would say, solemnly, and throwing himself into his favorite oratorical attitude, by placing his right hand into the bosom of his waistcoat, his left into his breeches pocket, and resting the weight of his body on either leg alternately, "Mrs. B., marm, retain those observations within the recesses of your own bussum. There is an idiosyncrasy in the female sex which will not allow them to control their tempers. Even the great Aristotell (Socrates he meant) with all his powers of rhetoric, had but an unhappy home from the uncontrollable nature of his wife's idiosyncrasy, by which is meant her tongue. These are facts, marm, that allows of no disputation, unless the pages of history is to be treated as an antiquated Moore's almanac. But, Mrs. Brassey, marm, I am free to observe that I shall allow of no Xantipps in my house. I love, and expect to find, an harmonious home."

"It appears to me, Mr. Brassey, of very little consequence what sort of home you have, for you are always abroad."

"Arn't I at home *now*, marm?—is my home an harmonious one?—arn't you indulging your idiosyncrasy?" said Brassey.

"You are at home now, but you are dressed to go out, and for the last five days I have spent my long evenings alone," said his wife.

"And where have I passed those evenings? Not in idleness—not in—"

"In a public house," said Mrs. Brassey.

"We cannot meet for the discussion of public affairs in the public streets, marm. Last evening, let me see; last evening, I was busy at the Chequers, organizing an opposition to the infamous project of paying the parson for an evening lecture. The evening before that I spent at the Bull in concentrating our forces to compel the town-clerk to submit to a reduction of his salary. He is enormously overpaid, and shall succumb, or we will crush him. Our meeting at the Crown and Sceptre the night before that was for political purposes, marm; to demand of our representative, as he is

falsely called, to resign his seat—the cushion of corruption—for having voted in a manner he knew to be displeasing to us: on Monday the King's Arms witnessed—"

"I wish you would witness, as you call it, your poor little children a little oftener. Little Billy has got the hooping-cough, Mary is down with the measles, and the two youngest look very ill, and all are so shabbily dressed I am ashamed to see them," said Mrs. Brassey.

"Whose fault is that, marm? Can I control diseases? Call in the apothecary. Are the children shabby? Buy them new clothes."

"I wish to do so, but you never give me any money, and forbid me asking for credit."

"Apply to Stubbs—ask my partner, marm—he will supply your moderate wants—if they *be* moderate," said Brassey.

"No, he won't," said his wife. "I have applied to him, and he says you spend so much upon public matters and in public houses, that he has been forced to put the key of the till in his pocket."

"Stubbs never said that!" said Brassey, looking amazed, "he never could dare to do it."

"He did indeed," said Mrs. Brassey, ready to cry.

"Enough, marm—don't attempt to come Ni-obb over me. It's worse to bear than your idiosyncrasy. I will seek Stubbs, and demand of him the meaning of his extraordinary conduct to the bussum friend of his senior partner," said Brassey, preparing to leave the room.

"You will be home to supper!" asked his wife.

"No, marm, I shall not. Nature has thought fit and proper to bless me with abilities, as my parents early discovered, and as long as I am able to give utterance to my sentiments I will not absent myself from the large room at the Talbot when a question of so important a nature as the uncontrolled right of the little free-born creatures of Crumpleton to play at marbles in the market-place is to be agitated. Is a beadle, the mere lick-spittle slave of a self-elected corporate body, to lay his cane on the pack of a free Briton merely

because he plays—amuses his leisure hours—in a building erected and paid for by a rate on the inhabitants of the town in which he dwells? No! forbid it, justice—every thing—every body!”

“The five shillings you will spend there—”

“In the service of the public—”

“House, would buy a pair of shoes for little Billy, who is nearly barefooted,” said Mrs. Brassey.

“You are wrong *in toto*, marm; a Welsh rabbit and a glass or two to follow doesn’t cost five shillings, but you will indulge your idiosyncrasy. I shall seek Stubbs, and come to an understanding with him.”

Brassey was leaving the room while his unexpressive face was trying to express indignation in its every feature, when his wife begged of him to leave her a little ready money for domestic purposes.

“Command my purse at all times; but be economical, Mrs. Brassey; there is a supply for you.”

His wife took the offering in her hand, and expected to see a sovereign. She was deceived. It was merely a shilling. She sighed, but said no more. Brassey, flattering himself upon his excessive liberality, walked out of the room.

“Stubbs,” said he, as he entered the stores, as he called the shop, “Stubbs, I would speak with you.”

“I am very glad to hear it,” replied the partner, “for I have been looking out for an opportunity of talking to you for this fortnight past.”

“Follow me to the counting-house,” said Brassey, swelling with indignation, and looking frowningly on his junior.

“Wait until I have served this customer with three pennyworth of tin-tacks,” said Stubbs.

“Tacks? ay, tax upon everything,” said Brassey, “even upon temper. After all I have done for the public weal, to think that those of my own house should rise up against me. Ingratitude, however, is the reward which we men of public spirit must expect. The real reward is in our own bussums.”

“Now, sir,” said Stubbs, entering the counting-house at the back of the stores or shop, and taking a pen from behind

his ear, “allow me to draw your attention to the sums you have withdrawn from the till.”

“Not now, Stubbs. I have an important engagement. Another time. I am here to speak of a matter which affects my dignity as a man, a husband, and your senior partner.”

“Well, speak out,” said Stubbs, “only don’t put yourself in a passion or an attitude.”

“Mrs. Brassey, my wife, sir, tells me that she has applied to you for small sums of money to carry on her domestic arrangements with, and that you not only have refused to allow her such small sums, but have absolutely taken the control of the till into your own hands, and locked it.”

“The very point I wished to come to,” said Stubbs. “If you will only look over this account, you will find that a considerable sum has been abstracted.”

“What, sir!—that’s actionable!” said Brassey.

“Well, then, has been drawn out by you. You need not look over every item, but just cast your eyes on the sum total,” said Stubbs. “Three figures, by gosh, and in less than three months.”

“I have told you, Stubbs, that I have no time now for private business; I am engaged in public matters, and will trouble you for a sovereign,” said Brassey.

“Now really, my good friend, I wish you would attend a little more to your own business, and leave the public to take care of theirs. I slave night and day, but I don’t mind that if I can only keep things straight; but really, if you go on as fast as you have done lately, we must part, or both of us smash. It won’t do—you drink and subscribe away the profits of our trade.”

“Hand me over a sovereign, Stubbs, and to-morrow we will arrange our little private matters. Shut up early, and come to the Talbot. We shall have an interesting meeting. I am to take the chair. With the abilities as I am blessed with, can I refuse to aid my country’s cause?”

Poor Stubbs, who began to doubt his partner’s abilities, and thought much of his own liabilities, handed him the sovereign, and took his accustomed place

behind the counter. Brassey put the sovereign into his waistcoat pocket, and walked calmly, and with a most dignified tread, towards the Talbot. He passed the vicar and the grammar-school master in his way, and showed the contempt in which he held both of them, by "voiding his rheum," as Shakspeare says, on the borough pavement.

"Make way there, sir; am I, a free-born Briton, to be obstructed in my path by a paid-out-of-the-rate functionary of a corrupt corporate body?"

"Lord love you, Master Brassey," replied the beadle of the town; "I would not obstruct you for the world, even if you was marching out of the town never to come into it again."

"That's premeditated insolence—a speech prompted by the mayor, or the town clerk, or the sheriffs, or somebody; but a time will come—begone, sir—stand aside," said Brassey, as he waved the beadle away.

"Go it, Bill Brassey," said a dirty little boy, glad to see the beadle snubbed. "Marlows forever, and no mayors."

"Good boy," said Brassey, laying his heavy hand on the urchin's head, "rely upon it, as long as I have a voice, no free Briton shall be controlled in his lawful amusements by a thing like that."

"Hurra-ah! Bill Brassey forever! What do you think of that, old blue and red?" said the boy to the beadle, whose livery supplied the name by which he had addressed him.

The boy's shout brought several more boys to his side, and amidst their cries of "Bill Brassey forever—marlows and no mayors," that patriotic gentleman, smiling benignantly on his ragged constituents, was escorted to the doors of the Talbot inn.

"Here he is—here he is—hurrah," said half-a-dozen people. "Here's Brassey—stand aside—make room. Clear the way for the chairman."

"Six pennyworth of gin-and-water, and change for a sovereign," said Brassey, as he took the chair. The landlord bowed, and executed the order.

"And a pipe and a screw, and change for a shilling," said Brassey.

This order was also executed. Bras-

sey filled and lighted his pipe, gave three violent puffs to ignite the returns thoroughly, and then rose on his long legs, and begged leave to propose a toast, which of course was conceded to him.

"Marlows and no mayors!" shouted the little dirty boys in the street below.

"That's an omen. I accept it," said Brassey. "In the words of Infantine England, I give you 'Marbles and no Mayors'—at least such as is elected by a corrupt corporation. With the honors, if you please, gentlemen."

A faint shout was raised in the room, for his hearers were not yet "up to the mark;" but the little dirty boys caught it up, and did justice to the toast.

Brassey sat down, and as he smoked, pondered on the changes that a few years would make when those little dirty boys should have become men; duly imbued with the glorious views which he should instil into them. It was a pleasing speculation, and lasted him until his pipe was out, and his glass too. No one interrupted him, for every body believed that he was pondering on something for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen.

"Now to business—landlord, the same again—but where's the meeting?" said Brassey, looking round on his six friends, who were slowly handing one pewter pot to one another.

"Here we are," said one of them, bolder than his fellows.

"Call this a meeting? Out of a borough containing six thousand free-born Britons, can only six, besides the chairman, be found to stand up for the rights of their own progenies? I am free to confess it—I am deeply disgusted with my fellow-townsmen! Where is Smugs, the doctor?"

"A dining along with the mayor," replied a voice.

"Then I change my medical attendant," said Brassey. "If Smugs prefers attending on the mayor to attending upon me, of course I shall prefer any body else to Smugs to attend on Mrs. Brassey when she's down with her fifth."

"Hear, hear—that's all fair," from the six.

"And where is—" but here Mr. Brassey went through a catalogue of names

as long as that of Homer's ships, in which we need not follow him. The same reply was returned. They were all gone to dine with the mayor, who was giving a large corporation dinner that day, to which of course Brassey was not invited. The announcement was gloomily received, and followed by a declaration, as in the case of poor Apothecary Smugs, that he should change his butcher, his baker, and all his other tradesmen who preferred eating the dishes prepared for them by a mayor elected by a corrupt corporation, to hearing him advocate the interests of the marble-playing population, and paying for their own liquors.

"Never mind them, Master Bill, tip us a speech," said one of the six.

Brassey complied. He drank off his glass — put his right hand into his left "bussum" — his left into his pocket, and delivered himself of a great part of the speech with which his brains were — *encoints*, as Mrs. — would write. It was received with attention, but not with that zeal and noise to which he was accustomed, and without which he could not get on.

"How is this?" said he; "don't my sentiments find an echo in the hearts of you six free-born Britons?"

"O! yes — of course — can't be a doubt of it — remarkable echo — uncommon clever — dead hit," said the six.

"Then why don't you respond to it?" said Brassey.

» The bold man of the six looked into the pewter measure, and declared he could see his face in the bottom of it.

"Enough," said the patriot, "I understand that which might have puzzled a man of less abilities than me. Landlord, supply those gentlemen at my expense."

The experiment was successful. Brassey continued his speech, and had no complaint to make of the want of a responding echo from the six free Britons.

We need not pass the evening with him and his friends. It will be enough to say, that he spent his sovereign on them and himself, and left three-and-sixpence for liquors unliquidated. Accompanied by two of his friends, he managed to reach his own door, and by the aid of "the lick-

spittle of a corrupt corporate body" — the beadle — with whom he shook hands in the most affectionate manner, he contrived to insert his latch-key into his door, and admit himself to what he always described as "his castle."

Poor Mrs. Brassey, who anticipated the result of his patriotism, met him in the passage, and lighted him up stairs; and with great difficulty having dissuaded him from giving her a faithful report of the "few remarks he had made to one of the most influential meetings that had ever assembled at the Talbot," put him to bed.

CHAP. III.

Some six months passed away. Brassey, as he himself described his process for supplying the borough with hot water, "kept the pot a biling." Evening after evening was he found in some inn where a meeting had been fixed upon for the discussion of some very important measure — measures, not men, was his favorite dictum. He was looked coldly upon, however, by the respective landlords of these respectable inns; for the number of persons who came to listen to his speeches was so much reduced, that what they consumed scarcely paid for fire and candles. His oratory, too, though progressing in vehemence by practice, did not produce the effects it had used to do. He was heard — a gentle hear, hear, now and then accompanied his peroration and conclusion, but that was all.

"How is this?" said Brassey to himself, as he went home by himself, found the key-hole of his door without the beadle's help, and put himself to bed without his wife's assistance. "How is this? Can my abilities have failed me? Am I less powerful than I was? No. I spoke better to-night than ever I did in my life, and yet —"

"You certainly are improved, William," said Mrs. Brassey, giving him a hearty kiss; "you come home much earlier, and always — always —"

"What? — out with it, marm," said Brassey.

"Sober now. You have found out, by practice, what is just enough to do you good."

"As to that, Mrs. Brassey, I am free to confess that if Stubbs had not had the key of the till, and the landlord of the Talbot had not alluded to the little account already standing against me in his books, I might have taken one more glass and another pipe — but —"

"Ah! that fully accounts for it," said Mrs. Brassey, sighing. "The poor children! — such shoes! — such frocks! — such jackets!"

"Don't, Mrs. B., don't allow the idiosyncrasy of your sex to get the better of you."

Mrs. Brassey sobbed as she turned in her bed, and said good-night.

Her husband tried to sleep, but he could not. "That fully accounts for it," rung in his ears. "So it does," said he to himself. "My abilities have not failed me; that is, my abilities to speak — but my ability to stand treat has. I see it all. It must be rectified — set right," and Brassey went to sleep, consoled with the notion that want of money, and not want of eloquence, had lowered him in the estimation of his fellow-townsmen.

"Stubbs," said he to his partner, on the following morning; "Stubbs, we've been in business some time, and we've never — eh? never examined — that is particularly — how we stand. As it is a leisure time now, suppose we — eh? just go over the books."

"With all my heart," replied Stubbs. "It's what I have been trying to bring you to for the last twelve months, but you have been always so much engaged with the free-born Britons of the borough, that —"

"Don't mention them," said Brassey; "a more venial set don't vegetate on the surface of the earth."

Stubbs was amazed, and looked "What can you mean?"

Brassey understood the look, and replied to it. "Would you believe it? but you will not."

"Yes, I shall," said Stubbs.

"No, you won't — you can't. Stubbs, as long as I, to use a very common and very expressive figger, 'stood Sam,' I was an eloquent angel; now, since you have, rather coolly, I must own, denied me access to the till, and my credit is not very

great at the bar, I am listened to, tolerated — and that is all."

"I could have told you all that a long time ago," said Stubbs.

"Then why did you not, sir?" asked Brassey.

"Because you never had time to listen to me — always going out somewhere or other. But now to business."

The books were thrust under his very nose, and the senior partner exerted his "abilities" to see how he stood. He was really a good accountant, and when Stubbs returned, after a lapse of three hours, he was not surprised to find his senior partner looking particularly blue at the result of his calculations.

"If the books are correct —"

"Don't insult me," said Stubbs; "my cousin's a lawyer."

"According to this statement, then," said Brassey, rather meekly, "it appears that my share of the stock in trade will hardly cover the amount I have drawn from the concern."

"That's it — glad you see it so clearly. Things taken at a fair valuation, will yield you fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings — I made it up to last night," said Stubbs.

"How can it be? What's become of the two thousand I put in?" asked Brassey.

"All fairly accounted for," said Stubbs; "one pound a day is three hundred and sixty-five pounds a year, and you've been going it faster than that — double block, in fact — abroad, without reckoning necessary expenses at home — though you kept Mrs. B. and the little ones d—d shabby and very short, I must say."

"What is to be done?" said Brassey, too much frightened to notice the cool tone in which his junior partner addressed him.

"A dissolution," said Stubbs.

"What, of Parliament? then Spouter stands, and it's all right," said Brassey.

"No, of partnership," said Stubbs.

Brassey groaned, and then said,

"Why can't we go on as we are?"

"Impossible. I can't, I won't stand it any longer. We must dissolve. I'll pay the fourteen nineteen, and buy you out, or else, if you prefer it, I'll retire, and you shall give me —"

"But where am I to get it from?" said Brassey.

"Hang me, if I know or care," said Stubbs.

"Mr. Stubbs, it strikes me —"

"Will you take the fourteen nineteen, or —"

"What, sir?"

"You shall see — my cousin knows how to make out a bill," said Stubbs.

"Give me till to-morrow morning to consider. I must have made some friends in Crumpleton, and Spouter, with my interest, *he* cannot fail me."

"Try it on," said Stubbs; "I'll give you till Saturday, and advance you two sovereigns out of the fourteen nineteen."

"Hand them over," said Brassey, and when he had clutched them, he proceeded to "try his friends."

Brassey did try his friends, and might, if he had put a bold face on the matter, and quietly asked for the loan of a hundred for a day or two, have succeeded — to a certain extent. But no; the patriot was a craven at heart — he was dead beat. He went about whining; told everybody how he was ruined by sacrificing his talents — abilities was the word — to the prosperity of the borough and its ill-used inhabitants. In short, to use his own favorite phrase, he displayed his "idiosyncrasy."

What was the result? When Saturday came he was obliged to confess to Stubbs that he could not raise enough money to carry on the support of his family without accepting the difference still due to him out of the fourteen nineteen, and giving him a receipt in full for all demands, and permission to put into the local paper a notice of partnership dissolved.

Poor Mrs. Brassey, when her husband told her the result of his patriotism, burst into tears, but was not reproached for displaying her idiosyncrasy. She had a hearty good cry; none of your snivelling, sighing, sobbing, hysterico-tragical, white-pocket-handkerchief sobbings, but a real hearty, choky cry. When it was over, she wiped her eyes, washed them, curled her hair, put on her best dress — it was anything but a good one — and went up the town — to whom? why, to

the vicar, the man whom her husband had maligned and even threatened to cane.

"Mrs. Brassey!" said the vicar, and astonishment was marked in his face, as the lady and the name were introduced to him together.

"Yes, sir, here I am," and out came the whole story, fairly and firmly told.

"I am sorry to hear it," said the vicar, "but —"

"You cannot do anything for him — well — no wonder."

"But," continued the vicar, "everybody saw how it must end."

"In ruin — ruin."

"I trust not. It is a severe trial, and on your own account —"

"The accounts was not mine, sir; I had nothing to do with them; Stubbs managed the books."

"Well, well," said the vicar, smiling on the simple soul, "I will consult with the mayor, and we will see what can be done. Will your husband allow me to enter his house and speak to him?"

"He's so humbled he'd let a pig into his parlor, so I am sure you may come," said Mrs. Brassey.

The vicar smiled again, and promised to visit her in the course of the day. He shook hands with her as she left the room, and gave her hand a squeeze, which, as he was a bachelor, she thought was highly improper, but when she opened the hand he had pressed so hard, a something fell at her feet. She picked it up and found it was a five-pound note. How the poor woman did indulge in her idiosyncrasy! She hastened home, told her husband where she had been, and the result of her visit. He begged to look at the note. It was given to him. He examined it, pronounced it to be no forgery, crumpled it up, put it into his waistcoat-pocket, and walked abstractedly down to the Talbot.

"There goes Bill Brassey, the man as is broke."

Could it be he? Did his ears deceive him? No.

"He han't got a stiver left."

"His wife's a starving, and his children in rags."

"And all along of his frequenting of alehouses."

"And treating of everybody to hear him talk."

"Ay, and precious stuff he used to talk too."

These six sentences came distinctly on his ear. By whom were they uttered? Why, by the very same six individual free-born Britons for whom he had "stood Sam" at the Talbot.

Brassey winced as the remarks reached him in succession. Every shot was painful, but the last hit him hard. "Stuff," and with his "great abilities."

He was too much annoyed to enter the Talbot. He wandered on, and resolved to do what he had not done for a long time — pay a visit to his aged mother at the farm.

"I wonder if she will see me?" he asked of himself. "She has never forgiven my marriage with a girl so inferior to me in station and abilities. I can but try."

He walked up to the house by the same road on which he used to trot backwards and forwards to and from Crumpleton school, on his pony, and before he had reached the family mansion, had passed over, in his imagination, the scenes of his past life.

"What a fool I have been! — but, never mind. I'm a prodigal son — if she will only forgive me, I'm all right yet," said he. "If father had but have been left instead of mother — but it's of no use complaining."

Cautiously and slowly he opened the gate, and, instead of walking up to the front door, slid round under the cart-hovels to the back entrance. The door was closed, which rather surprised him. He knocked as gently as a tramper with lucifer matches to sell would have knocked. No one replied. He summoned resolution and knocked louder, and then louder still. At length a servant opened the door — a stranger to him, and begged to know what he wanted.

Brassey explained who he was, and why he was there.

"Then you're just in time," said the girl, "for missus was took in a fit this morning, and Smugs, who was called in, has just been down to say, she's going."

Brassey thrust the unfeeling creature

aside, and rushed up stairs into the well-known bedroom. Smugs put up his finger to warn him off, but nature would not be warned off. The son ran to the bedside of his dying parent, fell upon his knees at her side, seized her parched hand, and kissed it devoutly.

The old lady looked at him fiercely, drew her hand from him with a jerk, pointed to an old bureau that stood in the room, and tried to say something or other.

Smugs attempted to catch her words, but could only make out "will," "lawyer," "alter," so he shook his head to intimate that he could not understand her meaning, which seemed to provoke her so much, that she turned her head aside, gave a convulsive shudder, and died.

Smugs felt her pulse, put his hand upon her heart, placed his face close to her lips, and feeling no warm breathing upon it, announced her departure to her sorrowing sons.

"What was that about a will?" said Bill Brassey, when they had left the room to the people who do the last offices — excepting the burial of the body — to the dead.

"How can you — at such a time?" said the elder brother.

"When her body is still warm?" said the second.

"The painful scene had better be ended at once — let us see what she meant, and then we shall have nothing to do but to show our grief," said Bill.

His brothers would probably have refused to gratify so ill-timed a curiosity, for they were plain, kindly-affection men; but Smugs, who was anxious to discover the meaning of the old lady's disjointed wishes, opened the bureau, found the will, and brought it into the parlor with him.

"Here it is — this will explain all — pity her speech failed her," said Smugs.

"Read," said Bill, "read — pray read — and give us liberty to mourn."

"May I?" said Smugs, looking to the elder brothers.

As neither of them said "No," he opened the will, and found that the old lady had left all the accumulated scrapings of a long life of industry to her son

William, to aid his "great abilities" in promoting the honor of the family. The lease of the farm, and the stock and crops, she left to the elder brothers.

"How much?" inquired the heir.

"Why," said Smugs, looking at the date, "it was made, it seems, the year before your marriage. The sum, then, at her disposal amounted to thirty-nine hundred pounds; but since that, there has doubtless been an addition, and —"

"That 'll do, Smugs," said Bill, and then, turning to his brothers, he observed, "Just the tippy, for I was cleaned out. Now, I 'll go and console my wife. Let me know when the funeral is — I 'll attend."

CHAP. IV.

WITH what a different step and air did Mr. William Brassey retrace his path to the borough of Crumpleton! He was a man again. Instead of stooping and looking for consolation from the ground below him, he drew himself up to his full height, and gazed on the clouds above him. He did not even see the little dirty boys, who cried out, "There goes Bill Brassey, the bankrupt." He walked steadily on, but not to his own private house. He went to the stores, and assuming a proud look, said,

"Stubbs — I 'm provided with the stumpy — the partnership is not dissolved — mother 's dead, and I 'm in the command of money."

"I beg your pardon," said Stubbs; "you 've signed, sealed, and delivered, and you 're no partner of mine — the same thing over again? No, no — my cousin —"

"Hang your cousin — won't you take me in again?" said Brassey.

"No," said Stubbs.

"Then I 'll set up an opposition and ruin you," said Brassey.

"Try it on," screamed Stubbs; "we 'll see who has got the best abilities — for business."

Brassey threw a look of intense hatred on his former partner in business, and stalked majestically out of the shop, to seek the partner of his bed.

He had to pass the Talbot, however, on his way. Against the front of it,

with their backs to the wall, were his six free-born Britons. They were standing about idling because no man would hire them on account of the badness (is there such a word?) of their characters. They sneered as he approached. Brassey saw the sneer, but he pretended not to see it. He smiled graciously, remarked that it was a lovely day, and entered the inn.

"Landlord," said he, "you have some fine port — really recommendable port in your cellar — eh? Send me in half-a-dozen, and give me change out of that — bottles returned. I see a few friends of mine under your window — deduct a gallon of ale for them, and let your waiter tell them I have left a trifle for them — when I am gone. As for your little account — send it in next week. It is a mere trifle, and my mother 's dead — I 'm in for the mopusses."

The landlord looked incredulously at the vulgar swaggerer, but as he had a five-pound note (the vicar's gift) in his hand, and knew that the old lady was a "warm one," as rich people are called, he made a low bow, gave Brassey the change out of the vicar's note, and begged he would never again allude to the little account.

"I think I will take a little something — grief — you know — the fountain of my tears is exhausted. It requires replenishing — six-pennyworth of gin-and-water, warm with, and a slice of lemon," said Brassey.

He drank it, or rather sipped it slowly, and between the sips satisfied the landlord's curiosity as to the amount in ready money of which the dear departed had died seised — saying, and conscientiously too, "Short of ten thousand. The farm and stock and the crops, and all that goes to the two old sons."

So great was the impression made upon the mind of the landlord of the Talbot by this announcement, and the calm manner in which it was given, that, though naturally a stingy man, he offered to treat his dear friend with a glass of whatever he liked. Brassey shook him by the hand, and said, "By all means — brandy — warm, with."

When Brassey had enjoyed "the landlord's glass" he left the Talbot, but not

alone. The six free-born Britons who had partaken of his ale were waiting for him (as he meant they should be) and received him with loud shouts of "Brassey forever." Not satisfied with displaying this proof of their approval of the man and his ale, they insisted on accompanying him to his own door. The little dirty boys who had heard a something of his newly-acquired fortune, joined them with loud shouts of "Bill Brassey forever; Marlows and no mayors." The patriot again smiled benignantly.

Poor Mrs. Brassey was sitting in her little parlor with the vicar, the mayor, and the four little shoeless and shabby children about her, when she heard the loud shouts of the free-born Britons and the dirty little boys.

"There! hark! don't you hear?" said she.

"What, Mrs. Brassey?" said the vicar.

"What, my good woman?" said the mayor.

"O! what's the use of all your kind offers of support and maintenance for me and these dear little ones? Come here, children, come and kiss your unhappy mother before the corpse of your poor father is borne in hooted and stoned to death," said Mrs. Brassey.

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Brassey, calm yourself and explain," said the vicar.

"Are you deaf? — can't you hear? They are hooting him already, and hooting always ends in violence. I know they'll stone him, for the streets is just Macadamised."

"Nonsense, marm," said the mayor; "think of the law. Let them stone him — that's all. Borough courts are courts of justice, marm; and if your husband is killed, his murderers will not fail to be hanged. We have a town clerk, marm, and —"

The remainder of the mayor's speech is lost to posterity. The noise grew so loud and furious that Mrs. Brassey, fearing that an enraged populace might not limit their vengeance to punishing the head of the offending family only — seized her little ones and crammed them under the sofa.

"It appears to me," said the vicar,

"that the shouts we hear are not the hostile shouts for vengeance which you dread. I am of opinion that your husband has done something or other by which he hath achieved popularity again."

"Brassey forever," said the mayor; "then of course they won't kill him now. Hush, marm, let us listen."

"Come out, little ones — it is all right — but how he has managed Heaven only knows — but he certainly has 'abilities,'" said Mrs. Brassey.

The crowd drew near — Brassey put the latch-key into his door, and his hand upon his heart. The mute eloquence conveyed in the action was responded to by a loud shout, and the party dispersed.

"Brassey — Bill — dearest Bill," said his wife, as she flung herself into his arms, crying and sobbing frightfully, "what does it all mean?"

"No more of this idiosyncrasy, marm, but answer me — who *are* these two individuals in possession of an Englishman's home — his castle?" said Mr. Brassey, looking insultingly on the vicar and the mayor.

"O, Bill — dearest Bill — recollect the five-pound note," said Mrs. Brassey.

"A note! What note?"

"That the good vicar so kindly gave me in our distress, and which you —"

"Did that representative of priestcraft dare to insult the wife of a free-born Briton by insisting on her taking a Henry Hase, value five pounds, merely to induce her to join his besotted congregation? — did he? Answer — if more yes than no, return it to him instantly, and let him leave my house — my castle," said Mr. Brassey, and he waved his arm like a principal tragedian towards his door.

"You are a pretty specimen of a starving bankrupt, you are," said the mayor, in a violent passion; "but you'll come to us yet — to the corporation you have so vilely libelled, and be glad to eat of the crumbs that fall from our table — you will — you — you — churlish —"

"Do I owe you anything for groceries?" asked Brassey with a sneer.

"Nothing. I would not trust you for five farthings' worth of spices," said the indignant mayor.

"Then go — go — make the most of

your cinnamon and 'nutmegs, for your *mace* will soon be taken from you," said Brassey; "and as for you, Mr. P-a-r-s-o-n, if my wife has been rash enough to receive anything from your over-paid salary — or wages — she shall refund it."

"O! Bill," screamed Mrs. Brassey, "how can you?"

"If I see this indulgence in idiosyncrasy repeated I shall dissolve another partnership," said Brassey; "Stubbs and I are two already."

The vicar and the mayor had disappeared before the last sentence was completed.

"O, Bill what *have* you done? we shall starve. Come out, children, and gaze upon the father who has, by his violent conduct, ruined you all."

Out tumbled the four little ones, and, at the mother's signal, set up such a screaming and bellowing as nearly drove their father mad.

"Clear the room, marm, and know that a man in possession of five or six thousand pounds can never starve in this charitable country. My mother is dead, and I'm heir to all her ready!"

Poor Mrs. Brassey left the room with her children under a firm conviction that her patriotic husband had an incipient attack of *delirium tremens*.

CHAP. V.

THERE was no mistake about Mr. Brassey being a man of fortune again. The will was indisputable. He took out letters of administration, and went through all the necessary and rather expensive processes compulsory on such occasions, sold out of the funds, and took the largest shop-premises in Crumpleton, and set up business in opposition to his late partner. He beat him too — for a time — for his command of ready money enabled him to buy and sell cheaper than Stubbs could do. Did Stubbs sell an article for eighteen-pence? Brassey put a ticket in his window offering one of superior materials and workmanship for fifteen-pence. If Stubbs demanded ready money of a suspicious customer, Brassey let him have the goods he wanted at six months' credit. If any little tradesman in the same line of business wanted accommodation, who

was the man that gave it to him? not Stubbs, but Brassey.

Brassey might have fallen back into his former system of idleness, inattention to business, and the frequenting of public houses for the maintenance of the public interests, but he had heard a whisper that Stubbs had offered to lay very long odds that he would beat him yet.

"Will he?" said Brassey; "we shall see. I will stick to business if it is only to annoy him and show him that my father was not wrong when he said that I had 'great abilities.'"

Brassey did as he said he would do, for some months. He really was beating Stubbs by underselling him and giving credit — on security — when an event happened which turned the current of his thoughts into a political channel. The M. P. for the borough of Crumpleton died, and Mr. Spouter, of Ninepins Hall, announced himself as a candidate to represent it in parliament.

Brassey hired a competent shopman — left him to take care of the business — and rode over to Ninepins Hall to offer his services, his vote, and his generous interest to the "man of the people." Spouter, not only gave him a dinner that day and a bed that night, but told him to look upon the hall as his own until the election was over. Did Brassey assume upon such unbounded liberality? Not he. He dined and slept one day and night, and then returned to canvass the borough, and entertain the potwallopers at his own private cost, in order that no charge of treating might unseat his "friend, as he was permitted and proud to call him," provided he once got him into it.

"Now," said he, "I will show my enemies what a judicious outlay, to insure popularity, will effect. Let the corrupt body look to itself — I am ready with a thousand, or two if one is not enough. I'll exhaust their coppers (coffers he meant,) and see if they dare apply for a borough rate, that's all."

He did as he threatened to do. He opened every friendly public house every evening, and invited persons of all shades and grades of political sentiments to meet there — all free-and-easy like. When

they were assembled, he apologized to them for having asked them to an inn instead of his own house, which, of course, was not fit to receive them, owing to Mrs. Brassey being "down with her fifth." As he could not receive them at home, the least he could do was to pay for any little expenses they might incur in doing him the honor of listening to his speeches in behalf of Mr. Spouter, who was resolved, that if he was returned to parliament, it should be by the unbought suffrages of the voters. He, Mr. Spouter, had refused to spend a farthing—until the election was over.

So large were the meetings of *bona fide* voters upon these occasions, that the corporation were alarmed. They began to think that Brassey was somebody, and might really return a member, and leave them in a glorious minority.

The wily old town clerk thought otherwise, and having calculated his forces, knew he was sure to win; but he did not tell his employers as much, because he wanted to make the most of his exertions—and quite right too.

Well, the election "came off." The show of hands was ten to one in favor of Mr. Spouter. There was no doubt about it. They went to a poll, of course, and Spouter was in an inglorious minority. Fifty-four alone, out of three hundred voters, recorded their votes in his favor.

"Never mind," said Spouter, as he walked home with his friend and proposer, Brassey, "let us eat our dinner in peace, and thank our friends that we have given the corporation a shaker—they polled four votes less than ever they polled before."

"But I don't like being beaten," said Brassey, on the point of indulging his idiosyncrasy; "and then the expense we have been at."

"We, my dear fellow, *we*? I said, publicly, I would be returned without a farthing's expense, or I would not stand."

"True, true; but privately, you gave me what the French call *cart blanc*—to spend what I pleased—so that I insured your return," said Brassey.

"Of course I did. Have you insured my return? I have been cheered, but not chaired," said Spouter.

"But you will reimburse?"

"Not a *sou*."

"Say that in English."

"Not a halfpenny."

"Then I will bring an action against you—I'll—"

"No you won't—you'll come to Ninepins Hall and dine with me," said Spouter.

"If I do, I do; but if I do, may I be—"

"Don't be gross—if you won't come, you won't—won't you? Well, good-by, my dear fellow—infamously treated—I say no more—infamously."

Spouter jumped into his carriage, and left his chief agent a miserable individual.

"Who cares?" said Brassey; "I've spent a deal of money, and on a mere cur. But I've made myself notorious. I'll get into the corporation, and then—won't I?—that's all."

Brassey went home. Not a soul met him in the street; for every one who had a vote was engaged to dine with the successful candidate; those who had not, were gone to the town-hall to see the fun in which they were not allowed to partake. Where were the free Britons? Where were the little dirty boys? How came the patriot, the great reformer of the borough of Crumpleton, to go home unattended? We have answered that question; his friends were with his enemies.

"Never mind," said Brassey, "a time may come—but I'll reserve my observations until I have an opportunity of making them before somebody—I'll stick to business, recover the outlay that shabby beast"—yes, he called him beast—"that shabby beast, Spouter, has caused me, floor Stubbs, get elected into the corporation, and stand for mayor."

"Marlows and no mayor," shouted a little dirty boy, who had been sent home by the beadle.

"Wait till I stand," said Brassey; "he will alter his cry."

As he consoled himself thus easily, Brassey applied his latch-key to his front door—for the shop, like all other shops on that eventful day, had been closed on

account of the election. He merely asked the girl how her mistress and number five was, and went into the counting-house.

"I'll just see how we stand," said Brassey. "Where's the cash-box?"

He looked high and low, right and left, but the cash-box was not to be found. He rung the shop-bell, and the maid came in to answer it.

"Where is Mr. Dubbs?" inquired her master.

"Ain't a notion," said the girl.

"Send for him—he is, like the rest, eating the meat and drinking the beer of corruption—send for him," said Brassey.

The girl could find no one to send, so she went herself, and after half-an-hour, came back with the news that the faithful Dubbs had taken an outside place on the middle-day coach.

"Done again! and with my abilities!" sighed Brassey.

He was done. Dubbs had not only absconded with checks, notes of hand of various dates, and gold and silver coin; but he had absolutely been round collecting bills, and pocketed the money for them wherever he found a debtor willing and able to pay.

Brassey told his wife of his fresh disasters—cursed the whole world indiscriminately, and took three extra glasses of something warm. Poor Mrs. Brassey shed many bitter tears—in short, indulged in her idiosyncrasy.

CHAP. VI.

WAS Brassey ruined? asks the courteous reader. Very nearly, but not quite.

He set to work again, being disgusted with public matters and a candidate's shabbiness. He even went so far as to desert the Talbot, and snub the free-born Britons and the dirty little boys—Infantine England. He despised the power of voting for an M. P., and resolved to exercise his vote no more. Mrs. B. was delighted to hear him say so, and expressed a hope that all his interest would be devoted to the services of his family.

"All, marm; henceforth William Brassey lives but for himself and his family—unless, indeed, a vacancy should occur in the corporation."

A vacancy did occur. Brassey stood. He had six votes recorded in his favor. The free-born Britons acted nobly. What were they among so many? His opponent polled the rest of the borough voters.

"Never mind," said Brassey, "a time may come when—"

And so it did. Somebody—was it Lord Brougham?—introduced a slashing measure for a reform in the corporations. What a stir it did make! Brassey was in his glory. He opened the taps of the Talbot—set the spigots of every public house in the place running—stood for a town-councillor, and was elected. He came in last of twelve, and only by one vote. But what did that matter? that vote was his own—so that he really was not indebted to anybody for his success.

Then there was a mayor to be elected out of the new municipals! Who was it to be? Who would offer himself under such awfully exciting circumstances? Bill Brassey did. He put forth a hand-bill, in which he proved, in very bad grammar, that the old mayors and corporations were regular rogues, and had robbed the borough frightfully; and that the only chance for the borough to recover its lost property, was for them to elect him, Bill Brassey, mayor.

The day of election came, and with it, to the council chamber, came Bill Brassey, swelling himself out, like a frog, with self-importance. He was proposed and seconded amidst loud shouts. Everything looked favorable for his success—when the wily town clerk, a sly old fox, stood up and asked him, "How he could have the impudence, after having been a broken down man—almost a bankrupt—a bad manager of his family, and little better than an insolvent at the present moment—how he could have the impudence to offer to manage the affairs of so important a borough as Crumpleton."

Brassey sunk into nothingness; went home and abused his wife until she began to indulge her idiosyncrasy. He then sought solace in the Talbot, and as he sipped his glass, said, "What chance has a poor Frog like me against that old Fox, the town clerk?"

GOSSIP.

THERE is a general prejudice against gossip; yet every one more or less indulges in it. Small country towns are made light of in metropolitan ones on account of this propensity; and yet even in the greatest, we hear much conversation which cannot be regarded as anything but gossip. Why is this? How comes it that men have universally the grace to condemn what they have universally the bad taste to give way to? May it not be that there is an error in the condemnation of gossip, not in the indulgence in it? If we could suppose such to be the case, the practice and principles of mankind would on this point be in harmony, excepting only for the anomaly of our condemning what is not entitled to be condemned.

The truth seems to be, that gossip comes in for a great deal of the odium due to its step-sister Scandal, and this in consequence of a confusion in the use of the words. We often speak of a coterie being addicted to scandal, when it is fond merely of gossip; and as frequently that is softened into gossip which in reality is scandal. And doubtless there is some reason for this confusion, seeing that the two things are occasionally seen shading into each other so finely, that hardly anybody could determine where the one begins and the other ends. But things may be blendingly connected, and yet perfectly distinct — as (to take a palpable though not new illustration) the cheek and chin melt into each other, and yet are unmistakably separate things. When we set ourselves seriously to distinguish between the two entities in question, no difficulty is experienced, and the innocence of Madame Gossip becomes as manifest as does the spitefulness and wickedness of Miss — (yes, for she is an old maid) — Miss Scandal.

Miss Scandal is a very dire old lady, with something like that interest in the morality of a country which the hangman has; that is to say, she has a sensible gratification in seeing errors committed, because, without occasionally having such to comment on, she could not exist. She snuffs a trespass afar off, watches its

development with fond anxiety, and would suffer grievous disappointment were it in anyway to go off abortively. It is needless to ask why any one should delight in batten on the faults and follies of other poor mortals; as well inquire why the crocodile and vulture seek their highest enjoyments in putrid animal substances. Enough that there are such beings.

Very different is that good-humored matron Mrs. Gossip. She takes an interest in the affairs of her neighbors, but it is in matters which there is no harm in speaking of. If resident in a country town, she will tell you who is to have a dinner-party to-day, and who are to be at it — what jellies have been ordered at the confectioner's, and which of the two extra servants of the place has been hired in to assist. What mischief, however, is there in this? In a cathedral town, she will give you every particular of the shades of opinion of the various clergy, and how each of them stands affected to the white gown: but is there any harm in merely talking of such things? Again, in a mercantile place, you will hear from the same excellent authority how much certain parties are doing at present in cottons, and what certain other parties are understood to have cleared by their late speculations in railways. But here, too, her tongue is innocuous. Every kind of place, not excepting London itself, every great profession, every great interest, has its own gossip — gossip being, in short, nothing more or less than the particulars respecting the many private persons, characters, and events which come within the range of observation of particular parties. But in adverting to, and commenting upon, such matters, there may be no harm either meant or done. If there is merely an indulgence in a natural curiosity, or perhaps an unbending of the mind from severer studies — some being gratified, and no one injured — what can reasonably be said against it?

Gossip is sometimes condemned upon what appears at first rather plausible ground; namely, that it is an unwarrantable interference with the affairs of our neighbors. "Mind your own concerns" is, for sundry reasons, a favorite maxim.

Gossip violates it, and gossip is therefore branded as something very bad. All this, however, is a fallacy. It is quite impossible for any person to mind only his own affairs, and take no concern in those of his fellow-creatures. Were it possible, it would be at once absurd and wicked. But it is not possible. And the reason simply is, that we are social beings, and not hermits. If I am put into a world where I cannot pursue a single object, or indulge in a single pleasure, without being more or less brought into connection with other parties, it appears to me that to say, "Mind not the affairs of your neighbors," is like bidding a man be cool whom you have placed at a roasting fire, or telling him to be clothed when he has no clothes, and nothing wherewith to purchase them. If I am to be in the world at all, I must take a concern in everything pertaining to my neighbors: I must know much of their character, their domestic habits, their connections in life, their means, or I shall not know how to deal with them in any of our unavoidable relations. Either I shall, in ignorance, trust them too much or too little, according as my cautiousness may dictate; and thus, in one way or another, commit an error. It is not merely that I shall be in the dark as to their fidelity in affairs touching pecuniary interests. Some men speak widely, some precisely; some are sanguine, others too despondent. It is necessary to know the character of men in these respects, in order to know how to receive anything they say — what allowance to make, and what defect to supply. Hundreds of things we do every day, are done with any degree of confidence or accuracy only in consequence of our having previously consulted with this same Madame Gossip, who is at the same time in so much odium and so much request. It will not do to say, "Inquire into characters and circumstances when occasion arises;" we must have a large stock of such knowledge ever on hand, in order to be able to act with promptitude, or to any good purpose. In fact, in all but extraordinary cases, it is necessary to have the knowledge in a ready-money form, if we would act at all; for, if we had to seek for it, the opportunity would stale, and the door would close.

Perhaps, going to seek for it, we should not readily find it. It is therefore necessary, I say, for all men who are to take a part in worldly affairs, to have their ears open to whatever they can readily hear regarding persons and things. Often they will hear what is incorrect; sometimes prejudice will mingle in the tissue; but for this there is no remedy but in hearing much, and testing one man's discourse by another's.

There is even some higher ground on which a concern in the affairs of our neighbors might be advocated. We are to love our neighbors as ourselves; and undoubtedly if we do not feel kindly towards our fellow-creatures generally, and busily seek to benefit at least some of them, and be more concerned for the welfare of a certain *few* than for our own, we cannot be truly happy. But how are we to carry out this beautiful maxim, the deep and eternal basis of all human morality, and that which is yet to make the earth a rose garden, if we are never to listen to a single circumstance respecting these neighbors, never to take a moment's interest in any one of their domestic concerns? It is manifestly impossible. A love, then, to hear of that which touches the weal or wo of our neighbors, abstracted from all tinge of officious and malicious interference, seems to me essentially a good point in human nature, something leading to and assistant of the working out of the great moral apothegm in question, and without which life would be a dreary and sapless waste. Call it gossip, or by any other smile-provoking name you please; but, regarded merely as a certain form or expression of the interest which man feels in man, as his brother in this pilgrimage, I think it not merely a defensible, but, under limitations, an admirable thing.

Have we not here an instance of the feelings giving forth a wiser response than the intellect? Mankind love gossip; this is the language of the feelings. They condemn it; this is the declaration of the intellect. Looking narrowly, we find that the dictum of the feelings is susceptible of a better defence than that of the judgment. Wondrous, wondrous are the ways of the mind in dealing with what surrounds it in this mazy scene!

ADVENTURE OF HERMAN MELVILLE.

MR. MELVILLE, according to his own account, in his "Narrative of a Four Months' Residence among the Natives of a Valley of the Marquesas Islands," was a sailor on board the "Dolly," an American whaler, which visited the cruising-grounds of the Pacific, in the year 1842. The vessel had been six months at sea, out of sight of land, chasing the sperm-whale beneath the scorching sun of the line — the sky above, the sea around, and nothing else. Many weeks had elapsed since her fresh provisions had been all exhausted; there was not a single yam or sweet potato left; nothing but salt horse and sea-biscuit, nothing green or fresh to look upon save the inside of her bulwarks, and these were of a vile and sickly hue. To aggravate these evils, unendurable enough in all conscience, the commander was a harsh, selfish fellow, who would not have cared, so long as his own wants were attended to, though his men had been living on sated plank. No wonder that, under these circumstances, the crew became land-sick, and that visions of verdant islands, happy valleys, tropical fruits and flowers, desertion and liberty, floated before their minds. The captain's store of delicacies was not everlasting, however; an appeal to his stomach was more powerful than one to his heart; and so the Dolly's prow was at length turned landward. The Marquesas was her destination; and thither, in eighteen or twenty days, the gentle trade-winds wafted her yearning crew. It was in the summer of 1842 that they dropped anchor in the bay of Nukuheva, and just at the time that the French Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars was taking measures for the subjugation of these islands. The bay and valley of Nukuheva were, of course, in great commotion. It was high gala-day with the crew of the Dolly; and the temptations of the island, rendered doubly powerful by the memory of the harsh treatment they had experienced at sea, told among them, as might have been expected. Here, then, Herman Melville, in company with another shipmate, made up his mind to desert, and to take his chance among the

natives until some more kindly craft might appear for his reception.

Having made their escape in their ordinary sailor dress, with no implements save their knives, and no stores save a few biscuit, a pound or two of tobacco, and a piece of calico to serve as a present to the natives in case of need, our two run-aways made for the heights of Nukuheva, whence they might watch the departure of the Dolly, and be out of reach of the inhabitants, who never leave the bosoms of their valleys — each tribe possessing its own vale, to which they are confined at once by the surrounding heights and the fear of their neighbors. To these heights they forced their way through jungle and cane-brake, drenched to the skin by heavy rains, bruised, torn, and bleeding. At the height of 3000 feet night fell around them, cold, weary and hungry; the rain and friction had ground their biscuit to pulp, and this pulp was rendered all but uneatable by the juice of the tobacco, which had been thrust into the same receptacle. They looked around them for fruit, but they were above the region of the cocoa-nut and bread-tree; and, unsavory as their biscuit pulp might be, it was their only resource. What they had might have sufficed for a single meal; but the Dolly would not sail for eight or ten days, and to descend from their security till then, would be to defeat the project for which they had already hazarded their fame and fortune. What then was to be done? "After a brief discussion, in which both of us expressed our resolution of not descending into the bay until the ship's departure, I suggested to my companion that, little of it as there was, we should divide the bread into six equal portions, each of which should be a day's allowance for both of us. This proposition was assented to; so I took the silk kerchief from my neck, and, cutting it with my knife into half-a-dozen equal pieces, proceeded to make an exact division. At first Toby, with a degree of fastidiousness that seemed to me ill-timed, was for picking out the minute particles of tobacco with which the spongy mass was mixed; but against this proceeding I protested, as by such an operation we

must have greatly diminished its quantity. When the division was accomplished, we found that a day's allowance for the two was not a great deal more than what a table-spoon might hold. Each separate portion we immediately rolled up in the bit of silk prepared for it; and, joining them altogether into a small package, I committed them, with solemn injunctions of fidelity, to the custody of my companion. For the remainder of that day we resolved to fast, as we had been fortified by a breakfast in the morning; and now, starting again to our feet, we looked about us for a shelter during the night, which, from the appearance of the heavens, promised to be a dark and tempestuous one."

Still holding inland towards the central heights of the island, from which the valleys radiate like the spokes of a wheel, our adventurers came to a waterfall, under the cliff of which they proposed to rest till the morning. The night was wet and gusty; so, stanting a few fallen branches against the precipice, and covering them with leaves and withered grass, they crept under, and disposed their wearied bodies as they could best contrive. "Shall I ever forget that horrid night? As for poor Toby, I could scarcely get a word out of him. It would have been some consolation to have heard his voice; but he lay, shivering, the live-long night, like a man afflicted with the palsy, with his knees drawn up to his head, while his back was supported against the dripping side of the rock. During this wretched night, there seemed nothing wanting to complete the perfect misery of our condition. The rain descended in such torrents, that our poor shelter proved a mere mockery. In vain did I try to elude the incessant streams that poured upon me. By protecting one part, I only exposed another; and the water was continually finding some new opening through which to drench us. I have had many a ducking in the course of my life, and in general care little about it; but the accumulated horrors of that night, the death-like coldness of the place, the appalling darkness, and the dismal sense of our forlorn condition, almost unmanned me." As might be ex-

pected, the earliest peep of dawn found them stirring from this uncomfortable resting-place; and having despatched their scanty breakfast of biscuit pulp, they were once more on their journey. After three or four days of toilsome wandering by day, and lairing by night under the shelter of rocks or fallen trunks, their miserable stock of provision was consumed; and there was now no alternative but to descend into the first valley, and risk a reception with the natives. To turn back to the Nakuhevans would have been madness, as these people were sure to deliver them up to the vessel in hope of reward; to make a hap-hazard descent was a mere life-lottery—they might fall into the hands of the mild and gentle Happers; but they were quite as likely to enter the valley of the Typees, reputed the most fierce and cannibal of the Marquesans. Descend, however, they must, or starve where they were. Their biscuit crumbs were gone, and the chewing of succulent shoots and young buds was but a temporary expedient.

Taking, then, the first watercourse that offered, they commenced their descent to the more fertile low lands. "From the narrowness of the gorge, and the steepness of its sides, there was no mode of advancing but by wading through the water; stumbling every moment over the impediments which lay hidden under its surface, or tripping against the huge roots of trees. But the most annoying hindrance we encountered was from a multitude of crooked boughs, which, shooting out almost horizontally from the sides of the chasm, twisted themselves together, in fantastic masses, almost to the surface of the stream, affording us no passage except under the low arches which they formed. Under these we were obliged to crawl on our hands and feet, sliding along the oozy surface of the rocks, or slipping into the deep pools, and with scarcely light enough to guide us. Occasionally we would strike our heads against some projecting limb of a tree; and while imprudently engaged in rubbing the injured part, would fall sprawling among flinty fragments, cutting and bruising ourselves, whilst the un pitying waters flowed over our

prostrate bodies. Belzoni, worming himself through the subterranean passages of the Egyptian catacombs, could not have met with greater impediments than those we here encountered. But we struggled against them manfully, well knowing our only hope lay in advancing. Towards sunset we halted at a spot where we made preparation for passing the night. Here we constructed a shelter in much the same way as before; and crawling into it, endeavored to forget our sufferings." Having continued their descent on the following morning, they soon came to a rocky precipice, nearly a hundred feet in depth, that extended all across the channel, and over which the wild stream poured in an unbroken leap. On either hand the walls of the ravine presented their overhanging sides, both above and below the fall, affording no means whatever of avoiding the cataract by taking a circuit round it. Desperate men will often accomplish, it is said, what would utterly baffle the most skilful and cautious; and so it was with our adventurers. The sides of the ravine were covered with curious-looking roots, some three or four inches in thickness, and several feet long, which, after twisting among the fissures of the rock, shot perpendicularly over it, and ran, tapering to a point, in the air, hanging over the gulf like so many dark icicles. They covered nearly the entire surface of one side of the gorge, the lowest of them reaching even to the water. Many were moss-grown and decayed, with their extremities snapped off; and those in the vicinity of the fall were slippery with moisture. Their scheme was to intrust themselves to these treacherous-looking roots, and, by slipping down from one to another, to gain the bottom! Toby, the lightest and most active, commenced this dangerous descent; our hero followed, cautiously transferring himself from the root down which he first slid to a couple of others that were near it, wisely deeming two strings to his bow better than one, and taking care to test their strength before he trusted his weight to them. "On arriving towards the end of the second stage in this vertical journey, and shaking the long roots that were round

me, to my consternation, they snapped off, one after another, like so many pipe stems, and fell in fragments against the side of the gulf, splashing at last into the waters beneath. As, one after another, the treacherous roots yielded to my grasp, and fell into the torrent, my heart sunk within me. The branches by which I was suspended over the yawning chasm swung to and fro in the air; and I expected them every moment to snap in twain. Appalled at the dreadful fate that menaced me, I clutched frantically at the only large root which remained near me; but in vain. I could not reach it, though my fingers were within a few inches of it. Again and again I tried to reach it; until at length, maddened with the thought of my situation, I swayed myself violently by striking my foot against the side of the rock, and, at the instant that I approached the large root, caught desperately at it, and transferred myself to it. It vibrated violently under the sudden weight, but fortunately did not give way. My brain grew dizzy with the idea of the frightful risk I had just run, and I involuntarily closed my eyes to shut out the view of the depth beneath me. For the instant I was safe, and I uttered a devout ejaculation of thanksgiving for my escape."

We need not follow our adventurers through every difficulty and hairbreadth escape in their descent to the valley; enough to state that they reached it, worn out and hungry, and found it the abode, not, as expected, of the gentle Happar, but of the warlike Typee. They were first discovered by a boy and girl, who instantly gave the alarm; and in less than twenty minutes they were surrounded by half the inhabitants of the valley. After considerable scrutiny and questioning — a questioning which was all but unintelligible — the natives seemed pleased with the new-comers, admitted them into one of their best bamboo houses, and placed before them a repast consisting of cocoa milk and poee-poe — the latter a staple article of food among the Marquesans, manufactured from the produce of the bread-fruit tree. "During the repast, the natives eyed us with intense curiosity, observing our

minutest motions, and appearing to discover abundant matter for comment in the most trifling occurrence. Their surprise mounted the highest when we began to remove our uncomfortable garments, which were saturated with rain. They scanned the whiteness of our limbs, and seemed utterly unable to account for the contrast they presented to the swarthy hue of our faces, embrowned by a six months' exposure to the scorching sun of the line. They felt our skin much in the same way that a silk-mercator would handle a remarkably fine piece of satin; and some of them went so far in their investigation as to apply the olfactory organ." After supper they were regaled with a pipe; and about midnight the group around them gradually dispersed, leaving only those who appeared to be permanent inmates of the house. These individuals now provided them with mats to lie upon; and then, extinguishing the tapers that had been burning, threw themselves down to sleep, allowing our adventurers to follow their example. Thus entered they upon their sojourn in the valley of Typee, ignorant whether on the morrow they were to be treated as friends, or served up as a banquet to the cannibal natives.

It was broad day when our hero awoke, and by this time "the house was nearly filled with young females, fancifully decorated with flowers, who gazed upon me as I rose with faces in which childish delight and curiosity were vividly portrayed. After waking Toby, they seated themselves round us on the mats, and gave full play to that prying inquisitiveness which, time out of mind, has been attributed to the adorable sex. As these unsophisticated young creatures were attended by no jealous duennas, their proceedings were altogether informal, and void of artificial restraint. Long and minute was the investigation with which they honored us, and so uproarious their mirth, that I felt infinitely sheepish; and Toby was immeasurably outraged at their familiarity. These lively young ladies were at the same time wonderfully polite and humane, fanning aside the insects that occasionally lighted on our brows, presenting us

with food, and compassionately regarding me in the midst of my afflictions. But, in spite of all their blandishments, my feelings of propriety were exceedingly shocked; for I could not but consider them as having overstepped the due limits of female decorum. Having diverted themselves to their heart's content, our young visitants at length withdrew, and gave place to successive troops of the other sex, who continued flocking towards the house until near noon; by which time, I have no doubt, the greater part of the inhabitants of the valley had bathed themselves in the light of our benignant countenances!"

Notwithstanding all this distinction, Melville felt ill at ease. The limb which he had injured in descending the ravine began to assume alarming symptoms; and, as no medical aid was near, the suspicion crossed his mind that he might remain there, a disabled prisoner for life, if, indeed, the disease might not prove fatal. His companion strove to cheer him. The native doctor exhibited his skill in frictions and emollients, but to little purpose; and for the mean time there was no resource but to submit to be carried hither and thither, as the chief commanded, on the shoulders of a herculean Typee, some six feet three inches in height. In this style he was borne to the stream to bathe, to the chief's residence, to the sacred groves—in fact, wherever his curiosity suggested. Though comfortable in every respect, nay, though doted on by the natives, our adventurers had no wish to become adopted Typees, and were consequently plotting their escape. For this purpose it was agreed that Toby should steal across the frontier ridge, pass the Happar valley, and make for Nukuheva, where, telling his tale to the French, he might induce them to send a boat to ransom or rescue his disabled companion. In this attempt, however, he was completely unsuccessful; for, even before he had crossed the frontier, a party of straggling Happars fell upon him, and he only escaped by a rapid flight into the valley of Typee, though not before he had received a javelin wound, that disabled him for several days. All hope being cut off in that

quarter, they now waited in patience for some boat to touch at the valley to barter with the Typees for fruit, pigs and water. Such an opportunity at length arrived; but, unfortunately, Melville was still unable to avail himself of it; and Toby left him, under promise of returning in three or four days with help from Nukuheva. Of his companion, however, he was destined never to hear again. Whether he had gone off in the boats of some passing vessel, had reached Nukuheva, and there forgot his promise, or had been massacred by the natives in his attempt to escape, Melville could never learn. The Typees could not by any means be brought to mention the name of Toby; or, if they did, it was vaguely to denounce him as an ungrateful runaway.

But, whatever might have been Toby's fate, now that he was gone, the natives multiplied their acts of kindness and attention to Melville; treated him, in fact, with a degree of deference which could hardly have been surpassed had he been some celestial visitant. In spite of all this, he was nevertheless a prisoner: his athletic valet was never from his side; he was guarded and tended with the strictest care; and none of the natives would listen for a moment to any conversation respecting his departure. The cause of all this kindness he was utterly at a loss to discover. Did they regard a white man as a curiosity too valuable to part with, or — horrible thought — did they nurse and nourish him as the future victim of some of their cannibal festivals? Such thoughts he could not altogether repress; and, though never uttering the word departure, it was the one thought ever uppermost in his mind. His injured limb being so far recovered that he could walk without support, he now roamed over the valley, attended by his appointed valet, visited every nook and cranny, studied the customs and manners of the natives, conformed himself so far to their ways as to adopt their dress, and even consented to be tattooed; and, if we may judge from his relation, was about to accept a Typee bride, on whose beauty and gentleness he dwells in no measured terms. But, though our hero thus revelled in all the enjoyments of Polynesian

life, it was enjoyment under restraint. The glorious festivals of the chiefs, the dancings and rejoicings, the love-wanderings with his chosen Fayaway, would have been rejected, at any hour, for the hail of an English voice, or the sight of a whaler's long-boat. Nor was he destined long to dream of such an occurrence; for one morning the valley was startled from its propriety by the arrival of a native stranger, whose looks, gestures and words were regarded by the Typees with more than human reverence. This was a tabooed Marquesan from Nukuheva; one who had right to wander where he chose without molestation, and one whose presence was eagerly sought after by the chiefs, who were anxious to learn the proceedings of the French. "Marnoo" was his name. He had been taken, when a boy, to Sydney by the captain of a trading vessel, and had, in addition to his other qualities, acquired a smattering of English. From this individual Melville learned what was going on at Nukuheva; and a scheme might have been concocted for our hero's release, had not his anxiety betrayed him; and he and Marnoo were instantly separated by order of the chiefs. Was ever poor adventurer born under a more unlucky star?

Another month had scarcely passed by, when the valley again rang with shouts of "Marnoo pemi," and the tabooed stranger once more made his appearance. This time he had come from his native valley of Pueearka; and the thought instantly struck Melville that thither he might escape, and then take his chance of getting to Nukuheva, provided he could enlist the sympathies of Marnoo in his behalf. But "my heart sunk within me when, in his broken English, he answered me that it could never be effected. 'Kannaka no let you go nowhere,' he said; 'you taboo. Why you no like to stay? Plenty moee-moee (sleep) — plenty ki-ki (eat) — plenty whi-henee (young girls.) O, very good place Typee! Suppose you no like this bay, why you come? You no hear about Typee? All white men afraid Typee, so no white men come.' These words distressed me beyond belief; and when

I again related to him the circumstances under which I had descended into the valley, and sought to enlist his sympathies in my behalf, by appealing to the bodily misery I endured, he listened to me with impatience, and cut me short by exclaiming passionately — ‘Me no hear you talk any more; by by Kannaka get mad, kill you and me too. No; you see he no want you to speak to me at all — you see? Ah! by by you no mind — you get well, he kill you, eat you, hang you head up there, like Happar Kannaka. Now, you listen; but no talk any more. By-by I go; you see way I go. Ah! then some night Kannaka all moee-moe (sleep); you run away; you come Puee-arka. I speak Pueearka Kannaka — he no harm you. Ah! then I take you my canoe Nukuheva, and you no run away ship no more.’” So saying, Marnoo left him, and engaged in conversation with the chiefs.

Here, then, was a way of escape for poor Melville; and he instantly set about to accomplish it. But night after night, as he attempted to steal from the house, his ever-watchful valet was in a moment by his side; and his excuses for rising at such untimely hours were as instantly nullified by the objects he sought being placed by his side. His last and only hope was to wait the arrival of some boat in the bay, his determination being, in such an event, to reach the sea at all hazards. He had recently witnessed doings in the valley which made him more uneasy than ever. The men who could revel over the carcass of a Happar, would have little compunction, in case of offence, to do the same with the plumper body of an American. Nearly three weeks had elapsed since the second visit of Marnoo, when one morning the valley was startled by the shouts of “Toby has arrived here!” and the reader may well guess of Melville’s sensations. Whether it was Toby or not, it was clear a boat was in the bay, to which the crowd was fast hurrying; and, mounting on his valet’s shoulders, our adventurer was proceeding seaward with the throng. Mark, however, his disappointment when the chiefs ordered him to stay, and forbade any one to render him

assistance, believing that his lameness would prevent his getting to the beach. The crowd still hurrying seaward, left Melville in a great measure to himself; so, seizing a spear, he supported himself as best he could, and made for the bay. When he reached the open space that lay between the groves and the sea, he saw an English whale-boat lying with her bow pointed from the shore, and only a few fathoms from it. She was manned by five islanders, and a sixth, dressed in European clothes, stood on the shore, negotiating with the Typees. This was Karakoe, a tabooed Kannak, whom Melville had often seen on board the Dolly at Nukuheva, and who was treating for his ransom by offering a musket, some bags of powder, and several pieces of calico. The Typees, however, turned from his offers with disgust, and motioned him from their shores, threatening to pierce him with their spears if he advanced another step. Our hero now urged the Kannak in an agony of despair; but he, too, was seized, and compelled to sit down.

It was clear the Typees were not disposed to part with him. Seeing this — “In despair, and reckless of consequences, I exerted all my strength, and shaking myself free from the grasp of those who held me, I sprang upon my feet, and rushed towards Karakoe. The rash attempt nearly decided my fate; for, fearful that I might slip from them, several of the islanders now raised a simultaneous shout, and pressing upon Karakoe, they menaced him with furious gestures, and actually forced him into the sea. Appalled at their violence, the poor fellow, standing nearly to the waist in the surf, endeavored to pacify them; but at length, fearful that they would do him some fatal violence, he beckoned to his comrades to pull in at once, and take him into the boat. It was at this agonizing moment, when I thought all hope was ended, that a new contest arose between the two parties who had accompanied me to the shore. Blows were struck, wounds were given, and blood flowed. In the interest excited by the fray, every one had left me except Marnoo, Kory-Kory, and poor dear Faya-

way, who clung to me, sobbing indignantly. I saw that now or never was the moment. Claspings my hands together, I looked imploringly at Marheyo, and moved towards the now almost deserted beach. The tears were in the old man's eyes; but neither he nor Kory-Kory attempted to hold me; and I soon reached the Kannak, who had been anxiously watching my movements. The rowers pulled in as near as they dared to the edge of the surf; I gave one parting embrace to Fayaway, who seemed speechless with sorrow, and the next instant I found myself safe in the boat, and Karakoe by my side, who told the rowers at once to give way."

The danger, however, was not past. The javelins of the Typees were now hurled after them in showers; and as the rowers had to pull against a strong head wind, the boat made so little way, that several of the chiefs stripped, and, with their tomahawks in their teeth, plunged into the water, in hopes of detaining her. "It was all a trial of strength: our natives pulled till their oars bent again; and the crowd of swimmers shot through the water, despite its roughness, with fearful rapidity. By the time we had reached the headland, the savages were spread right across our course. Our rowers got out their knives, and held them ready between their teeth, and I seized the boat-hook. We were well aware that, if they succeeded in intercepting us, they would practise upon us the manœuvre which has proved so fatal to many a boat's crew in these seas—they would grapple the oars, and, seizing hold of the gunwale, capsize the boat, and then we should be entirely at their mercy. After a few breathless moments, I discerned Mow-Mow. The athletic islander, with his tomahawk between his teeth, was dashing the water before him till it foamed again. He was the nearest to us; and in another instant he would have seized one of the oars. Even at the moment I felt horror at the act I was about to commit; but it was no time for pity or compunction, and, with a true aim, and exerting all my strength, I dashed the boat-hook at him. It struck him just below the throat, and forced

him downwards. I had no time to repeat my blow; but I saw him rise to the surface in the wake of the boat, and never shall I forget the ferocious expression of his countenance. Only one other of the savages reached the boat. He seized the gunwale; but the knives of our rowers so mauled his wrists, that he was forced to quit his hold; and the next minute we were past them all, and in safety. The strong excitement, which had thus far kept me up, now left me, and I fell back, fainting, into the arms of Karakoe." In the course of the day he was lifted on board the "Julia," where, under proper treatment, he speedily recovered the use of his injured limb, and became, we have no doubt, a more steady and enduring seaman.

Such was the adventure of Herman Melville among the most dreaded inhabitants of the Marquesas. The boat which effected his deliverance belonged to an Australian vessel, which, being in distress of men, had put into Nukuheva to recruit her crew. The captain having been informed by Karakoe, who had gained his intelligence from Marnoo, that an American sailor was detained in the neighboring bay of Typee, supplied suitable articles to offer as a ransom, and the generous Kannak immediately undertook the adventure which we have seen ended so successfully.

VISIT TO THE CRICHTON INSTITUTION.

ON one of those lovely mornings with which a brilliant but reddened sun occasionally favors us at the beginning of December, I wandered from the town of Dumfries into the midst of the beautiful valley in which it is situated, and through which the "winding Nith" pours its waters. Pursuing my way about a mile along the banks of this stream—through scenery rendered classical by the genius of Burns—I found the landscape adorned with a stately edifice, occupying a gentle eminence which slopes gradually towards the river, and presenting a grand and imposing appearance. From a massive but low tower or lantern, in the cen-

tre, radiate four wings, of commanding proportions, which are surmounted by a balustrade ornamented with numerous vases. The building is pierced by many windows; the whole presenting those architectural features which are always associated with the Elizabethan style. This magnificent structure is the Crichton Institution, an asylum for lunatics; and, as its origin is peculiar, I propose to give some account of it.

It appears that the late Mr. Crichton made an immense fortune in India. Without arbitrarily bequeathing a sum of money to found an hospital, he expressed in his will a wish that his executors would apply a portion of his wealth to some great benevolent purpose. His widow and chief executrix—the highly-respected Mrs. Crichton of Friars' Carse—decided at first, in compliance with her husband's implied desire, to found a college. For this purpose she applied to the then lord chancellor, whose sanction, in the first instance, it was necessary to obtain. That functionary, however, expressed an opinion that the educational wants of Scotland were already sufficiently well provided for—a high and well-merited compliment to the country; but one to which the benevolent lady was so little inclined to accede, that she still pressed her petition to be allowed to build a college. The lord chancellor was obliged at last positively to refuse the lady the requisite powers for carrying her cherished design into execution. Soon after this disappointment, she happened to be visiting Bath, and was induced to inspect, for curiosity's sake, the admirably-conducted lunatic asylum which is situated near that city. She immediately remembered that there was little accommodation for lunatics, particularly for those of the higher classes, in Scotland; and eventually decided on realizing her husband's wishes, by erecting an institution for the insane. The project was accomplished with skill and magnificence—or rather partly accomplished—for only half of the architect's design has as yet been completed. When finished—which I was told it will soon be—this edifice will be one of the most splendid in Scotland.

As I applied for admission at the porter's lodge, by showing my letter of invitation from the principal, a handsomely-appointed carriage, shaped like an omnibus, was passing out. One of the occupants, a lady, greeted me with a smile of welcome, so frank and engaging, that I mistook her for a lady in authority. She, as well as her companions, however, were patients about to take their morning drive. The grounds are so extensive, that, when entered, some distance had to be passed over before the institution itself could be reached. Fifty-six acres are laid out in gardens, walks, pleasure-grounds, orchards and shrubberies, for the use of the patients, many of whom I met, engaged either in gardening, as at Morningside, or promenading. Passing under a lofty archway, I found myself in a quadrangle, and was admitted into the interior of the building—which proved, on close inspection, to be constructed, not of brick, as might at first sight be supposed, but of the new red sandstone with which this district abounds.

Once entered, the excellent plan of the building is easily understood. The massive tower seen outside, standing in the midst, gives off four wings, which contain galleries, one above another, three stories high. The corners, formed by the departure or stretching out of the wings from the tower, are filled up with either dining or private sitting-rooms, whilst the sleeping apartments are ranged along and entered from the sides of each gallery. A view of what may be going on in each of these galleries is obtained from the central tower, which consists inside of a staircase, with landings so placed as to allow a spectator to see through the glazed walls into each of the four galleries of the story he may wish to command. The ground-floor is appropriated to paupers, the officers of the institution, &c.; the floor above accommodates most of the higher-class patients who can afford separate attendants and apartments. The highest story is set apart for patients of the middle classes. The rates of payment for board and every accommodation vary from £16 per annum (for paupers) to £350 for

such as are provided with all the conveniences, and some of the luxuries, of high life. Ascending the stairs of the tower to their very top, level with the roofs of the wings, we reach a circular gallery, arranged as a library, which, as most of the inmates belong to the educated classes, is very much used. In the last report of Dr. Browne, the medical director, it is stated that it already consists of 650 volumes. Over and above these, private collections, belonging to patients, are distributed throughout the institution. Books constitute, it would seem, a valuable and never-failing engine in moral treatment; and different kinds of books are prescribed for the mind as systematically as different sorts of medicine are ordered for the body. By them passion is often subdued, and a healthy tone of feeling revived more effectually than by direct repression or inculcation. To those who have been highly educated, who have belonged to one or other of the learned professions, who have made literature a pursuit, or who have depended for much of their happiness upon reading, a library has become not a luxury, but a necessary of their moral existence. One bibliomaniac in the asylum has already exhausted the store, and sighs for additions. In proof of the benefit of books, it is stated that a gallery of patients, in which the number of readers is large, is comparatively a quiet, happy and healthy department of the establishment. Neither are the habitual readers mere triflers over newspapers and periodicals. At one period the following books were in the possession of patients: Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest, D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, Gil Blas, Shakspeare, and many of Sir Walter Scott's novels, &c., — a catalogue which shows the varied and elevated tastes which must be supplied, and the identity of the pursuits of many of the insane with those of men of strong intellect and fervid genius. To one of these students a daily task was allotted, and he subjected himself to examination by the medical attendant, in the same way that a course of history should be conducted. Another busied himself in compiling a commonplace

book; a third translated a treatise upon Dipsomania, ostensibly to facilitate the labors of the superintendent; a fourth scanned the newspapers, and extracted all facts bearing upon a topic of interest; while a fifth actually furnished to a periodical the creations of his fancy. One amiable, accomplished and excellent being, who imagined that it was incumbent upon him to abstain from food, to increase the comforts of the poor, and to prevent a general famine, and that his brain was transmuted into fat, and consequently impeded the exercise of his faculties, was induced to engage in the study and translation of Moliere's amusing comedy, the *Malade Imaginaire*. He spent many delightful hours at this task, bending his powers diligently to overcome the difficulties, and to discover the beauties of the author; coming out of himself, as it seemed; forgetting his own sorrows and ailments; and, it may be, tempted to doubt their reality, while laughing at the hypochondriacal fancies and medicine mania of the principal character, Argan.

Those patients who have not ability or inclination to read, are occasionally read to. On one occasion it was determined to produce a powerful, painful, and retrospective train of feeling in a person who seemed to be lapsing from a state of high over-wrought sensibility into one of apathy and senility. He had distinguished himself as a poet, and, during one of his darkest and duldest moods, some of his own beautiful and pathetic verses were read to him. He at first smiled, then appeared to be awakened to a recollection of the circumstances and emotions under which they had been composed, then became deeply affected, and wept. He was agitated for some hours, but the effects gradually disappeared. Directly or indirectly, therefore, the library is employed as a means of alleviation and cure. Still, some caution is requisite in its use, and a check is imposed upon the course of reading; as when an inmate afflicted with a suicidal mania inquires for Bolingbroke's works, or Anne Radcliffe's novels. Delusions have, indeed, been created or confirmed from certain passages in books. One

patient having found in a periodical a description of the character of George III., drew a parallel between himself and that monarch, and then proclaimed himself George V. But such accidents are counterbalanced by the amount of real knowledge, the habits of steady attention and consecutive reflection, the exercise of memory, the introduction of happy and wholesome views of mankind, the springs of innocent mirth, which even enfeebled or erratic faculties receive from reading, be it ever so desultory.

Descending into one of the galleries of the upper floor, I passed several ladies amusing themselves in various ways, and entered the chapel. This is modestly rather than handsomely fitted up, and quite in accordance with the solemn uses to which it is put. As regards the behavior of the unhappy congregation, their physician speaks in a candid, but, on the whole, favorable strain. "Although," he remarks, "it would be too sanguine a view of the experiment and of its effects to affirm that the same degree of decorum and quiet exist as in a sane congregation, yet the composure and sobriety of the most restless and rebellious patients is a proof that this influence is considerable: the self-control exerted is greater than under any other circumstances; and the expressions of gratification, derived from the service, prove that it is appreciated. The calm which prevails is, of course, partly the result of the selection of the audience, but proceeds in great measure from a recognition of the purpose of the meeting, from the early associations which still influence the habits, although not the reason, of the insane, from the principle of imitation, and the restraint imposed by the presence of others, and by good manners or respect for authority. Of those who generally attend chapel, however, many are actuated by higher motives and more rational views; many have contracted an attachment to the excellent chaplain, whose kind disposition, gentle manners, and simple scriptural teaching, they have learned to value and to love." An inscription is placed opposite the pulpit, plain and expressive, dedicating the whole building to the late Mr. Crichton,

by his widow—a noble and praiseworthy monument, whether considered externally or morally.

Leaving the chapel, I was introduced to a gallery containing about a dozen gentlemen. On being shown into the sitting-room common to them all, various implements of amusement and pastime were observable. Drawing and painting appear to be resources occasionally resorted to. One gentleman acquired so great a dexterity in the use of crayons, as to produce portraits of exquisite finish; one of which I saw. His was an exalted mania, and he seldom condescended to portray the countenance of any one who was not a hero or a person of rank. Except one unfortunate man, who stuck himself rigidly and immovably against the wall, and kept his eyes intently fixed on vacancy, none of the inmates of the upper galleries showed signs of discomfort or eccentricity. They were perhaps a little less noisy, less communicative to each other, than a similar number of sane persons, placed in the same situation, would have been.

In the dining-room, common to the inmates of another gallery, I was shown the peculiar knives and forks with which they eat. Both are of German silver; the former too blunt for mischief, and the latter, instead of being separated into prongs, are merely grooved, in imitation thereof, up to within about half an inch of the points, where they are separated so as to be useful. Should, therefore, a suicidal or destructive patient attempt anything dangerous with such a fork, the damage would be but trifling. Some extraordinary delusions of this nature have manifested themselves in the Crichton Institution. Instances have happened in which a dread of self-destruction has been the leading characteristic of the maniac; but a dread so great, that it has driven the victim of it to attempt the act as an escape from his terrible fear of it; as if—to borrow an idea from a fancible writer on insanity—he would rush into the arms of Death to avoid looking into his face. Others show a desire to terminate existence from a fear of being murdered. Some of the expedients resorted to by these unhappy beings are

extremely ingenious. One female inmate, who, while obstinately resisting medicine, from the suspicion that it contained mercury and poison, (having some knowledge of the constitutional effects of that drug, and the extreme danger of taking cold whilst its effects were operating on the system,) took every opportunity of filling her boots with water, in order that she might be attacked by inflammation and die. This systematic sapping of the foundations of health and strength was resorted to, after many attempts at strangulation had been detected and defeated. The ingenuity employed by persons afflicted with this mania is occasionally astonishing. A young woman possessed herself, whilst taking her daily walks, of stones and pieces of coal, and, rubbing them against the walls, so as to give them sharp edges and angles, swallowed them, in the hope of no far disorganizing her system as to get past recovery. Another female, a lady of education, presents an extraordinary instance of this propensity ingeniously indulged. It was so strong that she was placed in a room from which every article of furniture was removed, which, in fact, contained nothing more than a French bed without canopy, and a carpet. Notwithstanding these precautions, it was ascertained that she had pulled the carpet from the floor, collected the nails by which it was secured, and swallowed twenty-four of them. She was then removed to another apartment where there was no carpet, and an attendant was appointed to remain constantly with her. The bed in which she lay was covered with cotton chintz, which was attached to the wood by nails. Stealthily, silently, and without changing her position, or disturbing her companion, she succeeded in extracting a number of these, which were likewise swallowed. Since this period she has stolen and introduced into the stomach a thimble and a small padlock. But what is even more startling and instructive is her confession that, when comparatively sane and serene, when most trusted, and most worthy of confidence, she was in the habit of swallowing stones, pins, needles, and other small objects innumerable, with the set-

tled resolution to sap the foundation of her strength and life.

In the galleries set apart for the higher-class patients, I observed that the drawing-rooms were furnished with all the elegances of private life. A set of window-curtains was pointed out as the work of a lady inmate, whose mind was considerably relieved by the occupation they afforded. As far as is consistent with the sanitary expediences of the establishment, social life is surrounded with all the amenities and pleasures of the "outer world." Billiards, card parties, chess, summer ice, have occupied many a tedious hour within doors. In the evening, exhibitions of legerdemain, ventriloquism, musical and dancing parties, visits to the Dumfries theatre, concerts, and other public places, have been resorted to as rewards, encouragement and distraction. And as the influence of discipline and supervision has been carried into effect in these assemblies, as the patients are never allowed to forget that they are observed, and under probation, and upon honor; and as due care has been bestowed in selecting those of decorous deportment and suitable dispositions, no ill, but, on the contrary, much good, has resulted.

The most extraordinary amusement, however, in which some of the better-class patients are allowed to indulge, is private theatricals. This bold step was first made in Britain, and Dr. Browne deserves infinite credit for its introduction and success. In his report for 1844, he thus speaks of the experiment: "Theatrical representation, as a mean of cure and pleasure to the insane, is not now confined to the Crichton Institution. Melodramas have been acted before the inmates of asylums in this country; and *Tartufe* has been produced by the patients in Salpêtrière at Paris, with the same sort of poetical justice which suggested the selection of *Redgauntlet* by the company in this asylum. Three pieces were brought out during last season; of these the *Mock Doctor* was the favorite. It contains some ludicrous allusions to asylums and their governors; and the shouts of laughter and triumph with which the exposure of the savage

practices formerly pursued in these places was received, indicated how keenly some portion of the audience understood the point and truth of the satire, and how cordially they rejoiced at the revolution which had established the gentler rule under which they then were. Eleven patients participated in some degree or other in the representation. Four of these have since left the institution; and a fifth, who is undoubtedly indebted to the exercise of memory in acquiring his part for a resuscitation of intellect, will soon obtain liberty. But the company will survive such losses—even the desertion of the active stage-manager. In one case only, either among the actors or auditors, could excitement be attributed to the effects of the amusements. A plain prosaic, but perhaps vain artisan, was raised to the rank of lord of the bed-chamber; and, although all that was required in the part was to stand still and look steadily at a particular point during a mimic pageant, the assumption of dignity, the novelty of the position, or the constraint necessary, destroyed the equanimity which had been previously established, and retarded convalescence. But this event was the consequence of injudicious selection, of a sanguine estimate of the stability of reason, not of the ordeal to which the mind was subjected, and might have followed an incautious appeal to vanity, or the liberation of the patient. After an experience of two successive years, and when about to commence a third season, and after a dispassionate examination of the effect which the stage, when well directed, is capable of exerting, by the exposure and correction of follies, by the discipline, consecutive intellectual training, and the concentration imposed upon the performers, and by the gaiety and good-humor excited in the spectators, this conclusion appears to be inevitable—that no human means as yet employed has, at so little risk, and with so little trouble and expense, communicated so much rational happiness to so many of the insane at the same time, or so completely placed them in circumstances so closely allied to those of sane beings, or so calculated either to remove

the burden of mental disease, or to render it more bearable. The attempt is no longer an experiment; it is a great fact in moral science, and must be accepted and acted upon."

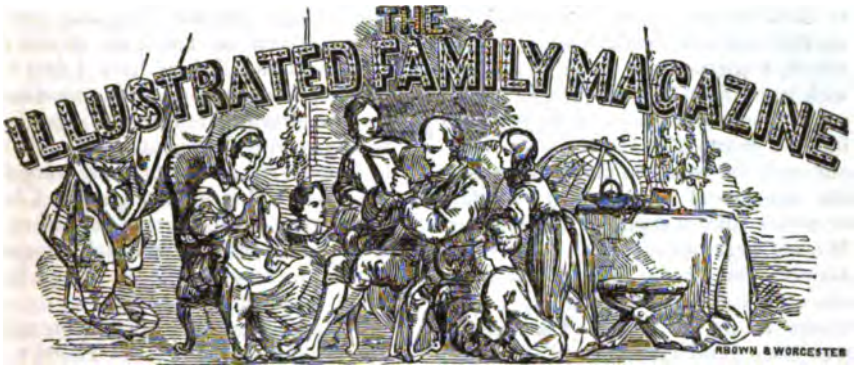
Of the literary amusements provided for the patients, and their proficiency in composition, there exists a publication issued by them, called the "New Moon." Since its first appearance, it may be safely said, the New Moon has gained brilliancy with its age, and that the last number is as amusing and rational as the first.

On the ground-floor, devoted to the humbler class of inmates, every attention is paid to their comfort; the only difference between them and those above-stairs being in the article of furniture, which is more homely, and less abundant. Here is a "padded room" for outrageous patients: the floor is wadded, and round the walls are placed a series of panels with canvass stretched tightly over them, which, being like drum-heads, are elastic, and prevent the patient from injuring himself. When in use, the room is made perfectly dark. Darkness is found to act as a sedative; indeed, the effect is sometimes instantaneous; as if the withdrawal of light acted directly on the brain. One thing is certain—that in such a condition the sufferer has no objects whatever to excite him, as in some states the sight of the merest trifle, even of a pin, will increase the paroxysm.

This was the last apartment I was shown, and, after a most agreeable and instructive interview with the medical director, I took my leave.

From what could be observed in a passing visit to this admirable asylum, its management and internal arrangements cannot be too highly commended. Though it presents human nature in its saddest phase, yet it is a sight no philanthropist should deny himself, provided always he can obtain the necessary permission; which is not, I apprehend, very difficult to be obtained from the skilful and courteous medical director.

The number of inmates amounted, in November, 1845, to 133.



VOL. IV.

JULY, 1846.

NO. I.

NIAGARA.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"Years will roll on as they have roll'd, and thou
Shalt speak in thunder as thou speakest now."

EVERY good Mussulman considers it a duty to perform, once in his life, a pilgrimage to the shrine of his prophet at Mecca; and every American endeavors to make, at least, one visit to the falls of Niagara. But the most devout Osmanlee that prostrates himself before the tomb of Mahomet can feel no access of religious fervor that will compare with the sensations inspired, even in a mind and heart of ordinary sensibility, by the sight of this sublime cataract — the wonder of the Atlantic world — the glorious temple not made with hands, where the incense of Nature rises, forever, towards Nature's God, as the compressed waters of one vast inland sea pour down into another.

On arriving at Niagara, my young companion and myself, notwithstanding our impatience, had sufficient self-command to resolve on economizing our enjoyment, or rather lengthening it out, in seeing Niagara by degrees, reserving for the last the grand view that comprises the whole of the falls at once. We found that we were right, and that the sum of our delight was greater in consequence.

We began at the rapids, the first or upper part of which can be seen to great advantage from a balcony at the back of

the Cataract House, that looks out directly upon it. Indeed, the rapids are so near, that small rills, and foam-wreaths belonging to them, ripple about the ground close under the windows of the hotel; so that in going out, you step over those little accessories to the stupendous torrent.

The rapids commence very gradually, beginning where the bottom of the river first becomes slightly rocky. A few bells of white foam are scattered far apart on the surface of the dark green water, the current seeming to increase in velocity. As it proceeds, the foam-specks become larger and closer, till they run into long wreaths. Then these wreaths unite, and become ridges; and the ridges follow each other so closely, that they blend together into high wide crests of foam, that stretch from shore to shore; crowding one upon another, hurrying wildly on into those before them, and overtaken by those behind. By the time the rapids have passed the Cataract House, scarcely a streak of green can be discovered among them, so covered is the whole channel with spreading masses of snowy white.*

* In speaking of Niagara, it is probably most correct to designate all localities south of it, or nearer to Lake Erie, as being *below* the falls; for, in our hemisphere, north of course is up, and south down; though certain Yankees *do* talk of "down east." But it is more usual, and seemingly more natural, to regard the rapids, while they rush along to pour themselves down the rocks, as being *above* rather than *below* the cataract. And such, indeed,

Our next and best view of the rapids was from the bridge thrown across them to Bath island; from whence there is another and much smaller bridge to Ship island, a picturesque little spot covered with trees, most of them pines; the tallest of which slant backwards, something like the masts of a vessel; and there is one with the stem inclining forward, in the manner of a bowsprit, its lower branches almost dipping into the foam. We sat here, awhile, on a rustic bench beneath the shade, and looked up and down, and all around, scarcely knowing where to fix our eyes. Our islet lay trembling amidst the turmoil of the white and maddening waters that seemed ready every moment, as they hurried past, to tear it from its foundation and sweep it away over the falls. Looking up the stream we saw an ocean of froth, whirling and tumbling amid fragments of sunken rock; and leaping over, and bounding off from other rocks more elevated, but so hidden amid the volumes of foam pouring over them and the clouds of smoke-like spray rising high above, that their positions could only be indicated by the war of waters raging round the impediments they vainly interposed to the passage of the resistless flood. From the ridges of this bed of rocks that had never been seen uncovered, and from their deep cavities, sprung out innumerable torrents, arching like the jet of a vast fountain, or dancing up high and sparkling in the bright blue summer air; the breeze sometimes wafting aside the cloud of snow-white mist that veiled the wild and graceful forms of the lesser cataracts. But the rocks, though they seemed to enrage the waters to fury, could not arrest their mighty force. On they came, terrific in all their velocity; roaring, rushing, surging, flying along as if madly eager to hasten their headlong plunge down the tremendous precipice, and roll away to lose their glories in the wide and tranquil bosom of the Ontario lake.

they are in *common* parlance; it being understood, on the narrow strait called the Niagara river, that *down* signifies towards Lewiston and Ontario, and *up* towards Buffalo and Erie. This may be wrong; but it *seems* right, at least when you are there.

This view of the rapids would alone have been a sufficient compensation for a much longer and more fatiguing journey. Had we seen no more, we should have seen enough. It was here I first experienced those indescribable sensations of delight, overpowered by feelings of awe and reverence, without which few have looked on Niagara. My eyes were filled with tears. I could not speak. I felt as if the spirit of the Creator was before me, and almost in his own divine form. I seemed to hear his holy voice, and feared to interrupt it.

Retracing our steps, we again crossed the bridges, and then descended a high steep bank, which, when half way down, brought us in view of the whole of the American falls; the flood, on arriving near the pitch of the precipitous ledge, branching off to supply a whole crescent of cataracts. Our eyes were first attracted by a range of three lofty rocks, the face of each projecting out beyond that on its left side, and presenting an outline that has caused them to be called the Three Profiles. Rolling over the summits of these cliffs, and pouring down in vast white sheets tinted with the liveliest green, we saw the highest and most beautiful of the falls; light feathery flakes of foam springing off from the sides of the torrent and trickling in silver rills over the dark and broken masses of stone, from whose crevices, forever wet, grew out such shrubs and plants as love to climb about the rocks and delight in perpetual moisture. By leaning over an old crooked tree that bends forward on the verge of the steep on which we stood, we saw a lesser but very beautiful cascade pouring from a deep recess in the rock beneath our feet.

Turning towards the left, we beheld the largest sheet of the American falls descending from the main branch of the rapids, and throwing itself "in one impetuous torrent down the steep," its outline retiring back towards the centre, so as to assume somewhat the form of a crescent. I was lost in admiration, transported, bewildered with delight. I could only exclaim, "See there!" — and oppressed with emotion, it was long before I could utter another word.

When my thoughts and feelings began to take a definite form, my only regret was that every being that I loved, every one indeed that I knew, was not there at that moment to look at Niagara. It seemed like something too grand, too beautiful to last; like a magnificent scene that would pass away while we were yet gazing on it. I could imagine nothing more charming than to live in its immediate neighborhood for at least a year; seeing it under all its different aspects; in sunshine and in tempest; glittering beneath the bright sky of summer, and darkening beneath a canopy of heavy storm-clouds; the lightning flashing across its ever-rolling torrents, and the thunder of upper air uniting with that whose deep tones ascend forever from the recesses of the caverned depths below its feet. I thought how it must look tinted with the crimson and purple clouds that curtain the close of an autumnal day, "when the clear cold evening's declining," and the fantastic trees on these islands and these rocks come out in the varied and glowing colors of that gorgeous season; colors scarcely less splendid than those of the sunset sky.

And in winter, when it has all its beauties to itself, when the trees are denuded, the rock-plants withered, masses of ice lying along the shores, and the country round presenting one vast desert of snow; even in winter, Niagara must still be beautiful in the crystal pendants hung on the rocks and trees by its freezing spray; and sublime in the overpowering force with which it struggles against the ice that vainly essays to block up its progress.

I left my companion engaged in sketching; and ascending the hill, I turned into what is there called The Grove, a beautiful piece of woodland, with the trees sufficiently thinned to leave a cool shade without obstructing the view. Following a winding path that led through it to the verge of the cliffs, I suddenly emerged upon a view of what I easily recognized as the great Horse-shoe Fall, curved into the form that its name denotes, extending entirely across the river, and resting its farthest extremity against the Table Rock on the Canada shore, with the Clifton

House in its immediate vicinity. The whole assemblage of the Niagara Falls was now before me in all their varied forms of grandeur and beauty. My nephew soon joined me; and exclaimed that the scene was well worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

Many persons have acquired an erroneous idea that the immediate environs of Niagara are tame, common-place, and in no way corresponding to the sublimity of the cataract, which has been said, by some, to owe much to the effect of contrast. This is the reverse of truth. But there are people so prone to cavilling at everything, (or so devoid of taste) as to enjoy nothing; and some few of these profess themselves disappointed at Niagara. They are much to be pitied. Nature is always true to herself, and the land scenery about Niagara is in unison with that of the water. The rocks, chiefly sandstone and blue limestone, are lofty, wild, and rugged. Some are nearly perpendicular, some slope back, and others project forward, impending over the waters that rage below. In some places they are deeply indented or honey-combed by the incessant action of the spray flying against them. The trees and wild vines, that grow out from the fissures of these rifted walls, appear to give them support, as well as to derive it from them; clasping their tangled and dripping roots and their twining branches against the masses of cracked, disjointed stone which seem already loosened in their sockets. It is surprising that the handfuls of earth scattered about the crevices and projections of those water-worn crags should be found sufficient to nourish the vegetation that springs from them; climbing up their sides, and towering above their summits, wherever an interval of the various cataracts leaves a space of visible rock. Even a lonely cluster of wild flowers sometimes glows beneath the deep shadow of an overhanging block of stone.

The solemn coloring of these gigantic rocks, their tints comprising all the darkest shades of brown and gray, form a fine contrast to the bright and dazzling sheets of water that pour down and among their declivities, and to whose snowy white and

lovely green no pencil has ever yet done justice, or ever can. The green of the Niagara falls is indeed like nothing that can be seen elsewhere. It is not the green of the sea in fathom water, nor the deep blue-green of the lakes. Neither is it the reflection of the trees on the banks. "It is something more exquisite still" — a color so beautiful, so peculiar, that no art can successfully imitate it. Imagine vast and ever-falling torrents of dissolved alabaster, shaded with liquid emerald slightly blended with turquoise, and you may form some faint idea of the tinting of these transcendent waters.

It is well known that the falls of Niagara comprise several distinct cataracts, each so magnificent that any one of them would alone confer celebrity on the place. But when beholding the whole at one view, the mind is lost and the feelings overpowered in their contemplation. There is nothing in the world like Niagara. It is a thing to fall in love with, a thing to adore. It looks like the last and most perfect work of "the glorious Architect Divine!" as if, after having created all else that belongs to the earth, He gave the crowning finish to America, and made Niagara.

How awfully sublime these cataracts must have looked, alone in their wild and solemn grandeur, before civilized man had sought their solitudes, and scattered on their banks structures erected by human hands! The rudest Indian could never have gazed on this temple in the wilderness without amazement and admiration, and without feeling his whole soul pervaded with humble reverence for the Great Spirit. No atheist (if indeed an atheist ever really existed) could see Niagara, and not "believe and tremble."

We know not, we shall never know, the name of the first white man whose eyes first looked upon a scene that has no rival in Europe, or in the whole wide-spread world; and who found this assemblage of stupendous cataracts pouring on, pouring on forever, amid the silence and loneliness of the primeval forest. They must have been known to the French Canadians that, more than two centuries ago, commenced settlements on the northern shore of lake Ontario. But the

first published account of the falls is found in the book of Father Hennepin, a French missionary, who lived two years at Fort Frontenac, near the site of what is now the British Canadian town of Kingston. From this place he accompanied La Salle, the French commander, on an expedition, in which, after stopping at Niagara, they explored the upper lakes, and found their way down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico; getting back to Fort Frontenac after an absence of four years. The whole of this journey can now be accomplished in a few weeks.

On his return to Europe, Father Hennepin published two works on America, as he had seen it; and in the second of these books (printed at Amsterdam in 1698) is the first account of Niagara, which he had visited twenty years before.

Amid the numerous beauties of the falls, the spray is not the least. It rises in light misty clouds from the turmoil of conflicting eddies, and the vast bed of foam that rolls around their feet, and dances upwards in a thousand jets, the liquid dust of the cataract, the white smoke of this volcano of raging waters. It is said that in a clear day the smoke of Niagara may be seen at Buffalo. We were not so fortunate as to witness the rainbow that, in a certain position of the sunlight, is so frequently beheld upon the mist-cloud that ascends from the Horse-shoe fall. But we looked down upon several small horizontal rainbows lying flat upon the surface of the froth, beneath the rock on which we stood.

The depth to which the falls descend cannot be ascertained, as the rocks and caverns at their feet are only indicated by the vast body of surging water that whirls and roars among them, and that after raging, seething, smoking, flying upwards and downwards, and tumbling into a thousand varied forms, gradually resolves itself into long white reefs and ripples, diminishing in magnitude and contiguity till they scatter into snowy bells, and float off upon the dark green surface of the river below.

We gazed with unwearied and increasing interest, continually discovering new beauties. In consequence, perhaps, of the state of the atmosphere or the direc-

tion of the wind, the sound of the falls was less loud than we had anticipated. There were, in fact, two sounds perpetually accompanying each other, and seeming like the tenor and bass in music. One sound was that of an everlasting pouring and splashing; the other was a low and awful thunder tone, that forever murmured far down beneath us, coming up from the caverned recesses of the sunken rocks, and shaking the ground on which we stood. I think there is some exaggeration in most reports of the great distances at which the falls of Niagara can be heard.

Though prepared for the grandeur of Niagara, I had not anticipated its surpassing beauty. It was indeed a divine picture, painted by an Omnipotent Artist. All that has been done by His hand was perfect; the design, the coloring, the accessories—not a touch could be added to improve it. The water, the rocks; the trees—all harmonized—all combined to produce a scene unequalled in the universe—graceful, with its wildness; lovely, with its strength; elegant, with its terrific and resistless power.

It was a long time before we could withdraw our eyes from this world of waters to look around upon objects made by mortal hands. The neighboring structures had all been erected with reference to the accommodation of visitors, or to facilitate their access to the finest points of view; therefore we had no right to complain of their interrupting the sublimity of the original scenery; but no work of art could possibly be in accordance with this masterpiece of nature. Still there were some few buildings individually picturesque. One was a light and graceful pagoda, very tall and of numerous stories, with an inclosed spiral staircase running up inside, and encircled with tier upon tier of open balconies, each guarded with a Chinese railing; so that, at a distance, the whole structure had a sort of lace-work appearance, as, standing on the summit of one of the highest rocks, it rose against the bright blue sky. On the other hand was a tower of dark gray stone, erected amid the foam of the rapids, and on the verge of the great American fall. Behind us was our

hotel, the Cataract House, with the buildings belonging to it. Before us, on the opposite side of the river, lay the Canadian shore, with the Clifton Hotel in the immediate vicinity of the Table Rock, and commanding from its verandas an extensive prospect, comprehending all Niagara at a glance.

In the afternoon we resumed our rambles, and visited the stone tower, which we reached by a narrow bridge of planks thrown across a part of the rapids. This tower, with its projecting iron railing round the top, has much the appearance of a lighthouse. From the balcony, to which we ascended by a winding staircase, we had a glorious sunset view of the falls, so splendidly beautiful that I cannot attempt to describe it. We afterwards visited the pagoda, and remained on its lofty summit till twilight was beginning to steal over the landscape; but long after all other objects were blended into one sombre tint, we discerned the white and varied forms of the cataract standing out in the darkening gloom.

Next day, after being lulled to sleep by the roar of the waters, we rose in time to see the falls beaming in the rays of early morning. Immediately after breakfast, we set out on an expedition across the river, to view Niagara from the Canadian side. By means of an immensely long flight of wooden stairs, roofed over to preserve them from the weather, we descended a stupendous cliff, over a large part of which the highest of the American falls was rolling magnificently down. This staircase leads to the ferry; and on emerging into the open air at its foot, we found ourselves covered with the spray from the cataract. The ferry boat was waiting beneath the rock; and with several other ladies and gentlemen, we were rowed across by a man well versed in the intricate navigation among the conflicting eddies; the spray flying over us nearly all the time, our parasols affording but an imperfect screen.

In less than fifteen minutes we reached the opposite shore, stepped upon British ground, and found ourselves in the dominions of Victoria. I seemed to be breathing a different atmosphere, and fancied that everything looked more English

than American. Yet probably it was only fancy.

A few minutes employed in crossing a river (at this place scarcely more than half a mile wide,) had brought us into another dominion; into a country ruled by a sovereign that was not "the people." Here the queen, and not the president, is prayed for in church; the letters U. S. are dead letters, the royal R. taking their place; the stars and stripes are exchanged for the union cross of Britain; the inhabitants are subjected to English laws, and English prohibitions, and are expected to be loyal; the word loyalty, which expresses nothing that Americans can feel, being well understood across this narrow water.

As soon as we found ourselves in Canada, we took a very handsome and convenient open carriage—one of several carriages or carryalls that were waiting at the wharf—and in it we "rode three miles on British land." We saw a few small farm-houses, with rough-cast walls and white-curtained windows, and pretty gardens redolent of flowers. My nephew thought they had a very English-cottage-like look; and I thought so too, till we afterwards saw precisely such dwellings on the American side between Niagara and Lewiston. It is true the pattern might have been taken from those across the water.

Near Drummondville, a small dull-looking village (where we saw an old-fashioned inn, with an old-fashioned sign swinging from a post; an exhibition that in the states is no longer considered genteel,) our driver pointed out to us Lundy's-lane, where was fought the most sanguinary and desperate battle of the last war. May it always continue to be designated as *the last*! It was afterwards called the battle of Bridgewater, and more recently that of Niagara; but the place is not in sight of the falls, though their thunder may be heard there when the wind sets that way. The American generals were Brown, Scott, and Ripley; the British commanders, Generals Drummond and Riall; the latter was taken prisoner. The fight commenced about five in the afternoon on the 25th of July, 1814, and continued till after eleven, be-

ing fought partly by moonlight. The British fell into several important errors in this night combat, the identity of language and the darkness causing them to mistake the United States men for their own. More than a thousand bodies were found on the field next morning; but the inferiority of loss on either side was so little, that it might almost have been called a drawn battle.

We soon arrived at the Burning Spring, which is sheltered by a small wooden building or shanty. In the middle of the spring is placed a sort of churn-shaped bottomless barrel, within which the water, as it wells up, is kept continually in a boiling state by the gas that rises beneath. The man in attendance lifted off the barrel, and then lighting a twisted paper at a lamp, he set fire to the water; the surface of which was immediately covered with a bright clear blaze, that rose up and continued burning for some minutes. After the flame had exhausted itself and subsided for the present, the man dipped two glasses into the spring, and presented each of us with a tumbler of its very clear water; which, on tasting, we found, to our surprise, was cool and palatable, having no peculiar taste or odor. He told us that this wonderful spring was accidentally discovered, in consequence of some hunters who had rested beside it, and kindled a fire to cook their game, having left the fire burning when they departed; so that one of the logs had rolled into the water, and ignited it. In this state it was found by some persons who came along immediately after. Specimens of the rock near the bottom of the spring are kept here for sale. They look very volcanic.

Near this place once stood the village of Bridgewater, which was entirely destroyed at the time of the battle; nothing being now there but a few deserted ruins. Much was added to the usual horrors of war by the merciless destruction of towns along the frontier.

From the Burning Spring, we took a circuit round, till the carriage at last set us down on the Table Rock, which, sloping inward as it descends, shelves out at the top like a broad cornice, impending frightfully over the abyss below. It re-

quires some nerve to look down from the extreme edge of this vast hanging shelf, which seems to tremble beneath your feet from the vibration of the air forced against it by the immense body of water that thunders down beside you. Here you have the nearest and most magnificent view of the Horse-shoe fall, the largest part of which belongs to the Canada side, and which extends entirely across the river, retiring back in the centre, and resting one extremity of its curve on the American shore, and the other on the British. The height is computed at one hundred and fifty-eight feet, and that of the great fall on the New York side at one hundred and sixty-four. This is judging from the rocks over which it throws itself. Into how deep a basin it descends is unknown, as the bottom of the falls can never be seen, hidden as they are by hills of foam and clouds of spray.

While my nephew was sketching on the verge of the Table Rock, I was invited to the top of a small house that stands at a little distance, and commands from its flat roof a fine view of the whole of the falls, and the rapids branching off to supply them all. Here I sat on a chair that was tremulous with the concussion of the surrounding air: the roof shaking under my feet, and the whole building seeming to jar like a steamboat with a powerful engine. I gazed on the transcendent scene spread out beneath me, with a hopeless wish that the whole view, with all its most minute details, could be forever impressed on my memory in forms and tints as vivid as I saw it then. So far has my desire been granted, that there is scarcely an hour in the day when a vision of Niagara does not glance upon my mind; and no place that I have ever seen do I remember so well, or delight so in remembering.

On descending from the house top and joining my companion, we went to the house where proper dresses are furnished to persons desirous of passing under the great sheet of that part of the Horse-shoe fall which terminates at the Table Rock. For myself, I thought not even for an instant of attempting this exploit; but my nephew, another gentleman, and a

young lady prepared for the enterprise. Accompanied by some others of the party, I followed these adventurers down a long steep flight of wooden steps erected against the face of the rock, at the bottom of which we stood to see them go in beneath the fall. The young lady had put on over her whole dress a large loose yellowish oil-skin wrapper, confined at the waist with a belt; a hood of the same being attached to the collar, so that it could be drawn over her hair. The gentlemen were dressed in red flannel shirts, coarse thick trowsers, and had tied handkerchiefs on their heads. They expected not in this apparel to escape a drenching, but it was assumed to save their own clothes from injury.

After the adventurers (I thought them bold ones) had, on turning an angle of the cliff, been for a few minutes lost to the spectators, we saw them emerge into view, the lady led on by the guide — a stout black man, who said he went under the fall twenty times a day. I shuddered as I saw them enter the dark misty cavern between the vast projecting sheet of water and the rock behind it. Of this cavern, and its terrors and dangers, I had heard awful accounts; but still no instance is recorded of any one, amidst its gloomy recesses and on its narrow and slippery pathway, having actually lost their footing and their life; for, in this frightful excursion, to miss one is to lose the other. The path or walking-place is a shelf, wet and slimy, and not three feet wide, projecting from the face of the rock, and sloping downwards. It overhangs a precipice seventy feet high, the base of which is washed by the surging waters below; and above, it towers up to the height of ninety feet. When on this perilous platform — where to look up or to look down is equally terrific — you see far above you the inside of the cataract rolling over the summit of the cliff, which inclining forward, forms, high over head, an arch of rock and water; the vast sheet of fluid, seeming to descend in a solid mass, interposing its heavy curtain, and shutting out the world from your view.

On first entering this gloomy recess, the rush of the caverned wind almost deprives you of breath. You are

deafened and confused by the loud noise of the warring elements of air and water, at strife with the rugged and creviced rocks. And the blinding spray, flying in your face, causes you to hold down your head and close your eyes. This being the moment of fear, is therefore the moment of danger. After the first shock, the men who venture into this strange and appalling region always recover their presence of mind, and, directed by the guide, proceed unshrinkingly along the slanting and slippery ledge, with steady eye, firm step, and well braced nerves. They find courage to cast their gaze upward at the roof of rock that seems ready to break down with the heavy weight of the water that pours over it. They advance towards the dim chaos of mist and darkness and indefinable things, which bounds their view as they look before them, and whose secrets have never been discovered. But the guide warns them to turn back, as they have reached the Termination Rock; and in attempting to proceed further, they may return no more. The ladies, that venture behind the fall, feel usually more terror and find more difficulty than they anticipate; and they cling fearfully to the hand of the guide, depending on him at every step.

I was glad, indeed, when I saw our young adventurers come out in safety from the wild horrors of this dark and dangerous passage. They soon joined us at the foot of the staircase. The gentlemen were drenched with the spray; but it had run off from the oiled-cloth wrapper of the young lady without penetrating it. She looked pale, and said that having now satisfied her curiosity, she would never again try the feat of passing under the fall. The youngest of the gentlemen said he liked it so well, that if he lived at Niagara he should delight in taking this cold vapor bath every day.

To see enough of Niagara seemed impossible. What stranger ever *did* see enough of it? The longer you stay, the more beauties you discover, the more deeply you are impressed with awe and admiration, and the more reluctant you are to leave it. Who can leave Niagara,

and not wish to return thither? And who can give it a farewell look, and not hope to visit it again?

And now, to descend to minor considerations, I must in justice mention that we were excellently accommodated at the Cataract House, a large, elegant, and well-kept establishment, with handsome drawing-rooms, comfortable chambers, efficient servants, and a table not inferior to those of the chief hotels in the Atlantic cities. The waiters were very numerous, and of every shade of what, in their case, is denominated *color*; black, brown, and yellow; and one or two were copper-tinted and Indian-featured. They were all dressed alike, in clean white jackets and trowsers; but their style of hair displayed a pleasing variety. It was amusing to see the manner in which this troop of well-drilled domestics brought in the dessert, and placed it on the table; or rather the tables, as there were two very long ones, and a set of waiters for each. At a signal from the major-domo (who was stationed at the upper end of the room between the tables,) the waiters took up the line of march in Indian file, and proceeded round with military precision, military step, and military faces. They were armed with japan trays or servers, each holding a different article. One man carried all the dessert plates, which, as he passed along, he deposited in their places, slapping them down "with an air." A second had all the knives; a third the forks; a fourth the spoons; each article being put down with an air. Then came the pie-man; then the pudding-man; next the pudding-sauce-man; then he of the calves-foot jelly; and he of the blanc-manage; and he of the ice-cream — this last being the most popular. There were also some who had been detained on the almond, and raisin and motto-secret service. Pine-apple and other fruit men brought up the rear. In this manner the whole dessert was placed on the tables in a few minutes, and in the most complete order.

On leaving Niagara, we took the cars to Lewiston, gazing back at the falls till the last glimpse disappeared, and the last sound died away. Nearly the whole seven miles of the road we looked down

upon the river, flowing green and beautiful between walls of rock averaging three or four hundred feet in height; and we passed a number of pretty houses and gardens belonging to fine farms. On arriving at Lewiston, where we took the boat, all reminded us that we were on border land. The chief hotel looked directly over to Canada, and bore a sign in very large letters of The Frontier House. Opposite, on the heights of Queenston, stood the lofty monument erected on the spot where Brock, the English general, was killed in the Queenston battle, 1812. His remains are interred beneath it. About five years ago, a miscreant attempted to destroy this fine column (which was built of freestone) by blowing it up with gunpowder placed in the basement. He did not succeed in prostrating it, but the whole interior, including the spiral staircase, was destroyed, leaving nothing within but a heap of rubbish. The monument rearing on high its shattered pillar, with the top blown entirely off, is still a conspicuous landmark.

At Lewiston we embarked in one of the small but handsome steamboats that convey passengers from that place to Oswego. On each shore, where the Niagara strait widens into Lake Ontario, is a promontory defended by a fortress — Fort Massasanga on the Canadian side, and Fort Niagara on ours, seeming to frown defiance across the water; the flag of England waving from one, and that of the United States from the other. Having passed these forts, we entered fairly upon the broad lake. The day declined, and “soon as the woods on shore looked dim,” I thought of the Canadian boat song. The prow of our boat, which from Lewiston had pointed northerly, was now directed to the east, and the faint outline of Canada was soon lost to our sight.

A mist began to settle round, obscuring even the New York shore; and the solitude of our lonely lake resembled that of the ocean deserts. A dark dense cloud had gathered in the west; and below it, directly above the verge of the horizon, lay a narrow strip of clear sky, just broad enough to show the crimson and dilated disk of the setting sun, as he slowly descended from behind the black

mass of vapor that had obscured his beams for the last hour. We watched him as he seemed to sink, by less than inches, into the reddening wave; and when the rim of his upper edge was seen no more, and darkness fell upon the water, we almost thought that we had witnessed a sunset at sea.

As the twilight came on, a dark, gigantic perpendicular mist rose on the lake behind us, and seemed to be following the boat closely, coming fast upon us in the form of a strange black wall, ascending from the surface of the water up to the heavens. I confess I did not look at this phenomenon without some apprehension; for I had heard of the sudden squalls that are so dangerous on these vast lakes, and of a steamboat that had been wrecked on Ontario the preceding summer. But none of our companions seemed alarmed; and contrary to my misgivings, we took our tea in quiet, and without any increase in the rolling motion of the boat. On returning to the deck, the dark wall of mist no longer pursued us (having been dispersed by the wind, or taken another direction;) and the moon, having climbed above a bank of clouds, was silvering their edges with her beams, and trembling in broken light upon the ruffled surface of the water.

All was quiet during the night, till we reached the mouth of the Genesee river, and landed some passengers who were to proceed down to Rochester, which is but six miles distant from Lake Ontario. Early in the morning, we disembarked at Oswego, where there is a large fort, and a considerable town. Having breakfasted at one of the hotels, we took the canal boat for Syracuse. This boat was for passengers only, and handsomely fitted up. There were some very agreeable persons on board; and their society made this slow and monotonous way of travelling less tedious than I had anticipated. But how very, *very* slow it seemed after being accustomed to the rapidity of steam travelling. Though the distance is but thirty-eight miles by the canal, from Oswego to Syracuse, we were eight hours in performing it; while we go from New York to Philadelphia by steamboat and railroad in little more than six. But if

canal travelling is slow, it is also sure; and so safe that it is scarcely possible to meet with an accident; provided always you remember when on deck to stoop your head in passing under the numerous bridges (all of which are too low,) you have nothing else to fear. The boat cannot sink; and should you fall into the water, if nobody takes you out, you can scramble up the bank yourself. And in case of fire, you have only to step on shore. Also, canal horses never run away with the vehicle. It is true, we saw in our three brisk trotting quadrupeds great eagerness to keep the lead of the other boats, and evident indignation at attempts of other horses to pass them.

There was little to vary the sameness of our route, except going through the locks, always the chief events of canal travelling, and happily very frequent. Our other adventures were passing other boats, laden with merchandise, or with European emigrants seeking a new home in the lake regions. Those that we saw were all Germans or Swiss.

Towards the close of our voyage, we passed through the village of Salina, where each side of the canal is lined with a long range of salt houses, containing furnaces over which the water of the Onondaga salt springs is boiled till the liquid evaporates, and leaves the granulated salt at the bottom of the kettle. It is then dried in baskets placed on the top of the kilns. These springs belong to the state of New York, and are leased to the owners of the works, who pay a duty to the state of six cents a bushel. The salt is very white and fine.

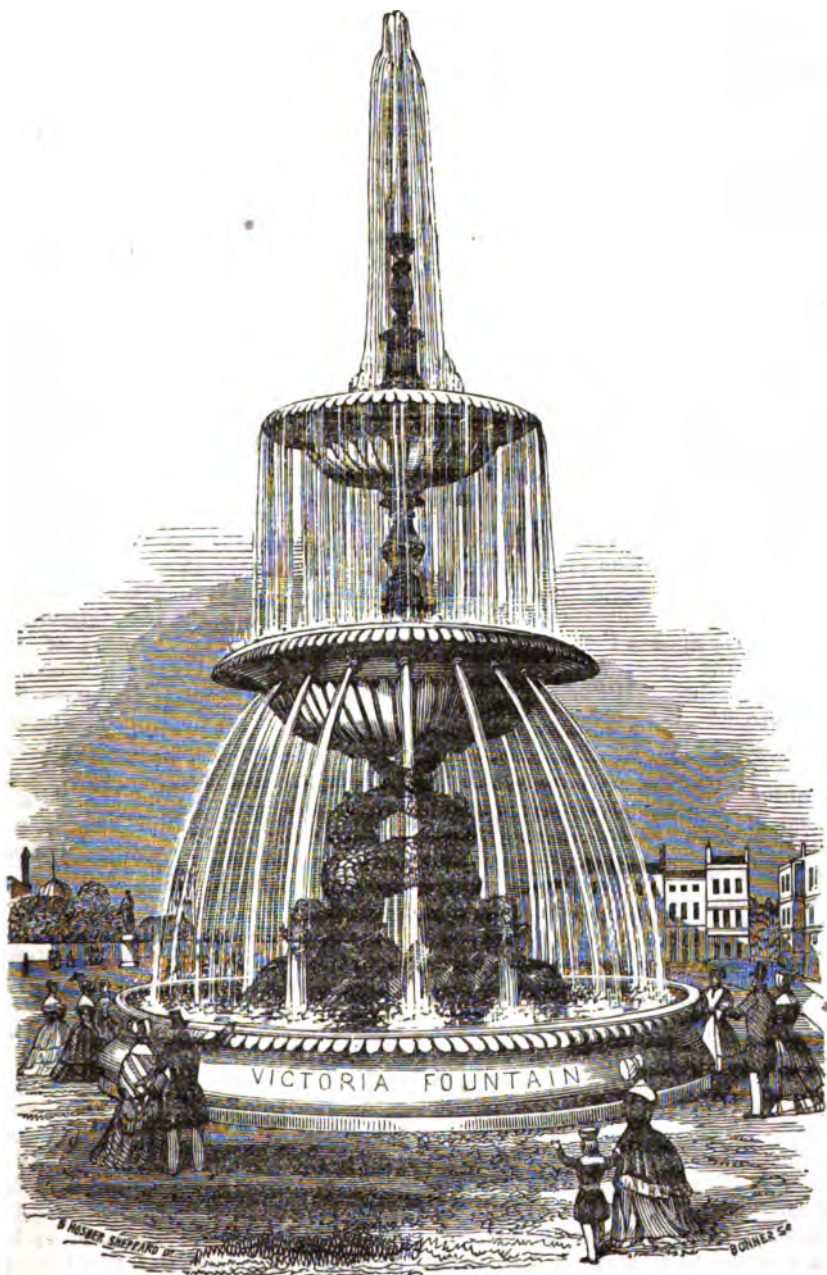
We spent the remainder of the afternoon at Syracuse; and after breakfast, next morning, we took the cars to Albany; arriving at that large and flourishing city in full time to embark in the evening boat for New York.

The boat, that night, was the Knickerbocker; literally a floating palace, and so large and divided into so many compartments that it makes you think of a floating town. In conformity to the name of this enormous steam fabric, an oil portrait of Washington Irving is placed at the head of the staircase that leads down to the refectory; and on the door of each

of the numerous state rooms connected with the ladies' cabin, is inscribed the name of one of the ancient Dutch families; as Van Rensselaer, Van Vechten, Tenbroeck, &c.; the rooms being designated by these names, instead of calling them by numbers in the usual manner. The state rooms on the upper deck have a panel of each door ornamented with a landscape of American scenery. Among them are Wolf's Rest (Washington Irving's country residence) and Willis's Glenmary. These doors are painted white, beautifully varnished, and with their pictured landscapes and bright gilding, look as if made of fine porcelain. The ladies' cabin is immensely large, furnished in excellent taste with a crimson and white Brussels carpet, chairs, sofas, ottomans, and taborets of crimson white and gold, and curtains of thin white muslin embroidered with crimson. The *tout ensemble* has a grand and beautiful effect. The fare in this splendid boat is one dollar, with a separate charge for food and bed.

The first time I went up the Hudson was towards the close of the monopoly of the old North River Company. The fare was then ten dollars from New York to Albany. I went in a boat called the Richmond, the slowest even of that period, seldom performing her voyage in less than thirty-six hours. All her appointments were in the cheapest style. The cabin walls were plain white wainscot; the carpets very coarse ingrain; the chairs and tables common wood painted; the curtains of dingy red and brown India calico, such as was bought at twelve cents a yard. How steamboat times have changed!

THE GLOW-WORM. — A glow-worm sat, unconscious of his starry light, in the soft grass of a garden. Softly his neighbor, a large toad, crept out of the rotten weeds, and spat out all its venom on him. "Alas! what have I done to thee?" said the poor worm. "Yes," retorted the monster, "Why dost thou shine?"—*From the German.*



VICTORIA FOUNTAIN, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

SOME years ago, when the American fur company and the Hudson Bay traders carried on a powerful opposition to each other in the wild and rocky territory of the Oregon, several little forts were erected in the interior, whence the commerce in peltries was made with the Indians. One of these, to which our tale refers, was planted in a green and secluded valley, where pasture for cattle and comfort for man were as much as possible combined with security and safety. A little stream, bordered with cotton-wood and aspens, afforded a constant supply of water; while in the grand and magnificent valley of the Bayou Salade, at no great distance, pastured, in inexhaustible thousands, the buffalo and the elk; its rivers abounding, moreover, with the beaver, whose skins principally induce the hunters to tempt the dangers of the great American wilderness. In this spot, known as Spokane Fort, dwelt James M'Pherson, the owner and governor of the wild locality. M'Pherson was a Scotchman, who, in early days, had left his native country a poor lad, and now, by the exercise of that perseverance characteristic of his countrymen, had attained the position of a well-to-do merchant. Of an enterprising disposition, he had penetrated into the interior in search of further wealth; and having for some two years settled himself at Spokane, had there driven a thriving trade with the Indians, despite the impediments thrown in his way by his rivals. Nothing can equal the excitement of this precarious commerce. It is the constant effort, on the part of opposition companies and traders, to out-general the other, to mutually blind their opponents as to their destination and plans, as well as to be ever in the field first. These efforts give rise to almost superhuman exertions, and tend to sharpen the wits of all parties in a very sensible manner. He who shows the greatest knowledge of Indian tastes, of the haunts of the beaver and buffalo, of the time to move and the time to go into winter quarters, is sure to

make the most successful campaign. M'Pherson was shrewd and acute, and these qualities serving him in good stead, his affairs advanced in a very satisfactory manner.

It was about two years after the establishment of the fort, and when all were in activity and bustle, that Edward Ray, a young Louisianian, obtained an appointment under the owner, and, traveling the whole distance from New Orleans, had convoyed a cargo of merchandise for the use of the company. In addition to this, he had taken up, to rejoin her father, Miss M'Pherson and a female attendant. So peculiar and so long a journey had thrown the young people much together, and, without any reflection with regard to their difference of position, a mutual affection had arisen between them. Under these circumstances the voyage up the Mississippi and across the vast interior plains was of a most agreeable character. Both lingered upon deck to admire the bluffs and grassy plains, the vast, interminable prairies; and never wearied of their gaze. The desert even had charms; and when the Rocky Mountains burst upon them in all their sublimity, their pleasure was complete. At length, however, they arrived at their journey's end. Ray became a clerk, and Miss M'Pherson presided over the establishment, as the daughter of the owner was in duty bound to do. Whatever might have been the lady's feelings, the poor clerk sought not to learn. He felt the difference of station, and, shrinking from any manifestation of his aspiring hopes, attended to his business honestly and diligently, but without ever showing the slightest enthusiasm for the avocation. Under these circumstances he was considered useful in his way, but failed to excite that notice which might have led to his advancement. Reserved and taciturn, even his mistress thought herself deceived in him. With the excitement of their happy journey, all his energies appeared to have departed. The truth was, that Ray, who was not of a sanguine disposition, saw no means of rising to a level with his master, and allowed despondency to undermine his spirit.

About three months after his arrival, the time approached when the annual interview with the various Indians took place: a meeting of much importance, as then the whole fortunes of the year were decided. It was usual to appoint a place for the natives to camp with their beaver and other skins, where the rival traders then repaired, and whoever offered the best price, obtained a ready and profitable market. About two days before the time appointed, the heads of the fort were seated at their evening meal. Plenty and variety made up for delicacies and seasonings. Buffalo, deer meat, trout, salmon, wild-fowl, all abounded on the board — round which sat M'Pherson, his daughter, Ray, and three other clerks. The whole party were engaged in discussing the good things before them, when a bustle was heard without, and, after the pause of a moment, a half-bred hunter appeared on the threshold.

"What news, Nick?" said M'Pherson, who recognized in the intruder a scout sent out to learn the proceedings of the rival traders.

"Bad," said Nick, advancing. "Master Sublette got ahead of Spokane. The Indians all at camp already, with plenty beaver. Master Sublette buy up all, but him got no tobacco, so he sent away to Brown for some; then smoke, and buy all the beaver."

"Why, that is good news," said M'Pherson laughing; "if Sublette has no tobacco, all is right. We have plenty; and not an Indian will sell a skin until he has had a good puff at the pipe of peace. So up, my men," he continued, addressing his clerks; "you must away and outgeneral Sublette, by taking Johnson a good supply of the weed."

"All very fine," said Nick with a knowing jerk of his head; "but Sublette him know a trick worth two of that. A hundred Blackfeet are outlying in the woods, and not a soul will reach the market until they are gone."

"The Blackfeet!" cried M'Pherson; "then we are defeated surely. What is to be done?"

"How many bales will suffice?" said Ray quietly.

"If Johnson, our agent, had but one,"

replied the trader despondingly, "all would be right. It is impossible, however; and this year is lost to me."

"By no means," said the clerk, rising, with all his native energy and fire beaming in his eye; "Johnson *shall* have the bale, or my scalp shall hang in a Blackfoot lodge before morning!"

"Edward!" exclaimed the daughter, with an alarmed glance which opened the father's eyes to what hitherto had been a profound secret.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Ray?" said M'Pherson gravely, and even sternly.

"I am, sir. Give me Wild Polly," (a favorite mare,) "and trust to me for accomplishing your wishes."

"You will go alone then?"

"I will."

M'Pherson ordered the mare he valued so much to be saddled; and in half an hour Edward Ray, with two bales of tobacco behind him, and armed to the teeth, sallied forth from Spokane, amid the plaudits of the whole party, whose astonishment regarded less the perilousness of the adventure, than the character of the man who undertook it. Miss M'Pherson, conscious of the interest she had betrayed in her father's clerk, hastily retired to her chamber; while the father, after carefully fastening the gates, and posting proper sentinels, lit his pipe, and seated himself, absorbed in reflection, by the huge fireplace in the principal apartment. Great smokers are your Indian traders, who, in more things than one, resemble the men with whom they have to deal.

Meanwhile Edward Ray, after leaving the fort, rode slowly down the valley, reflecting on the wisest course to pursue. Before him was a journey of seventy miles, with a hundred wild Indians thirsting for a pale face victim; the no less welcome that he owned a horse, and carried a rare prize in the shape of two bales of tobacco. Ray felt that he had rashly ventured on a wild and doubtful enterprise, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have soon turned back; but he knew the opinion his fellows had of him, and felt with pride that no one had offered even to accompany him. Besides, in the presence of her he loved, he had undertaken his bold task, and

was determined that she should not think him indifferent and timid. A ride of half an hour brought him out of the valley, and upon the skirt of a plain of some extent. Here Ray halted, and, gazing upon the prairie that lay at his feet, endeavored to discover some sign of the Blackfeet. The moon shone brightly upon the waters and woods, and not a sound disturbed the stillness of an American night in the wilderness. Ray felt the influence of the hour and the place; and forgetting all but the delight of travelling by the moonlight over that plain, removed thousands of miles from civilization, set spurs to his mare, and trotted swiftly along the path leading in the direction of the Indian mart. It was some time ere the young clerk paused, and then a sudden hesitation on the part of his mare brought him back to consciousness. Raising his eyes, he found himself close upon a wood, between which and a somewhat broad river he had now to pass. A single glance told him that Indians were near, as a light smoke rose from amid the trees: whether they had yet discovered him, was a matter of uncertainty. Ray therefore determined to make a bold dash; and, trusting to his beast, rode at a hard gallop along the skirt of the forest. The moment he neared the trees, his hand upon his rifle, he listened with the most anxious attention. Not a sound, save the clatter of his unshod mare, was heard, until he had half-cleared the dangerous cover. Then came the sound of horses in pursuit, and then the Blackfeet war-whoop, with the crack of rifles. His enemies were in full chase. Now it was that the gallant steed put forth her energy, and now it was that Ray's spirit rose, and that he felt himself a man, with all a man's energies, and also with all a man's love of life. Looking back, he saw the wild Indian warriors coming fast towards him, but still not gaining ground; and he felt sure, did he loosen his precious merchandise, and give it up to the pursuers, that he could with ease outstrip them. But he was resolved to serve his master's interests, and he urged his laden steed to her utmost. An hour passed in this manner. The howling, whooping

Indians, half a hundred in number, galloped madly after him, their long spears waving in the moonlight, and their black hair streaming to the wind.

Before him lay a cane-brake, where the reeds rose ten feet, dry, parched, and crackling. Through this lay the path of the fugitive. Ray looked forward to the welcome shelter, determined to make a stand; and there, at the very entrance, stood, mounted on a tall horse, an opposing foe. Clutching a pistol, the clerk clenched his teeth, and rode madly against this new opponent, who, just in time to save himself, cried, "All right—Saucy Nick!" There was no time for greeting, and away they scampered through the cane-brake; not before, however, the half-bred had cast a brand amid the reeds. They had not proceeded a hundred yards ere a wall of fire rose between them and their pursuers. Magnificent was the scene which now greeted the admiring eyes of Edward Ray as he halted on the other side of the brake. The reeds, scorched by the summer sun, were as inflammable as straw, and the flames spread with astonishing rapidity to the right and left. The poor birds that sheltered in the morass below, alarmed, rose on the wing, and flying a few hundred yards, halted to gaze at the fire, which seemed to fascinate them; the wild animals, too, clinging to their lairs, until the fire touched their very nostrils, would then unwillingly rise, and, leaping over it, scour over the black plain of cinders in the rear of the flames. As the two fugitives retreated, the scene became more magnificent, for the blaze was then seen in the distance, creeping to the right and left, in sparkling and brilliant chains. Then, as the wind arose, it hurried after them: as the roar of a distant cataract it was heard; while the heavens were overcast with the dense volumes of smoke that ascended.

"Away!" cried Nick, urging his steed to the utmost; "the Fire-spirit is awake; he rides in yonder cloud! Away! or our bones will be mingled with those of the red men upon this plain."

"But, Nick," said Ray, as side by side they dashed across the prairie, "how met we? I left you at the fort?"

"No! Nick start half an hour before. Wouldn't let brave warrior go by himself. Found him chased by Indians—Blackfeet; but Indian no take Master Ray. Nick know trick worth two of that. But hush!" he added, as they gained the entrance of a valley; "the hoofs of our horses have waked the great Fire-spirit; but we are not yet free. Blackfeet in valley."

At this intimation of their being again about to meet a party of their enemies, Ray prepared his arms once more, and then, patting the neck of his gallant steed, urged her at a rattling pace through the valley. A flash, and the crack of guns fired in haste, showed that Nick was not mistaken; but, giving a volley in reply, and without pausing to discover its effect, the pair galloped onwards, and once more emerged upon the plain. Nick now led the way, and diverging from the ordinary route, entered a stream, the course of which they followed slowly for some time. At length, satisfied that he had baffled pursuit, the half-bred once more entered upon the usual track, and, before daylight, reached the great camp, where the Indians had pitched their tents with a view to traffic with the rival white men.

To the right were the wagons of Sublette; to the left those of Johnson, M'Pherson's agent. They found the latter in very bad spirits, as his rival was expected to receive the necessary supply of tobacco in the course of the afternoon, when all chance for Spokan would have been over. As, however, Ray detailed the object of his journey, and the success which had attended it, the agent's eyes glistened, and at length he exclaimed with a chuckle, "Bravo, Mr. Ray! I should just like to be in your shoes; for, if you haven't made old Mac's fortune, my name is not Johnson. Such prime beavers you never saw. By the immortal head of General Jackson but you are a lucky dog!" Ray expressed his satisfaction at having been of such great service; and, after a hasty meal, the traders began their day's work. First, the chiefs were summoned, and regaled, to the consternation of Sublette, with a liberal and plentiful smoke. Seated round

the agent's tent, the Spokan, Kamloops, Chaudieves, Sinapoil, and other Indians, enjoyed, with unmixed satisfaction, what to them is a most precious luxury. The agent was most liberal of the weed: not a single Indian was forgotten: and when the barter commenced, the gratified aborigines testified their delight by disposing of their skins in an equally liberal manner. Such, indeed, was the activity of the Spokan agent, and of his assistant, Ray, that, when Sublette received at length his supply of tobacco, not a beaver, nor even a skunk-skin, remained for which he could trade. Well aware that the Blackfeet, when once discovered, would draw off, Ray, after a brief hour of repose, borrowed a fresh horse, and hurried back towards the fort. His journey was tedious in the extreme; for the smouldering grass rendered it as unsafe as it was disagreeable. At length, however, the young clerk, to whom had returned much of his former despondent feeling, came once more in sight of Spokan, where he was received with open arms, as was Nick, who accompanied him.

M'Pherson, eager to learn the result of the young man's journey, drew him to his counting-house, and motioning him to a seat, installed himself at his ledger, with pen in hand. Ray began his story, and, to the evident surprise of the merchant, related the dangers which had befallen him, and the manner in which he had escaped. At length he came to that part of his story which referred to the extraordinary quantity and excellence of the beavers which had been obtained by means of his bold undertaking.

"Know, lad," said old M'Pherson, quite delighted, "that you have brought me the best year's trade I have had yet. Besides, man, I count it no small thing to have beat Captain Sublette—the most cunning trader on the frontier."

"I am very much gratified," said Ray, "that I have been anyway instrumental in serving you."

"Ah, that is all very well," interrupted M'Pherson, pushing his spectacles from their proper position to one above his eyes; "but just tell me frankly, Mr. Ray, why you, who are generally so slow

and cold, should, all of a sudden, take so much trouble to do me a service?"

"It was the first time," replied Ray, "that I ever had an opportunity of doing what others would not do."

"O," said the trader, still more enlightened, "and do you not expect any share in the great advantage of last night's adventure?"

"That I leave to you, sir."

"Now, Mr. Ray," said the trader with a smile, "I wish you would be thoroughly frank with me. I can see plainly enough that you have had some reason for your constant lack of energy, and some equally good reason for suddenly, when you could really serve me, risking your life to do so. I say again, speak out. Have you any conduct of mine of which to complain? Is your salary too small? Your chances of promotion—do they seem too remote? You have doubled my fortune; let me do you some service in return."

Ray determined to be plain. He saw that the worthy merchant was still in part in the dark, and he resolved to enlighten him. "My ambition, sir, has been to share your good fortune; and, did my hopes extend as far as my wishes, I might say I have hoped one day to possess all you now hold." This was said with a lurking smile that still more puzzled M'Pherson.

"What! would you be a partner, young man? The idea is a bold one; but, after what you have done, I see no insuperable bar to it."

"Sir," said Ray hurriedly, "I am contented to be your clerk, if you will, all my life; but you have a daughter, without whom wealth would be contemptible, and poverty insufferable."

"Wheugh!" cried the astonished merchant; "sits the wind in that quarter? And pray, sir, does my daughter know of this?"

"She does. You will recollect our long journey, when we were inseparable companions?"

"O! I recollect all. And, pray, does my daughter encourage you?"

"She will speak for herself, dear father," exclaimed the young girl, who, entering, had caught the import of their

conversation. "I did encourage him, because I thought he deserved to be your son. Of late, Mr. Ray had almost induced me to regret my resolution; but his recent devotion in your service convinced me that he was still the Edward Ray I had travelled with from New Orleans."

"And so," said the old man pettishly, "you have arranged it all, it seems; and I am to have no voice or will?"

"We have arranged nothing, dear father, and leave it all to you."

It will readily be believed that Edward Ray and Mary M'Pherson had no great difficulty in talking over the kind-hearted trader. In a few weeks after, Ray was not only son-in-law, but partner at Spokan; and I believe that none of the parties has had as yet any cause to regret the "midnight ride" over the bluff-surrounded prairies of the wild Oregon.

DEATH IN LONDON.—The Registrar-General of births, deaths, and marriages, has recently issued his annual tables of the mortality in the metropolis for the year 1845. In the year 1841 there were computed to reside, within the city and suburbs, 1,915,104, of whom 1,018,091 were females; being in a majority of numbers over men of some hundred thousand. Of these, and such as have been added since, there died in 1845: males, 24,496; females, 23,836; forming a total of 48,332, or, as near as can be computed, about 1 in every 41. No fewer than 14,637 died of diseases of the respiratory organs. The most fatal months in the year were December, January, February, and March; the fewest deaths occurring in June and July. In reference to the comparative healthiness of various localities, the table shows that the low level districts on the south side of the Thames are the least salubrious, whilst the higher grounds, towards the opposite point of the compass, and the flat sandy divisions towards the west, are the most so. Affixed to this useful table is a register of the daily temperature during the year; from which it is seen that the most deaths occur during varying and cold states of the atmosphere.



PEACE — From a picture by J. C. Horsley.

MIRANDA HURTADO, OR THE DISCOVERY OF PARAGUAY.*

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

ON the first day of January, 1516, Juan de Solis sailed up a river which he called January River, now Rio Janeiro; thence he journeyed south many miles, and discovered the mouth of the Rio de La Plata, on whose shores he was killed, and barbarously devoured. Unalarmed by his tragic fate, Sebastian Cabot, in 1526, with several ships, continued the discovery of the country; and, after journeying up and down the waters of that vast land, which extends from Brazil to Peru, erected in the interior a fort, on the river Zacaranna, or Terceiro, which was known as Cabot's Tower. After some time, this famous admiral, who had previously discovered Newfoundland for the English, departed for Spain in search of succor, leaving Nunez de Lara, with a hundred and twenty-six men, in command of the fort, known both by the name we have just given, and as Spirituo Santo Fort.

Nunez de Lara no sooner found himself alone with his men in the centre of a wild and unknown country, than he began to take such precautionary measures as he thought necessary for his protection. The situation of the fort was admirably adapted for defence against the aborigines, who had as yet no other arms than those which their own ingenuity had enabled them to devise, and which were amply sufficient both for defence and aggression amongst the various nations which occasionally met in arms, one against the other, on the plains of the Parana and Paraguay. Their numbers, however, were great, which made the hill on which the tower was built of no small value, while the stockade which surrounded all the various buildings was no less welcome. At the foot of the slope was a small plain,

stretching out for a mile before it mingled with the forest; while between the fort and the river, which the Indians called Zacaranna, and the Spaniards Terceiro, lay a marshy expanse, thickly overgrown with canebrake and brush. Thus fortified, and surrounded by brave men, to say nothing of a small battery of cannon, Nunez de Lara might readily have been excused had he considered himself impregnable; but the valiant and yet careful old Spanish soldier was not yet satisfied. Amongst his people were five European women, and several children; one of the former being Lucia Miranda, the young and beautiful wife of Sebastian Hurtado, his lieutenant, and devoted friend and adherent. This lovely Andalusian had left her native town, where she was the reigning belle and the just pride of her family, to follow the uncertain fortunes of her husband, who, smitten as many others were with the love of discovery, and the hope of falling in with mines of silver and gold, — which Paraguay and its neighborhood was mistakingly said to abound in, — had embarked his whole wealth in the adventure of Sebastian Cabot. Thus was the new world peopled, posterity reaping the benefit, which was in general denied the pioneers of civilization, simply because they expected too much, and threw away the solid advantages which lay at their feet to follow chimeras — the fault of many in less remote times.

When Nunez de Lara gazed upon the beautiful and happy Miranda — happy in the affection of a noble and gallant husband — his heart misgave him often that the trust which had been imposed upon him was by far too serious, and that greater precautions than had already suggested themselves to him were necessary. After some thought, he came to the decision of making a friendly alliance with a great and powerful cacique in the neighborhood. Accordingly an embassy was sent, with much pomp and many presents, to Mangora, the chief alluded to, who governed the vast and numerous tribe of the Timbuez. Mangora, flattered by the liberal donations sent him, and the attention paid him by the Spanish governor, reciprocated his good wishes,

* The following narrative is true in every detail, if we are to credit the histories of Paraguay. The Hurtados are still well known in Buenos Ayres as merchants, and relate to the traveller with pride this record of their ancestors.

and promised all that could be desired. Ruiz Moschera, who conducted this diplomatic mission with so much credit to himself and advantage to the station, returned, after four days' absence, with the above gratifying intelligence; to which he added that Mangora would the next day himself pay his return visit to the excellent general Nunez de Lara. The worthy old soldier, delighted at the success of his enterprise, determined to receive the Paraguayan king with becoming solemnity and majesty. The cannon were loaded; and early on the auspicious morning the whole garrison assembled under arms, dressed in the very last style which, at their departure, had been in vogue in Spain. It is true, the cloth was somewhat faded, and the worse for wear, while many imperfections were, to Lara's great grief, visible in the other appointments of his soldiery; but to a savage, uninformed eye, the aspect of things was magnificent; and Lara could sufficiently read this in the cacique's wondering gaze. Nor had the Timbuez been at all wanting in adornment. Many a streak of paint had been added to their ordinary embellishments; while their heads, plucked of hair, except where the centre tuft stood erect, their bodies pricked by flints, their varied colors, their ornaments of shells tinkling round their belts, their ears and lips adorned with stones, their eye-brows eradicated, all gave them a warlike, though not very amiable appearance. A grand banquet had been prepared in the principal apartment of the fort, at one end of which presided Lara, at the other Miranda. Despite the novelty of all they saw, not a sound escaped the Indians until they discovered the beautiful Andalusian, and then a universal exclamation brought the rich blood mantling to the cheek of the wife of Hurtado. The Timbuez had never beheld anything equal to this lovely apparition; for Lucia had added to her native charms all those which her sex know so well how to draw from a careful and exquisite toilet.

The banquet proceeded, while on both sides the Spaniards and Timbuez vied with each other in mutual acts of courtesy. The Indians, accustomed to their

own simple food and utensils, were surprised even at the scanty show which was made by these hardy exiles; while the various arms exhibited by them excited their wonder and envy, their own being simply the bow and arrow, and a fish-bone dagger, called *macana*. At length, however, the feast concluded; when Mangora dismissed his warriors, and signified his intention of passing a few days with his new friends. Lara, delighted at the confidence exhibited by the Timbuez chieftain, had him conducted to a chamber, where he passed the night, his followers returning to their camp in the fastnesses of the Tucuman hills. The next day Nunez devoted to a foraging expedition, on which duty he took the greater portion of his troops, leaving Mangora to the charge of a dozen men and the fair ladies of the garrison. To this arrangement the Indian appeared nothing loath, showing in every possible way his increasing admiration for the grace and beauty of Miranda. At length, after the last evening meal, when the tenants of the fort were all engaged in watching for the return of the foragers, Mangora found himself alone with the wife of Hurtado. His usually calm aspect changed at once; and rising from a couch of skins which had been provided for him, he approached Miranda, and, in the few broken words of Spanish which had rapidly spread amongst the natives, aided by signs, declared his true reason for remaining behind to be love for her. The wily chief painted in glowing colors his lofty position, and intimated his desire to make Lucia his queen. The alarmed wife, who saw how earnest was the passion of this untutored savage, and how dreadful might be its consequences to her and all she loved, strove to laugh off his protestations; and at length, finding his brow darkening, and his black eye kindling under the influence of disappointment, boldly resolved to smother the Timbuez's hopes, by stating how dearly she cherished her husband, and how hateful were the propositions of the Indian. Mangora, who understood not the influence of a tie, which is one of the greatest boasts of civilization, and which outweighs all the

fancied advantages of savage life, chiefly chimerical and visionary,* remained alone. His features were inflamed by rage and fury; which feelings, however, gradually gave way to those of satisfaction, as he dwelt intently upon hopes which he had evidently not stifled. By the time Sebastian Hurtado returned with Lara, he had entirely eradicated from his countenance all trace of anger, and it was with a clear and open brow that he invited the husband to pay him a visit, with his wife, in his village on the slope of the Tucuman. Sebastian could not refuse an offer made so gracefully, and it was at once accepted; and not many minutes after, he related the arrangement, with a smile, to his spouse. Miranda turned pale, and, at once seeing through the policy of the wild savage, unbosomed herself of the whole to Lara and her husband. Horrified at the suit, and filled with forebodings, Nunez, who blamed his own overcaution as in fault, would have at once seized upon the Timbuez, and kept him as a hostage for the good behavior of his people. The council of officers, however, dissuaded the worthy general from so doing, and meanwhile Mangora departed.

For some months the king of Tucuman continued his attentions, though Miranda never showed herself, and Sebastian, under various pretences, deferred his promised visit. Mangora, however, appeared to have forgotten the very existence of the lovely Andalusian, as he never once alluded to her absence, and received the excuses of the husband in good part. In this manner a whole winter passed, when, towards the spring, provisions grew scarce. The Timbuez, who occasionally brought a supply, had not been seen for ten days, and famine threatened the camp. At this juncture Sebastian Hurtado, with Ruiz Moschera and fifty men, started on a hunting expedition up the river, as much in the hope of relieving the rest by their absence, as of bringing in fresh provender

for those who remained behind. Game, however, being plenty at some distance, it was more than probable the journey might be attended with beneficial results. Nunez de Lara, therefore, saw his brave lieutenant and friend depart with satisfaction, which was further enhanced by the appearance, within a few hours, of Mangora, attended by thirty men loaded with eatables, and a large quantity of a native intoxicating drink. The king intimated that, hearing of the scarcity which prevailed among his brothers and allies, he had brought them sufficient to keep famine from the tower of Cabot until the return of the foraging expedition. Lara, delighted at so timely a succor, thanked the monarch of Tucuman warmly, and invited him to a banquet, of which his own presents formed the principal ingredients. Mangora and his followers accepted so agreeable an offer with alacrity, and at dusk the feast commenced. Carried away by such unusual good cheer, and deprived of reason by the deep draughts they quaffed of native wine, the Spaniards prolonged their sitting until midnight, when Mangora gave a signal for which his warriors had long been waiting. Up rose the Timbuez, and dashing lighted torches amid the wooden tenements, fell upon their entertainers; while thousands of savages, concealed in the marsh, burst upon the devoted garrison. The Spaniards, encouraged by the gallant Nunez de Lara, drew, and defended themselves with a desperate valor, which drove their assailants to the very stockades. But hundreds of fresh savages poured in, and the whites began to diminish rapidly in numbers. When the confusion was at its height—when the whole fort was in flames, that rose crackling and with clouds of dense smoke to the skies—when nought was heard but the groans and anguish of the dying, mingled with the shouts of victory and the cries of the vanquished—Mangora rushed from the inner tower, bearing in his arms his prize—the lovely Miranda. Lara now stood alone, his faithful soldiers being all dead around him, and he himself pierced with innumerable wounds. At the sight of the triumphant chief, whose savage passions

* The writer cannot but feel that any advance towards civilization in savages is so much gained. His personal experience never made him aware of anything in uncivilized life which counterbalances the ignorance and brutality which mainly attend it.

had caused all the scene of desolation around, Nunez felt his whole vigor revive, and, dashing furiously towards the king, with one well-aimed blow he stretched Mangora a corpse at his feet. The next instant he lay beside him.

The victorious Timbuez, wailing over the loss of their king, slain in the very act of gaining the prize for which he had sacrificed so much, now took their departure, bearing with them into captivity Miranda and the other women. In half an hour silence and desolation reigned without dispute over the smouldering ruins of the fort, until soon the sneaking wolf and turkey buzzard, the scavengers of America, came for their horrid feast. Flying in circles round the spot, carefully to reconnoitre, the latter made no effort to pounce upon their prey, but gradually settled down in heavy groups upon the boughs of neighboring trees. It was evident there was still life upon the plain, and that the instinct of the buzzard warned it its time was not yet come. One solitary being of all those so gay and joyful on the previous night remained alive — the gallant, brave and devoted Nunez de Lara. He was dying, it was true; but such is the dread of all the lesser creation for man, that not a fowl of the air, nor a beast of the field, dared venture too close to the scene of the late conflict. Lara had raised himself against the remains of a wood-pile, his face being turned towards the river, where, on the previous day, the flotilla of Hurtado had disappeared. As the old man hoped, towards the afternoon Sebastian, who, afar off, had discovered the smoke of the conflagration, returned with his men, and stood, pale and trembling, beside his chief.

"My wife!" cried the young soldier, gazing in horror on the terrible consequences of man's bad passions that lay around.

"Is alive," replied the dying Lara. "Mangora —"

"In his hands?" shrieked Sebastian Hurtado; "better were she dead."

Lara was unable to reply for some minutes; and then, with much difficulty, he succeeded in giving a detailed account

of all that had passed. The husband, whose grief was excessive, was somewhat relieved in his mind when he heard that the ravisher had lost his life in the very moment of victory; and, previous to working for Miranda's deliverance, devoted himself to his dying friend, while Ruiz Moschera attended to the repairs which the fort demanded. Before night, the spirit of the old soldier departed, and he was buried upon a spot still known as Lara's grave. The husband then summoned all the survivors, and appointing Ruiz his lieutenant, departed alone in search of his wife, after leaving strict orders with his men to entrench themselves still more securely, lest the ruthless enemy should once more surprise them. He went away, amid the tears and entreaties of all, who would have fain dissuaded him from his solitary and perilous adventure. The difficulties which Hurtado encountered, both in tracking the retreating foe and in finding the food which sustained him on his enterprise, would require many pages to detail; it must suffice to say that, at the end of eleven days, he came in sight of the Timbuez village, on the slope of the Tucuman hills. Foot-sore and weary, the anxious husband gazed curiously on the place which served as the prison to the wife he so dearly loved. The village was extensive, being composed of a series of vast sheds, beneath which dwelt entire clans; the whole being surrounded by a rampart of furze. Sebastian, who looked on from a neighboring wood, had scarcely concluded his survey, when he observed one leave the habitations, at the sight of whom his heart leaped, and all his hopes revived with tenfold vigor. It was Miranda, strolling leisurely across the plain which divided the town from the forest. To call her name, to rush to meet her, and to be clasped in one another's arms, was the work of a moment — a moment, however, of delicious happiness for both. After the first transport of joy was over, Sebastian drew his wife to the shade of the forest, and there, after seating her beside him on a fallen tree, addressed questions as to her adventures.

"Thank Heaven," he said, "Mangora

is no more ; his persecutions are not to be feared."

"Alas! my husband," replied Miranda faintly, "I have worse. His brother Siripa, now king, is as hatefully pressing in his attentions as he was himself."

The unfortunate wife then related to her grieving husband, that, no sooner had Siripa, the reigning cacique, set eyes on her, than he had at once expressed a wish to make her his wife. In the words of the judicious Jesuit who, amongst others, narrates this singular history, "The new cacique, at the sight of Miranda, conceived for her the same passion which had proved so fatal to his brother; he reserved her alone for himself from amid the little troop of captives, and had her at once set free. He, moreover, informed her that she was not to consider herself a slave, but might aspire to be queen of Tucuman; of course, he said, she could not hesitate between a poor and powerless husband and the chief of a great nation, who placed himself and all his people at her feet. Miranda had nothing to expect, in case of a refusal, but to pass her days in wretched and hopeless slavery. She hesitated not a moment, however, between duty and fear; she even gave Siripa such an answer as was most likely to irritate him, in the hope that his passion would change to fury, and that, by killing her at once, her honor might be known to all as without stain or tarnish. She was mistaken. Her refusal added strength to the passion of the savage monarch, and gave additional vivacity to his actions. The cacique hoped in the end to overcome the resistance of this noble-minded woman; and, in the mean time, treated her with an attention, and even devotion, of which such a barbarian was rarely thought capable."

Such, in other words, was the extent of Miranda's information, which would doubtless have been extended, had the pair not both been suddenly startled from their dream of security by the presence of a dozen Timbuez, who surrounded them in silence, and carried them before Siripa. That potentate was seated on a species of throne. His brow was contracted; his whole mien betrayed the

furious passions which were now uppermost in his bosom. The sight of Sebastian Hurtado, whose existence he vainly hoped alone stood between him and a union with Miranda, roused within him thoughts of the blackest kind, and, without hearing a word the young soldier had to say, he commanded him to be tied to a tree, and shot to death with arrows. His followers proceeded to obey his orders. The unfortunate husband was fastened to the nearest trunk; the bows were ready strung for their murderous office, when Miranda rushed wildly to the monarch's feet, and with all the energy of a woman's affectionate nature, with many tears and many protestations, begged the life of him she loved. Siripa, at length, moved to compassion, relented from his purpose, and commanded the Spaniard to be released and brought before him. Sebastian would have thanked him, but Siripa stayed his thanks with a savage sneer. "White man, your life is granted you, but you lose your wife forever. To-morrow you shall depart for the country of the Guaycuras Guazas, my cousin; and if, in the mean time, you attempt to speak one with the other, or are even seen in company, you both die."

With these words he dismissed them, purposely, it is supposed, leaving them free, to induce them to break through his orders. He succeeded fully; for both Sebastian and Miranda were determined to attempt that very night an escape from the power of their oppressor. They accordingly hastily appointed a meeting in the hut which was usually occupied by Lucia; and, as soon as darkness fell upon the whole scene, thither Sebastian crept, to arrange with his beloved their flight. It was decided to take place an hour before dawn; after which the anxious pair lay down to seek that rest both so much needed. But the wife of Siripa, moved by jealousy, had closely watched them; and hastening to the cacique, informed him that they were together. Furious at the news, the king himself came to arrest them, and, while still under the influence of passion, ordered their immediate execution. The fond pair resolved to die as they had lived—devoted and true. They, there-

fore, dismissing all hope from their minds, bent their thoughts on death. Sebastian attempted to console his lovely partner, but his voice failed him; and both sat on the threshold of their hut, gazing with glazed eye upon the preparations which were being made. It was dawn ere all were completed, and then they saw that the wife was to be burnt at the stake, while Sebastian was to be shot to the heart with arrows. Taking one long and last farewell embrace, the faithful couple were dragged apart, and led each to their appointed place; while Siripa looked on with gloomy brow and compressed lips. Not a sign of clemency did he give; indeed, he had raised his hand as the fatal signal, when Ruiz Moschera, at the head of his gallant Spaniards, and supported by a hundred Portuguese cavalry, commanded by Edward Perez, from Brazil, poured out from the wood, and attacking the Timbuez, put the whole to flight. Many lost their lives, and amongst the rest Siripa.

Thus were Sebastian Hurtado and Miranda rescued from the very jaws of death by the opportune arrival of succor—an event which the worthy Charlerioix treats as a special miracle performed by St. Blaise, the patron of Paraguay. In a few hours the cavalcade returned towards Cabot's Tower, which they utterly destroyed, and then sailing down the river, established themselves in a safer position near the sea, where they founded Buenos Ayres. To this day there live, in this place, the descendants of Miranda Hurtado.

RUSSIAN SOUP.

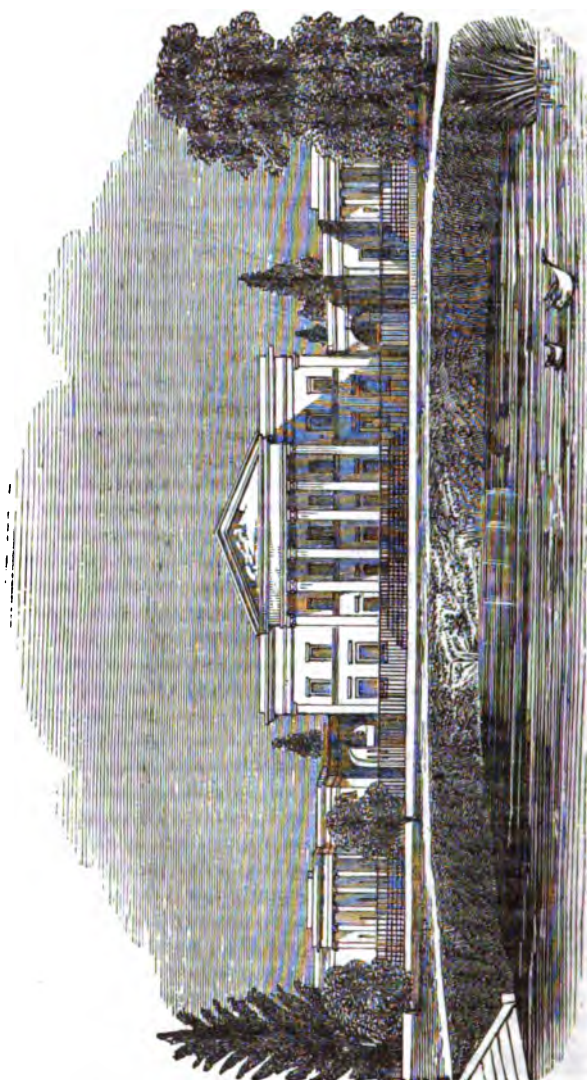
Now that we have fallen on the subject of national tastes, we must not forget to describe the most atrocious compound ever presented to man in the shape of food. It is the Russian soup called "*Batinia*," which to English palates tastes worse than poison; but which these our allies, high and low of them, delight in as the greatest delicacy on earth. Hearing so much in its praise, we ventured once, and once only—for there is no fear of its being asked for a second time—to give a hint that we

should like to make a trial of it. But ("*O dura Russorum ilia!*") the taste is not yet away from our lips, nor are we yet persuaded that the skin has returned to our throats. A plate of this yellow liquid—it ought not to be called "soup"—was placed before us, with a scum on its top, something like a thin coating of sulphur. Adventurously diving through this surface, what did we discover? Lumps of rotten sturgeon, slices of bitter cucumber, spoonfuls of biting mustard—in short, a concatenation of all the most putrid, most acrid, most villanous substances that nature produces. The witches' broth was nothing to it—

"Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wing of bat, and tongue of dog,"

would be delicacies most exquisite compared with these Russian horrors. But, though both smell and sight were well-nigh daunted, we resolved to persevere like men. We had begun the perilous adventure, and could not with honor draw back before taste had also been put to the test. A spoonful of it was accordingly raised to the lips; when lo! besides other recommendations, it was found to be literally as cold as ice; for the mountain projecting above the surface, which we had innocently supposed to be some nice redeeming jelly of Russian invention, turned out to be a lump of ice from the "frosty Caucasus," or some other vile place. That mouthful was the worst we ever swallowed. It would be impossible to depict the looks of anguish which we, a party of deluded and inexperienced Englishmen, cast on each other. It took away the breath; tears rolled from our eyes; we were more than satisfied—we were humbled, silenced, overcome; and made a vow, before the whole company of strangers, never more to be lured into an attempt to make new discoveries in the adventurous region of Russian dishes. — *Bremner's Excurs.*

In the year 1836, the net produce of the custom-house duties in Great Britain amounted to £22,774,991. Of this large sum £21,127,455 were collected upon vegetable, £1,177,091 upon animal, and £72,323 upon mineral substances.



THE HINDOO COLLEGE.

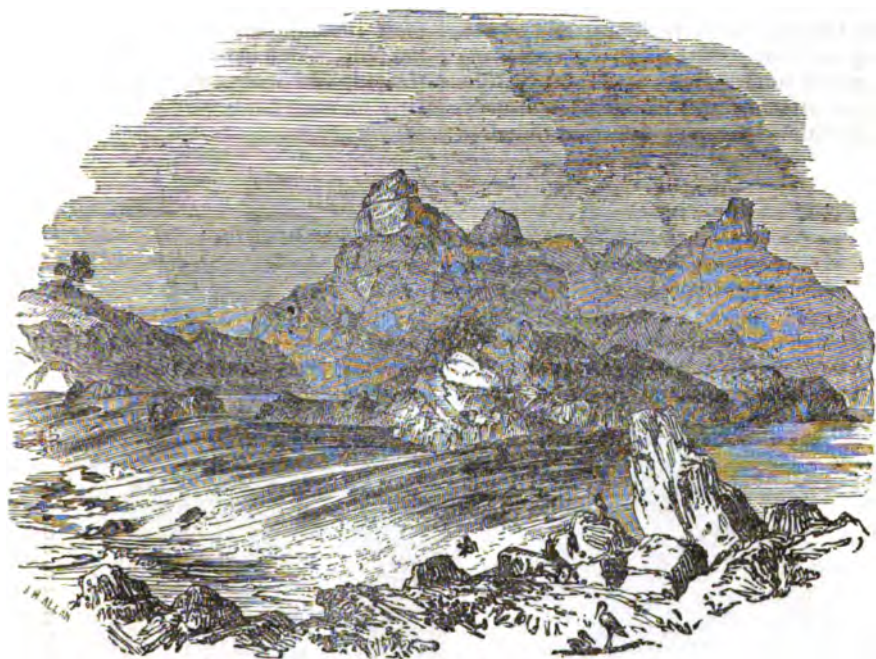
THE HINDOO COLLEGE.

ALTHOUGH the measures adopted by the government of India for the promotion of education among the people fall infinitely short of the demands upon the state in that important particular, much has nevertheless been done to lay the foundation of a system of national instruction, which must result in the general enlightenment of the Hindoos, and the overthrow of religious prejudice and

superstition. Amongst the institutions supported with this great aim, the Hindoo College of Calcutta is the most conspicuous. Originally founded by private and philanthropic individuals, it has since gradually fallen under the particular protection of the government, which began by appropriating a large sum to the erection of the edifice, and has since contributed liberally to the general support of the establishment. English and Sanscrit are taught at this

college, for the former of which branches of education there are several professors. The system embraces instruction in history, moral philosophy, law, mathematics, and the belles-lettres. Religion is carefully eschewed, as offensive to the prejudices of the parents and relatives of the boys; but the precautions on this head are useless, for the necessary consequences of education are to undermine the structure upon which idolatry rests, and few of the pupils leave the institution

without having imbibed a sufficient knowledge and love of truth to shake their faith in Hindooism. Six or seven hundred boys receive their education at this college, about one hundred and fifty of whom devote themselves to the study of Sanscrit. As a building, the Hindoo College is unrivalled in Calcutta. It stands on an area of 470 feet by 190 feet. The architecture is sufficiently explained by the drawing.



FIRST CATARACT, NUBIA.

THE CATARACTS ON THE NILE.

A NORTHERLY breeze favoring us, we soon entered the wild scene of rocks, the home of many a heron and pelican, and certainly unsuitable for the abode of almost any other creature. Although the breeze freshened as we progressed, we still found our speed diminish from the increased rapidity of the current. After winding our way through these crags for a couple of miles, we arrived at the Shellál, as the cataracts, or rather

rapids, are termed by the natives. We here came to a dead stop, the gale no longer having power to propel us. This part was called "the third gate;" the whole being divided into four principal passes, of which we had already passed two. Whilst the Nubians, under the orders of the reis, prepared the large rope by which we were pulled through, others came to entertain us with diving into the rushing waters and catching fish, which they actually brought to the surface in their mouths. We were at

first incredulous, and thought it must be some trick of a confederate, or that they had a "preserve" under water; but on sending down a fine young black in a spot of our own choosing, to our great amazement he brought up three. They explained that the fish continually keep under the eddies caused by the rocks, with their heads up the stream; so that, knowing where to look for them, they adopt the same method of securing them as we do when tickling trout. We soon had our deck covered with fish: they were full of bones, but nevertheless much relished by our Arab sailors, who, like the Chinese, seem really capable of eating anything. The Signori Reis having enjoyed sundry pipes, at last had all the ropes attached that could be mustered, and with a long pull from one hundred

Nubians, and their usual cry of *Hay-lay-cessah!* they dragged the candgia through by main strength. We were at once congratulated by the multitude with cries of *Salam Hawadjar*, frequently interlarded with a demand for *backscheesh*. The old reis shook us frequently by the hand, and drank plenty of rum. Again setting sail, we left our noisy Nubian assistants behind, and having engaged a native pilot called Mustapha, whom, from his huge size, and being a leper, we nicknamed Farass-el-bahr (hippopotamus,) we rounded the island of Philoe, passing through some of the wildest and most romantic scenery on the banks of the Nile, which here becomes much contracted, and with only a narrow fertile strip on each bank.



SECOND CATARACT, NUBIA.

THE ACCOMMODATION BILL.

BY ELIHU RICH.

It was somewhat before his usual hour of business that Charles Percival, the proprietor of a respectable trading establishment in the environs of London, might have been seen to enter his counting-house, and throw himself into a chair with an air of extreme dissatisfaction. Seeing that it still wanted a few minutes to the time for which he had received an appointment, he took a memorandum-book from his pocket, and slowly conning its pages, gave vent to his disturbed feelings in certain monosyllabic ejaculations.

At length a gentle tap was heard at the door, and a man of apparent respectability entered the office. The compliments of the morning were briefly exchanged; and the new-comer seated himself with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"So, Percival," he began, at the same time taking a pinch of snuff from a silver box, which he passed across the table to his friend, "you really cannot assist me in this unpleasant business?"

"I really do not see how I can, Mr. Johnson. My own engagements are extremely heavy, and everything of late has been excessively dull. In fact, if you cannot pay the bill when it is presented, I have but one alternative."

"But, surely," replied Johnson, with a searching glance of mingled apprehension and defiance, "you would not law an old friend?"

"I would do nothing, my dear sir, to inconvenience any man alive, unless circumstances compelled me. But how am I to act? So far from being prepared to meet an emergency like this, I have all along calculated upon receiving the balance of your account."

"O, as for that," was the cold retort of Johnson, pausing for an instant, with a fresh supply of the "real Irish" between his finger and thumb, "it's quite out of the question; so you must make up your mind to wait. I have spent all my capital on the buildings, and, I may as well tell you candidly, shall not possess a shilling until I sell or effect a

mortgage;" and, seeing the discomfiture of his friend at this announcement, he assumed an air of complacent indifference, and formally concluded the olfactory manipulation in which he had suffered a moment's interruption.

The temper of Percival was by no means a choleric one, but many circumstances had of late conspired to make him somewhat excitable. Johnson owed him a large sum of money, for the want of which he was obliged to suffer many advantages to pass by unimproved. At length he had succeeded in procuring the defaulter's acceptance to a bill of exchange, which would fall due on the morrow, and, as it now appeared, must either be taken up by Percival himself, or be openly dishonored.

"Really, this is too bad!" he exclaimed, rising from his chair with vexation; "you keep me in the dark until the last moment, and then plainly tell me I must pay your debts or lose my own character. Is it possible, Mr. Johnson, I can be deceived in you?" he added, suddenly confronting him.

"In other words, you mean to ask whether I intend to be honest? I am not, however, disposed to quarrel with you. It is true, I have no ready money at present, but the property will very soon realize something handsome; and all I ask is, that you will help me over a month or two."

"I would most gladly, but I rather need assistance myself," was the unwary rejoinder; and a sudden sense of the absolute truth which it conveyed to his companion subdued the ebullition in which Percival had indulged, and brought him to his seat with an irresolute and melancholy air. Johnson eagerly embraced the opportunity offered by this exhibition of weakness.

"Then I'll tell you what we must do to get over our difficulties. In the first place, I will give you another acceptance for all I owe you, *in exchange for one of yours*; and then, mortgage or sell at once to meet the bills as they fall due."

"But you know I always object to this mode of dealing."

"O, it's all in the way of trade; only you're so very particular; and, besides,

what else can be done under the circumstances?"

The conversation, which we need not follow in detail, now assumed a more friendly tone on both sides; in fine, the bills were severally drawn, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Johnson, who, armed with the good name and credit of his friend, had no longer any doubt of withdrawing his acceptance on the morrow. Percival also, by this arrangement, expected to receive a supply of ready cash; but the risk he ran far outweighed, even in his own estimation, when he calmly reflected upon the transaction, any immediate benefit he could receive. His supposed friend might prove treacherous, or, if not, his affairs might become involved — perhaps illness or death might overtake him. Yet this, unfortunately, is the prevailing method of conducting business. No sooner does a little difficulty occur, which in many cases prudence might prevent, or industry and self-denial overcome, than the fatal facilities afforded by the bill system are put in requisition, and the most intricate paths of mercantile policy entered upon — rashly, blindly, dishonestly. It frequently happens that one of the parties to these transactions is a designing scoundrel, who finds a short-lived advantage in the other's folly, and leads him to irretrievable ruin.

In order to ascertain how far these remarks are applicable to Percival and Johnson, we will introduce our readers to a more intimate acquaintance with each of them, and endeavor to portray the little incidents of the evening which closed the day of the above transaction.

Charles Percival returned home, as usual, in the early part of the evening, and immediately his little Alicia, upon whose brow the rosy light of five summers reposed in the freshness of its beauty, bounded with a gleesome step to her father's side, and greeted him with a child's welcome of love; but an unwonted shadow seemed to cloud his countenance, and, after the first few moments of gratulation, the playful sallies of the child were all unregarded; so she crept to her mother's side, seeming to feel that her spirit was rebuked.

The evening meal, as might be expected after such a prelude, passed over in silence; for Mrs. Percival had sufficient of a true womanly intelligence to feel that a husband's confidence is not to be won by abrupt and pointed questioning. It was her aim, on occasions like the present, rather to awaken his kinder feelings by a tacit acquiescence in the humor of the moment, than by the exhibition of that careless good-fellowship which is sometimes regarded as the most unexceptionable means of reclaiming an absent heart. The heart of Charles Percival, however, was not wont to be estranged; and even now, while he brooded over the conceptions of future difficulty and danger, which had rapidly succeeded each other in his mind, it was the thought of his beloved home, and the hardships that might be entailed upon his family in the event of his friend's failure, which embittered his reflections. In this mood, the smiles of his little one could but awaken a more heart-searching melancholy. Her silence, therefore, and her mother's sensitive kindness, formed for him, even at his own hearth, a solitude in which the stronger feelings of his nature might gradually subside, and allow the gentle stream of home affection to roll on in its accustomed channel. He might, indeed, for a time appear wholly absorbed in his own reflections, and apparently unmindful of his wife's solicitude; but as the light of home kindled in his heart, and the gloom cleared from his brow, a rich reward was hers in the fulness of his confidence, and the trusting faith with which he reposed on her truthful and hopeful counsels.

Her clear perception of right and wrong was expressed on the present occasion with more than her usual decision, but with a proportionate increase of affectionate zeal for his honor and welfare. Earnestly endeavoring to point out the fallacies by which men of business too frequently suffer themselves to be misled, she appealed to his own conscience whether the transaction of the morning was not a deception in the worst sense of the word. "Mr. Johnson," she remarked, "is considerably in your debt; and not only so, but he confesses the

necessity he is under, in consequence of trading beyond his means, of dishonoring a bill rightfully drawn and accepted in the regular way of business. This single fact proves him to be a man unworthy of your confidence; for it clearly shows that he cannot restrain his speculative disposition within the bounds of prudence. Your true interest, therefore, if you will pardon my rebellious tongue, dear husband, would consist in closing your account with him; and whatever inconvenience the loss might occasion to myself, trust me, Charles, I would willingly endure it. Unfortunately, you have suffered his words to beguile you, and, while kindly thinking of your own family, have furnished him with a recommendation to every tradesman in the town, upon which he may increase his credit to an indefinite extent, and do tenfold mischief to the families of others."

"In this at least, Anne, you are mistaken. He has no recommendation from me, I assure you, and never will have, until I am better satisfied of his integrity."

"Your very name, my dear Charles, on the accommodation bill is a recommendation; and is it not a gross deception upon society, that, at the very moment when he owes you a large sum of money, you give the world a written certificate that you are in his debt? But the result of this affair," she added playfully, little thinking with what prophetic truth she spoke, "will furnish a new text for my argument, and then we shall see."

The conversation having arrived at this point, was adroitly turned by Mrs. Percival to other subjects. A masked ball was appointed to take place that evening at the assembly rooms, not far from their residence. The merits and demerits of this exhibition were the subject of debate, when a carriage was heard approaching, and in a few moments a visitor was ushered into their presence in the person of Tom Mason, the accepted admirer of Mrs. Percival's sister. He was not the less welcome, after a conversation so grave as that we have recorded, for the laughter excited by his grotesque appearance—being habited

for the masquerade in the melancholy garb of a Hariolus of the olden times, and wearing a long gray beard. His ready wit and good humor were soon evinced in the bantering which passed from side to side. But the fair Matilda, who had agreed to play Miranda to this veritable Prospero, was awaiting his arrival at the enchanted hall, and thither we will take the liberty of following him.

Our purpose in mingling with the gay throng is neither pleasure nor pastime; we therefore single out the objects of our pursuit, and at once resume the thread of our narrative.

One of the dances had but just ended, when our potent magician was beckoned aside by a superbly-dressed masquerader—a king or an emperor at the least—who, as they moved towards a retired part of the room, was heard to mutter something about the difficulties of business: but thus it ever is with your great men.

"O, a plague on your business to-night," was Tom's hasty reply; "you're always in some difficulty. But what is it you want, for I see my Maud has already discovered that I am playing the truant?"

"Why, the fact is," replied his interlocutor in a coaxing tone, "I want a bill discounted the first thing in the morning, and unless you can oblige me, I hardly know how to accomplish it."

"Well, I'm sorry for you, but paper money is rather out of my way just now. *Scrip*, you know," added the waggish magician with a significant wink.

"No; honor bright, I assure you. In fact, the bill is accepted by your own particular friend, Percival. No suspicion of kite-flying in that quarter, I hope?"

"Well, I believe not; and if the amount is not too large, I'll try what I can do for you. But bark'ee, Johnson; eleven o'clock at soonest, after such a night as I mean to make of it."

And so saying, Tom rejoined his fair companion, whom he led through the mazy dance with a joyous spirit; for he was really proud of her beauty and accomplishments, and a few months would make her his own. Though associated

for a brief space with the heartless and the frivolous—of which quality a large proportion of such midnight revellers too often consists—it was nevertheless impossible that the lovers could become insensible to their own earnest purposes. The realities of life had so moulded the disposition of each, that they deemed their approaching union the seal of a solemn contract, not only with each other, but with society at large. It is true, and by no means ought such a truth reflect anything save the goodness of their hearts, their ideal of happiness was somewhat colored by romance, and grounded on extravagant plans of benevolence; but, on the whole, their expectations were rational and well-founded. Mr. Mason had hitherto prospered in business, and the little surplus which he had realized over his floating capital was amply sufficient for the wants of a first establishment. Under these circumstances, their minds were by no means absorbed by thoughts of selfish pleasure; and, being ever careful to preserve the conscience void of all offence, no heart-burnings or vain regrets could follow the innocent hilarity with which they enjoyed an occasional irruption into the domain of mirth and humor.

Johnson, on the contrary, was unaccompanied by any real friend on this occasion—a circumstance affording in itself presumptive evidence against a man of pleasure, since it shows a lamentable want of the finer sensibilities in social intercourse. How he passed the hours intervening between the close of the ball and high noon on the morrow, we care not to inquire; suffice it that, about the time mentioned, he called on Tom for the redemption of his promise, and went to sleep in his chair before the check could be drawn. When aroused from this utter oblivion by the voice of his good-natured friend, a resort to his unflinching expedient, the snuff-box, served well enough to close the business with an air of self-possession, and help him across the threshold without stumbling. It now only remained to pay the amount of Percival's draft, which he mechanically accomplished, and then farewell to any anxiety on his part for three months longer.

* * * *

It is one of the worst features of the traffic in these paper securities, that its legitimate functions are too often overruled by expediency; and one expedient begets another, until they become so involved, as to assume the fatal aspect of necessities. Percival, in assenting to the accommodation proposed by Johnson, saw clearly enough that he was risking double the amount of the original debt: but he had no suspicion that his own hands had forged the chain by which his future operations would be impeded, and which—unless, like an Alexander of his class, he had genius enough to cut the knot by a straightforward resort to principles in place of policy—might ultimately starve him into acquiescence with the meanest proposals. It was not long, however, before he began to perceive that he was in the toils.

For certain reasons, known to no one so well as themselves, the lovers had fixed an early day for the wedding—a period within two months after their appearance at the *bal masque*. The preparation for this important event occasioned what Mason termed “a hard pull” upon his banker's account; and the rate of discount being somewhat higher than usual, he was unwilling to appear solicitous for any immediate favors. But as he held Percival's acceptance, and had no reason to suppose that his friend was in difficulties, he determined upon asking him to honor it about three weeks before it became due. On intimating to Percival that such a course would do him considerable service, no objection was made. Too prudent to explain his circumstances, and too proud to confess to the real nature of the transaction, Percival promised the money in a day or two, and naturally fell back upon Johnson for the supply.

That gentleman now saw the predicament in which his dupe was placed, and pleaded his utter inability to meet such an unexpected demand. He had made arrangements for mortgaging the property, but it would be some days before he could draw any portion of the money. Here, then, it seemed expedient to ex-

change bills once more — a transaction by which Percival's risk of loss was tripled; for Johnson's first acceptance was taken up with money raised on Percival's security, and that security was now redeemed before its time by Percival himself, and another issued in its room. This complication of troubles, however, was but a beginning of difficulties. The completion of the promised mortgage was now deferred, under the pretence that the houses were not yet habitable, and the mortgagee would not be troubled with them in their unfinished condition. At length Percival was induced to provide materials and workmen, hereby exhausting all his resources and his credit in the desperate hope of retrieving his first false step. That ultimate success would crown his efforts, he never doubted; for, by the advice of his wife, he had obtained what he considered a fair guaranty for the risk — a *lien* upon the property — which he was now straining every nerve to bring into the market. Meantime bills were freely exchanged, and frequent renewals on every hand became a thing of course.

Long before the property was ready to be disposed of, Percival had become deeply involved; but the guaranty, which he thought he had been fortunate in securing, was the sheet-anchor to which he clung. Under the most unfavorable circumstances, even supposing a forced sale to be unavoidable, a much larger sum would be realized than would suffice to discharge every obligation, and the profit upon the extra labor would well enough repay the anxiety he had suffered: as to the morality of the means by which he had first supported the credit of Johnson, and finally his own, that he reasoned away by an appeal to the necessity under which he had acted. Alas! the conviction of its utter fallacy was to be forced upon him by a fearful awakening reverse.

As the works approached completion, he observed, with some degree of uneasiness, that Johnson frequently absented himself for days together, and even began to neglect the precautions they had adopted for warding off suspicion as to the nature of their bill transactions.

After a day of considerable anxiety on this account, he returned home to seek, in the bosom of his family, that oblivion of the care-producing world which could alone restore his wonted serenity. For some time past his wife had carefully avoided the mention of a subject, upon which she was aware he felt so anxiously, as that of Johnson's conduct: but his increasing despondency weighed heavily on her mind; and seeing now that he tried in vain to assume a cheerfulness which was evidently far from his heart, she took an opportunity, in the course of the evening, to make inquiry, and learnt with surprise the ground which existed for renewed suspicions of treachery on the part of Johnson, as well as the total ruin which its success would entail upon themselves. A retrospect of all the circumstances suggested so many causes of alarm as to the validity of the guaranty held by Percival, that it was resolved to seek satisfaction on the morrow, though it might confirm their worst fears, and hasten the catastrophe.

On this errand Percival departed early in the morning, and in two short hours returned with an age of care marked upon his brow, and a torrent of indignation boiling in his veins. The agitation of his manner was too extreme to escape the notice of his wife as he suddenly entered the sitting-room. The issue of his inquiries was too evidently the utter prostration of their hopes, to need either question or answer. He took a few turns across the apartment without uttering a syllable, and then suddenly paused on observing, for the first time, the little Alicia cowering before his angry glance, and really fearing to smile or speak. This was too much for the father's heart, and he moved hastily towards the door; but his wife threw herself upon his bosom, and with streaming eyes entreated him to be calm. "Their own unalterable love for each other would lend to every hardship they overcame the charms of a triumph; and as for the unprincipled hypocrite by whom they had been deluded," she added, "leave him to enjoy his dearly-purchased success — at best, a short career of sordid iniquity, and a feverish joy in life."

But Percival had not yet summoned philosophy or calm religion to his aid, and this allusion to his enemy seemed to smite him with a fresh plague of wrathful indignation.

"My curse upon him," he muttered between his teeth — "the curse of a ruined family; and may it rankle in his treacherous heart until he feel as wretched as I do!"

"For shame, Charles; for shame," exclaimed Mrs. Percival, in a low tone, placing her finger on his lips. "The curse of evil needs no invocation; for, alas! it grows with the growth of wickedness in the will itself. But look you, my love," she suddenly added, gazing into his eyes with intense affection, "if we are to be tried in the fires of temptation, be assured we shall lose nothing but dross and corruption; and, please God, we will resume our pilgrimage, poorer, maybe, in the sight of the world, but richer in heart than heretofore."

"I can hardly hope it, Anne. When I think of the change wrought by that consummate villain, and the power of evil everywhere, I feel nothing but indignation and unmeasured abhorrence——"

"There — stop, my dear Charles; suffer that indignation to expend its force, but control its direction with your own earnest will. Its rightful mission is to overturn every disorderly passion in our own breasts; and would God," she continued with a sigh, "it might always spring up in the mind of the wrong-doer like the east wind in the desert, and stifle every evil with its hot breath!"

"In that case," added Percival, whose severity had gradually relaxed, "I suppose you think there would be some hope of such a rogue as Johnson? But come, you bade me God-speed when I departed on my unlucky errand, and it is but right you should know what has occurred."

Percival then informed his wife that the guaranty to which they had trusted was utterly useless, Johnson having previously mortgaged the property to his father, who had now, in right of the deed, taken full possession. Everything else to which the creditors might have preferred a claim, was secured with equal cunning — even the household furniture

being seized, under a pretended distress for rent; and not a single good debt that he could hear of towards paying the expenses of a commission of bankruptcy.

This account was disheartening enough; but their own affairs needed every energy. It was certain the satisfaction of every demand would leave them houseless and penniless. Should they now candidly avow the circumstances, and pay the uttermost farthing, or temporize with their creditors, in order to make advantageous terms? The mazy labyrinth of policy had already been tried; and it was at length heroically determined to trust in the simplicity of right conduct. A meeting was therefore immediately summoned, and the unreserved assignation of their property, in house and in trade, freely offered. One creditor alone advocated harsher proceedings; but the feeling of mercy prevailed, and Percival's offer was unanimously accepted. Tom Mason, with refined generosity, secretly offered the creditors a sum of money for the household furniture, which was accepted, and so their homestead was untouched. But many years elapsed before Percival was firmly re-established, and many sore trials were overcome, in none of which — to his lasting honor, and for the encouragement of others similarly circumstanced, be it spoken — did he forfeit his good name by again yielding to the vicious policy of "accommodation."

EXCLUSIVEISM OF ITALIAN STATES. — The Paris papers lately mentioned that two works on galvanism had been seized by the pontifical government at Rome, under the impression that they related to — Calvinism. To this we can add a similar fact, not before published, namely, that on a gentleman landing a few years ago, at Naples, with a copy of Mr. Combe's *Essay on the Constitution of Man* in his trunk, he experienced considerable difficulty in passing the custom-house, the government officers regarding the volume as a political work in favor of the constitutional cause.

HUNTING THE STAG.



SUSPICION, OR THE LAST APPLE.

THE parlor bell rang, and Mrs. Bridget hurried up stairs at an unusual rate, for she judged, by the hasty and peculiar tinkle, that she was summoned upon no ordinary occasion. Bridget had lived with Mrs. Simpson as maid, or rather as confidant and humble companion, for nearly twenty years. The term humble companion may perhaps have been rather misapplied, as it generally happened that Bridget's opinion took the lead, though the mistress was not always aware of it. It may, however, be justly concluded, that, during such a lapse of time, Bridget had become so well acquainted with the temper and habits of the lady, as to understand to a sort of hair's-breadth nicety her mistress's humor by the slightest circumstance. For instance, when Mrs. Simpson returned home from an evening party, the quick-sighted Bridget could tell in one moment, by the sound of her footstep, or even, she declared, by the hang of her shawl, whether she had been gratified or otherwise. On the present occasion, therefore, the ringing of the bell indicated something remarkable; and in haste and perturbation Bridget made her appearance to inquire the cause.

"Bridget," said her mistress in a quiet tone, which did not altogether accord with the hasty summons, nor yet with the agitated looks which accompanied it — "Bridget, come here," repeated the old lady, who was standing near the window. Bridget obeyed, and looked in the direction to which her mistress pointed, saw, and at once comprehended, why she had been summoned.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Bridget, in almost a scream! "the last apple gone!"

"It is indeed," replied Mrs. Simpson; "but how is it gone, that's the question?"

"The beautiful apple!" cried Bridget; "the finest on the tree; indeed, the only one that could be said to come to perfection. It was but yesterday morning that I stood admiring it. One side was so sweetly streaked with red, and I said to myself that apple must certainly be ripe, for it had got that fine gold-colored tinge

all over it. Indeed, ma'am, if you recollect, I wished you to gather it some days ago. But, as you say, which way could it have gone? Certainly by no fair means."

"I think not," replied Mrs. Simpson; "the weather is so mild and still, that it can hardly have fallen of itself."

"That I am positive it has not," cried Bridget. "If the high wind of last Monday did not bring it down, it could not have dropped since."

"However," said the old lady, "for my own satisfaction, we will just look round the garden."

"As you please, ma'am, though I feel convinced it will be to no purpose."

Mrs. Simpson and her confidant accordingly set out on the important search; the mistress, with her spectacles on, slowly and carefully peering on either side, and despairingly shaking her head, as every step she took showed the search was useless. Bridget took a less accurate survey as she kicked the fallen leaves about, so thoroughly assured did she feel that the apple had been spirited away. Having thus traversed the whole round of the garden, it was a settled point that the apple was gone to all intents and purposes, and most pathetically did the lady lament that she had not gathered it before; nor did Bridget, in the midst of her condolence on the occasion, fail to remind her mistress that it was about the hundredth time that she had had good reason to repent not taking her (Bridget's) advice. Indeed, though the servant's loss in the apple was equal to that of her mistress, as the favorite fruit was always shared with the favorite maid, yet she had infinitely more of consolation in the business; for there certainly was some satisfaction in the idea of her mistress being punished for not attending to her counsel; and next, having declared her assurance that the apple had gone by unfair means, she was, in truth, not sorry it could not be found.

"Well, ma'am," said she, "you see I was right; indeed, from the first moment that it was missed, I felt certain that the apple had been stolen; and now, ma'am, all that remains is, that you will catch your death with cold if we stay out any

longer. I can positively affirm that we have sought over every inch of ground ; and I once more repeat, that some one must have taken the apple."

"I am quite of your opinion," replied the lady ; "and, as you say, there is no good in seeking any further."

Mistress and maid then directed their steps towards the house, re-entered the parlor, shut the door, and seated themselves by the fire, in order to discuss the subject. The matter of extreme importance now was to ascertain the offender.

"Who can have taken it?" cried Mrs. Simpson.

"Why, ma'am," replied Bridget, "the truth is, I have but little scruple in saying I firmly believe that Tom Randal, the butcher's boy, is the thief; for, besides that he is one of the most audacious lads I ever knew, he has always cast such a keen look towards that apple-tree, that I often thought it would be next to a miracle if the fruit escaped him. There is something insolent in Tom Randal's whistle. I am positive he is daring enough for anything; and it will only surprise me if that boy does not come to be hanged."

"I hope not," exclaimed the charitable mistress. "Even if he has taken the apple, it is hard to prophesy that he will come to the end you mention. Besides, we cannot speak positively; for though Tom may be saucy at times——"

"May be!" interrupted Bridget; "indeed, ma'am, there's no 'may' in the matter. He is at all times the most insolent chap that I ever spoke to. It was only yesterday morning that, because I made him go back for the suet, which he had forgotten, he went off muttering. I am sure that I would not for the world wrongfully accuse any one; but I only wish I was as sure of some other things, as I am sure that Randal stole the apple."

"It may be so," replied Mrs. Simpson; "but now, Bridget, I will tell you whom I suspect as at least as likely to have taken the apple as the butcher's boy: why, no other person than Jenny Price, the washerwoman's niece. The girl is civil and well-behaved, but yet to me she appears artful."

Bridget, though generally pretty posi-

tive, changed her opinion, and in an instant transferred the guilt from Tom Randal to Jenny Price. She gave her mistress a nod, as much as to say, "You have hit it!"

"It never struck me before," cried she; "but indeed, ma'am you are right. Jenny is as artful a little puss as ever breathed. I shall never forget, when they had scorched my best lace frill, how cunningly the young gipsy put it underneath the other things, supposing that I should not find it out. I could suspect that girl of any trick. And let me see—she was here late yesterday afternoon, and was dawdling about below for some time; for, after I thought she was gone, to my surprise I saw my young madam creeping out at the gate. Now I say, what business had she to stop an instant after she had been paid? And what could she be doing? But I'll go to her aunt this blessed day, and if I don't make the little demure wretch confess what she has done, my name is not——"

"Stop, Bridget," exclaimed the old lady; "we must not be in too great a hurry. Though I mentioned Jenny Price, yet where so many people have been in and out, she is only one among others; besides, I have had another thought. Did not the cheesemonger's lad come here this morning? How can we be certain that he did not take the apple?"

Bridget paused, and looked much concerned. "I have never seen anything," said she, "which could give me reason to suspect him of such a thing. Indeed he seems quite a respectable sort of lad, remarkably well-behaved, and never fails to pull off his hat whenever he meets me. I should be sorry to think any harm of him."

The circumstance of his politeness very much inclined Mrs. Bridget in his favor, especially as she did not in general meet with much civility, being one of those acting managers who take upon themselves infinitely more than their superiors. Mrs. Bridget had a notion that the sure way to make herself of consequence, was to find fault and give as much trouble as she possibly could. Consequently, while the shopkeepers, for

the sake of profit, bore as patiently as they could with the fault-finding house-keeper, their assistants and she were generally at warfare. The politeness of the cheesemonger's boy was valued accordingly, and it was with some degree of reluctance that she allowed the possibility of his being the culprit. But the longer she considered the matter, the more did circumstances appear against him.

"I am sorry for it," cried Bridget; "but, to be sure, boys will be boys; and, upon further consideration, I am sadly afraid it was poor William. He was here very early this morning, ma'am—full two hours before you were up; and as he came along the garden with a basket in his hand, he stopped for a moment close to the apple-tree, and I certainly observed one of the branches shake a little; but I thought nothing about it at the time. So Hannah took in the things, and the lad was going away again, when I recollected that we wanted another lump of butter; and wishing it to be from the same dairy as the last, which was remarkably good, and thinking he would be more likely to attend to my orders than to Hannah's, I ran down stairs and called after him; and to be sure, I never shall forget how frightened and confused the lad looked. As sure as I sit here, ma'am, he has taken the apple; else why should he have seemed so alarmed? I did not speak angrily; on the contrary, I said, 'William, you are a good boy for bringing the eggs in time for our breakfast.' So, as I said before, what should make him appear so confused if he had not done something wrong?"

"Well, Bridget," exclaimed the mistress, "from all you have said, I certainly think there is little doubt that it was the cheesemonger's lad who took the apple; and really, for a decent, well-behaved boy, as you say he is, it was a daring action."

Bridget made no reply. Though she had given her full evidence against her favorite, yet she seemed pondering over something in her mind.

"After all, as you say, ma'am, it is not right to accuse any one, unless we

are quite sure; and I have just recollected another person that neither of us thought of—old Janet Gray. I would not swear that she did not take the apple."

"Nay, Bridget," interrupted the lady, "now your suspicions go too far. I cannot for an instant believe that poor old Janet would do such a thing. You know she only comes now and then for a little skimmed milk or broken victuals, and she has not been here for several days; besides which, I believe her to be as honest a creature as ever lived. What can induce you to suspect the poor old soul?"

"Why, ma'am, you shall hear," replied Bridget, who had quietly heard her mistress out, aware that she could presently shake her mistress's extreme confidence in Janet's honesty. "I will just give you my reasons for thinking as I do of the old woman. In the first place, begging your pardon, ma'am, Janet was here no longer ago than yesterday afternoon, and Hannah, by my orders, sent her home with a basketful of different things, even a cold veal cutlet, which I could have eaten myself, for I am very fond of cold veal cutlets; but I said, 'Hannah, you may as well give it to the poor old woman;' and this was the return the ungrateful creature made—to carry off our last apple."

"Well—but," again remonstrated Mrs. Simpson—

"You shall hear, ma'am," continued Bridget. "There was a time when I felt a regard for Janet Gray, knowing that she had gone through much trouble, and had seen better days; and there was a time when I thought her as honest as the day, and would have trusted her with untold gold. Indeed, so I would now, sooner than with either fruit or cakes; for I do not believe that, upon her own account, she would take a pin; but then Janet has got a grandchild, and, ma'am, you would not credit, nor could anybody believe, the way in which she pampers that brat, and for its sake I firmly think she would beg, borrow, or steal. I remember, times and oft, she has looked at the apple-tree, and sighed; but I thought nothing about it, never

supposing that people who wanted bread could long for apples. But the other day I saw old Janet purchasing some coals, and the coals happening to be dearer than she expected, she got no change out of her sixpence; and so, not having a halfpenny left, she positively entreated the people of the shop, almost with tears in her eyes, to give her an apple or a cake to take home to her dear little Mary."

"Poor soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Simpson, in a tone of compassion; "I cannot think the worse of her for being so fond of her grandchild; nor do I still see, from such a circumstance, that you have any reason to believe that she would steal."

"Well, ma'am," replied Bridget, "perhaps I might not have thought so much about it, but for an artful trick which she served me the other day. Janet had come as usual for her skimmed milk, and hearing her cough very badly, I gave her a large lump of sugar-candy, for which she thanked me most kindly; but—would you believe it, ma'am?—instead of putting it into her mouth, she popped it into her pocket; and I should never have found her out, but that, in her hurry, she slipped it through her pocket-hole, and it fell to the ground. The old woman looked foolish enough, you may be sure, declaring, however, that her cough was nothing, but that, if I pleased, she would take the sugar-candy home to her dear little girl. I own I felt provoked, for I looked upon it as neither more nor less than a cheatery; however, I said nothing; but from that hour I felt convinced that old Janet would go any lengths for the sake of pampering her grandchild."

"Well, poor creature," said Mrs. Simpson; "one cannot wonder that she should be so fond of the orphan child of her only son, who was killed in the wars: it is very natural that she should make a pet of it."

"Very true, ma'am, but there is reason in all things;" and Mrs. Bridget argued so forcibly upon the subject, and brought so many instances of the old woman's stratagems to procure niceties for the child, that at length Mrs. Simp-

son felt convinced that she might have been the culprit. There was now a long pause: the thoughts of both mistress and maid were absorbed in the same subject, though in a different way; Mrs. Simpson regretting that poor Janet should have forfeited her integrity, while Bridget was casting about in her mind how she should be able to bring the guilt home to the delinquent; that is to say, in what manner she should make the old woman confess the fact.

"I shall be truly sorry," cried Mrs. Simpson, "if poor Janet has done such a thing."

"O, ma'am!" cried Bridget, "the more I think of it, the less doubt I have upon the subject."

The old lady was again silent; for she was still considering if there were no other possible way in which the apple might have gone. At length she said, "Bridget, did not Mrs. Robinson send her maid here yesterday afternoon to inquire after my health? Now, the truth is, I do not like the young woman; and though I would not mention such a circumstance, out of delicacy to my friend, yet I do not think it impossible but that she might have taken the apple."

"I never once thought of her," cried Bridget; "but, in my opinion, she is about the most likely of all we have guessed at to be the one who has taken the apple; for I never saw that girl, in doors or out of doors, but she was munching something. She seems to be one of those greedy people who are continually eating—her pockets are always filled with nuts, apples, or gingerbread. Now, it being almost dusk when she came yesterday, she might not be aware that the apple she saw was the last on the tree, and that we should immediately miss it. Unluckily, it hung so low, that no one could pass without perceiving it, which was the reason, ma'am, that I wished you to gather it before. So, as I say, you may depend upon it, the greedy creature could not refrain from plucking it, and a most barefaced piece of impudence it was; and though it does not become me to differ from you in opinion, ma'am, yet I do think you are over-scrupulous in not liking to mention the cir-

cumstance; for a hussy who could not deliver a message without stealing something by the way, ought to be exposed. Indeed, it is but common justice that her mistress should be made acquainted with the character she has to deal with; for the more I consider the matter, the more convinced I feel that the girl is quite equal to such an act, and very little scruple should I have in telling her so."

Which words were scarcely out of Bridget's mouth, ere the subject of them made her appearance. The lady and her confidant exchanged looks, as a well-known saying recurred to the mind of each.

Susan curtsied: she had now brought an invitation from her mistress, and also a request for a book that she had forgotten to ask for the evening before; and while Mrs. Simpson went herself to bring the volume, Bridget was considering in what way she should attack Susan upon the subject of the apple; for, notwithstanding her declaration that she should like to tell her of it, she found it rather an awkward affair to directly accuse the young woman of being a thief. But she was spared further deliberation by Susan's leading at once to the subject, exclaiming, as she cast her eyes towards the window, "Why, gracious me! Mrs. Bridget, all your beautiful apples are gone!"

"Yes," replied Bridget, "they are indeed;" laying a peculiar emphasis on the last word. "Every one," continued she; "and the last apple went in a very remarkable manner;" and Bridget fixed her eyes on the young woman. Susan bore the scrutiny without flinching; but whether from innocence or consummate effrontery, was hard to determine. The housekeeper concluded the latter; but the girl's assurance, though it appeared to add to her guilt, rendered it the more intimidating and difficult to bring her to a confession; when Bridget bethought her of putting a home question, which she imagined must let in some light upon the affair.

"Pray, Susan," said she, "did you ever taste our apples?"

"No, ma'am," replied Susan, and she certainly did blush as she spoke. At

this critical moment, however, Mrs. Simpson re-entered the room with the book, with which, and compliments and inquiries after the lady's health, Susan was despatched on her return. To have lost such an opportunity was not easily got over by Mrs. Bridget.

"Never was anything half so unlucky, ma'am, as your coming in at the instant you did. I was just getting at the truth in the cleverest way imaginable. I merely said, quite coolly, 'Pray, Susan, did you ever taste our apples?' and I only wish, ma'am, that you had seen her countenance when I put the question. You would then feel as convinced as I do that she was the person who took the apple; and if I had not brought her to a confession, the apple is not gone — that's all."

"I am not sorry, however," replied Mrs. Simpson, "that matters did not go so far. It would have been very awkward to have accused the young woman of such a thing without proof; and you know, Bridget, that circumstances have appeared very strong against every person whom we have thought of, so that we cannot say positively who it was; and I really think, after all, we must let the matter drop."

Now, according to law, persons suspected are considered innocent till their guilt is proved; but Bridget's zeal outstripped her charity, and, far from being puzzled by a circumstance which would have perplexed most people, namely, that among all those accused, only one could have taken the apple, she rather concluded them all guilty till the real culprit was found; and, accordingly, felt very indignant at hearing her mistress talk of letting the matter drop, which, however, in her own mind, she resolved it should not do — not one of the suspected should entirely escape a more rigid scrutiny. Some she resolved openly to accuse, while to others she planned to throw out such broad hints as could not fail to make them understand her meaning; and still, as she canvassed the affair in her imagination, more were added to her list of suspected persons. A family living next door were now brought in: to be sure they were kind neighbors, and of

the highest respectability; but then they had a family of children, and the children had got visitors, and these visitors were schoolboys, who, it is well known, are equal to any pranks in the way of fruit-stealing. This family, therefore, Bridget determined should know a little of her mind upon the subject: but this she kept to herself, aware that her lady would not be willing to risk anything that would be likely to make a difference between herself and her neighbors; so, for the present, the subject was suffered to rest. Except that when Bridget read the newspaper to her lady, she did not fail, in commenting upon the crimes which filled its pages, to dilate upon the mischief ensuing from suffering small offences to go unpunished. The lady bore all these half-reproaches patiently. The circumstance which had occurred still grated on her mind; but the matter had been discussed so warmly, as to threaten unpleasant consequences, arising from some difference of opinion between the lady and her confidential servant. Thus the subject, though occupying the mind of both, was, for the remainder of the day, not mentioned by either.

On the following morning, however, Bridget, having been out on some particular business, entered the parlor with a hasty step, and a countenance glowing with triumph and satisfaction, and began with, "Well, ma'am, thanks to stirring pretty briskly in the matter, I have at last found out the real thief; ay, ay, let me alone; I generally know how to go to work in such affairs; and now, ma'am, I hope in future you will take what I say a little into consideration. For I repeat, that it is a shocking thing, and a public injury, to suffer thieves to escape with impunity, though it may be only an apple they have stolen."

"But, Bridget," said the lady——

Bridget's impatience bore down all interruption. "I declare, ma'am," exclaimed she, "it is enough to try the temper of a saint to hear you with your buts and ifs, when I say that I have got positive proof of the person who took the apple, though I have not yet seen or brought him to confession."

"And where," said Mrs. Simpson,

"did you or could you get your positive proofs?"

"You shall hear, ma'am," replied Bridget, unpinning her shawl, and seating herself in regular, comfortable form, to begin her story——"you shall——"

"And you shall see, Bridget," said Mrs. Simpson, at the same time taking up the identical apple, the subject of so much debate, suspicion, and false accusation, and which, though it had lain on the table before her eyes, Bridget had been too much occupied to observe.

It is not too much to say that the most terrific apparition would hardly have had a greater effect on Mrs. Bridget, who was, to use a vulgar but appropriate expression, completely "dumbfounded." When she had somewhat recovered the first shock, for we cannot give it any other term, she endeavored to doubt the fact, alleging it to be an actual impossibility; but the apple bore a mark, a very remarkable one——a little dint, with a bird-peck on the side of it——which had been too often noticed by both mistress and maid to allow of any doubt. Indeed, it seemed like one of those lucky marks which, time out of mind, have served to identify lost children.

In answer to Bridget's looks of wondering curiosity, the old lady went on to relate the circumstance of finding the apple, which was simply this. In taking her customary walk round the garden, by that sort of natural disposition which frequently prompts one to seek, even when all hopes of finding are over, Mrs. Simpson, on reaching the apple-tree, cast a look towards the bereaved branch, and from thence to the ground, where, immediately underneath, but nearly concealed by the box-border beneath which it lay, was the lost apple. "How it happened," said Mrs. Simpson, "that we missed finding it yesterday, is more than I can imagine; but so it was."

Bridget sighed, wondered, and once more examined the apple, to see if she could find a flaw in the evidence; but it was not to be done: the only flaw was in the apple, which had been most cruelly tunnelled and honeycombed by the insects.

"Ah, Bridget," said the old lady,

"how many innocent people have we accused, and never once suspected the real depredators — the slugs and snails! I hope, for the future, we shall know better: indeed, it is a true saying, that 'the loser is often the greatest sinner.' I am very glad, however, that we went no further than talking the matter over between ourselves, as it might otherwise have led to unpleasant consequences."

Bridget's conscience in this respect was not quite so clear as that of her mistress; but she was thoroughly humbled, and we trust she received a *beneficial lesson*.

VISIT TO THE CRYPT OF THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT AT MALTA.

BY A LADY.

"WILL you go on, or are you afraid?" These words were addressed to me by an old monk, as we stood together on the last step of the stair leading down to certain mysterious vaults which exist under the Capuchin convent of Malta. The monk was very decrepit, very ghastly — indeed I may say, decidedly unearthly-looking — the voice was sepulchral, and the question not one to be answered without serious consideration; for he held in his hand (and the hand was uncommonly like that of a skeleton) a great key which was destined to open the ponderous iron door of a very singular charnel-house. This convent is one of the very few, in fact, I believe the only one of importance, now extant, excepting that of Palermo, where the monks still retain the custom of preserving their dead unburied, and are yet in possession of the method by which they can keep the corpses of their brethren entire, with all the appearance of life, for as long a period as they choose. The secret of the process by which the order of the Capuchins have thus learnt to cheat the grave of its lawful prey is not exactly known; I believe it is some sort of baking or boiling. They have always the number of forty carefully preserved; and when a death occurs in the monastery, the most ancient among the dead bodies makes way for the new-com-

er, and is buried. I had been told that the spectacle of these forty monks, so long departed from existence, yet still unshrouded and uncoffined, was most curious, although sufficiently appalling to render it less frequently visited than it would doubtless have otherwise been. For myself, however, it had been my lot, in my various wanderings, to see death in so many different shapes, that I could hardly shrink from any new aspect under which it might present itself, and I had therefore advanced thus far on my way to visit them. Still I must own I was a long time of answering the pointed question of my companion: to tell the truth, there was something in his own appearance and manner which awed me considerably; and I could not help wondering what the dead monks must be, if their living brother had so little the semblance of humanity. There was a dulness in his sunken eye, a solemn expression on his livid face, half hid by the huge cowl, and something so mechanical in his every movement, that it was scarce possible not to fancy the soul itself was wanting. These were the first words he had uttered since he had suddenly appeared at my side, in obedience to the call of the superior; and now having spoken, he closed his withered lips again, as though these hollow tones were to issue from them no more, and stood motionless till I mustered up courage to pronounce an emphatic "Vado" (I go), when he instantly stalked silently along the dark, narrow passage, and unlocked the massive portal of the chamber, whose silent inhabitants I was about to visit. The door rolled back heavily on its hinges; the ghostly monk stood back to let me pass; and as I crossed the threshold, I heard him close it behind me with a noise which echoed, as it seemed to me most ominously, from vault to vault.

I found myself in a large hall, constructed entirely of the white Maltese stone, the roof rising in the shape of a dome. It was lighted only from the top, so that although every object was perfectly distinct, the day could only penetrate within it, tempered by a kind of twilight shade. The very first breath I drew in

this dead-house, made me gasp and shiver. It was not precisely cold; but there was a chill, and an undescribable heaviness on the air, which caused a most unpleasant sensation. It was some minutes before this feeling could be shaken off; at last I determined boldly to raise my eyes and look around. For a moment I could have fancied we had mistaken our way, and returned to that part of the vast convent which was inhabited by the living, the scene was so very similar to that I had just witnessed in the chapel above, where the vesper service was being performed. Standing upright, in niches cut in the wall, the forty monks were ranged round the room, twenty on either side of me, clothed in the complete costume of their order. At a superficial glance, they seemed all engaged in prayer; and very still and quiet they were, with their heads, from which the dark cowl was thrown back, bent slightly over their clasped hands. Alongside of each one was an inscription, giving his name, and the date of his death; and it really required some such announcement to bring to my mind the full conviction, that it was indeed on lifeless corpses I was gazing; for, except that all had the same uniform hue of dull, ghastly yellow, and the same fixity in the position of the eyes, there was nothing in their outward appearance to indicate that they had not, each one of them, a living, throbbing heart within his bosom. The flesh was firm, the limbs retained their shape, the lips their color; the very eye-lashes and nails were perfectly preserved; and the eyes themselves, though fixed, as I have said, did not look dead or rayless. It was a frightful mockery of life, because so frightfully real. I could see no difference between those mummies and their death-like brethren up stairs; whose long confinement in the cloister, and strict adherence to the most severe of the monastic rules, have wasted their bodies, quenched the fire of their eyes, and banished all expression from their faces. But when I went nearer, in order to examine them regularly one by one, I saw that the Capuchins, who have thus the secret of triumphing over corruption,

and, outwardly at least, would seem to set even death at defiance, had altogether failed in one most important point. They had preserved the bodies from decay; they had clothed them in the garments they were wont to wear; they had marvellously banished the likeness of death; the skin, the hair, the hands, were as those of living beings; but, with all their art, they had been powerless to efface from the countenance of each one of these dead men the seal which the soul had stamped thereon as it departed. All the faces wore the expression with which they had died; different according to their various temperament, but fixed, immutable, unchangeably eloquent of the exact frame of mind in which they had separately met that awful hour. It even seemed as though, in this expressive look (the last trace of spirit petrified, as it were, on the dead face), might be read not only the record of their dying moments, but also the history of their past lives; showing how the good man, humble and sincere, had departed in peace; and how the disappointed, ambitious soul had clung to a life which years of asceticism had vainly sought to render odious. It is sufficient, however, to look only once in their faces, to lose instantaneously the effect of the delusion, which is so striking at a first glance. The imitation of life, cunning as it is, fails altogether before this palpable evidence of their having undergone the last dread trial.

The body nearest me, which was that of an old man, had a countenance which would have told its tale clearly to the most careless observer. I felt, as I gazed on his serene and placid face, that death had been to him a glad release: he had waited, he had wished for it; and when it came, he had resigned himself to its power, as a child sinks to sleep on its mother's breast. The strong lines round the shrivelled lips, the deeply furrowed brow, the hollow eye, all told of a weary conflict past — of tears which had been very bitter, of that long struggle with sorrow which can make existence a load most gladly laid aside. But there was a sublimity of repose upon that old man's face which life could never have

known. And the next! I wish I could forget the awful face of the next in order; but I know I never shall: the expression of that countenance will never cease to haunt me! The fierce scowl on the forehead, the eyes starting from their sockets, the lips convulsively drawn back, so as to show the sharp, white teeth firmly clenched, all told an unwillingness to die — an utter dread of dissolution, which it is frightful to think of! Here were, indeed, again the traces of a conflict, but a conflict with death itself. It was easy to see how madly, how wildly he had struggled to retain his hold on life; and when that life escaped, it had written on his face the record of that last hour as one of most intense despair. Assuredly this man must have been a slave to the memory of some great crime, which made him so very a coward in presence of his invincible foe; or else — for he seemed too young for that — he may have had one of those morbid, restless spirits of inquiry which ever drove him to the burial-places, that he might rifle the secrets of the grave, to learn the details of the universal doom, till he was seized with a frantic horror for the individual corruption which awaited himself, such as I have known men of imaginative minds to feel. Anyway, it was a fearful face. He had fought with the King of terrors, and been subdued, but the struggle had been a dire one; and what rendered this yet more striking, was the mock resignation with which the hands had been folded together after death. I was glad to pass on, though it was to look on a corpse which could only inspire disgust; it was so evident that this one had died even as the beasts that perish. His heavy features were full of sottish indifference: he could not have foreseen that his hour was come; or, if he did, his must have been one of those narrow, grovelling minds, too completely filled with the daily occurrences of life to wake up and look beyond it, and question eternity. Next to him was one who had expired in extreme suffering from some terrible disease: his face told of nothing save bodily pain; but so expressive was it of this, that it was scarce possible not to believe that he was even

then in great agony. Again — I could have looked forever on the face of him who stood next in the line. Where the expression on the face of the dead is beautiful, it must be infinitely more so than it ever can be while living; and in the still eyes of this corpse, in the sweet smile that brightened even that livid mouth, there was a fervor of hope and faith not to be mistaken. He was very young, and had probably been cut off in the first enthusiasm of his vocation, ere time or the imperishable craving for human sympathy, had quenched the ardent religious fervor, which is so sincerely felt by many young novices on their first profession. I was very glad he died when he did, it was so glorious a look of triumph! Strange to say, the most unmeaning of all these faces was that of a man who had been murdered: there was a mere vacant stare of surprise in his wide, glaring eyes. The spirit seemed to have been so suddenly expelled from her mortal tenement, that she had left no trace of her passage forth. Near to this ghastly corpse stood a young man, who appeared to have fallen gently asleep, with that expression of utter weariness which is the very stamp of a broken heart.

When I had gone round about half the room, and had minutely examined the features of some twenty of this ghostly company, I was seized with a very strange hallucination. On entering into the presence of these forty monks, I had been fully aware, of course, that they were all dead, and I alone was living; and now I was equally conscious that there was some vast difference between the present state of my grisly hosts and my own; only, after I had gone from one to another, ever meeting the gaze of their meaning eyes, and gathering such volumes of eloquence from their still lips, I could almost have believed that they were all living, and I myself dead, or in a dream! It was quite time to hold some communication with the living when assailed by such fancies as these; and I turned to look for my guide, with a strong desire to enter into conversation with him. I looked round and round in vain. I counted forty-one

monks, therefore the living man must be amongst them; but the exact similarity of dress, and the motionless attitude with which he had installed himself between two of his lifeless companions, made it no easy matter to distinguish him. When I did find him out, the question with which I addressed him would have been considered passably unfeeling in more polite society; it was, if he himself would one day take his place in this strange sepulchre? "Assuredly!" he answered, with more vivacity than he had yet displayed; "and this one must make way for me," he continued with a grim smile of satisfaction, at the same time dealing a light blow with his bunch of keys on the shoulder of one of the corpses, which caused the bones to rattle with a sound so horrible, that I flew to the door, and begged him to open it, that I might escape from this dreadful room. I had had quite enough of the society, certainly not enlivening, of the Capuchins, both living and dead: indeed, on the whole, I rather give the preference to the latter, for we claim no kindred with the dead; whereas, it must always be painful to come in contact with a fellow-creature so devoid of human feeling as this old man seemed to be. He afterwards conducted me through the whole of the convent, at least of that part of it to which strangers are admitted. It is very extensive, but principally remarkable from the strange sight I had witnessed. As this order is one of the most rigorous, the brotherhood is composed, for the most part, of men who have committed some crime, and flown thither for refuge from the vengeance of the law, or the yet sterner justice of their own conscience. Judging from the countenances of those I saw, I should say they had sought all mental rest in vain; but so indeed it must have been. It was scarcely possible that the quiet of the cloister should have any effect on them; for it is starting on a false principle to suppose that a man can ever escape from his own deed, be it what it may, good or bad. As soon as he has committed it, he has given it an existence, an individuality which he can never again destroy: it becomes independent of him, and goes out into the world to

deal its influence in widening circles far beyond his ken.

LITERARY IMPOSITIONS.

THE Count Mariano Alberti sold to a bookseller at Ancona several unedited manuscripts of Tasso, some of which he interpolated, and others forged. In 1827, he declared himself in possession of two till then unknown poems in Tasso's handwriting; afterwards he produced four other autographs; and then a volume containing thirty-seven poems, which he offered for sale to the Duke of Tuscany, whose agents, however, declared them to be spurious and modern. He then produced a file of Tasso's letters, which were regarded as genuine; till, in 1841, when, on his property being sequestered, the whole affair proved a tissue of almost unexampled forgery.

The literary world is now very generally of the belief that that very beautiful poem, John Chalkhill's *Thealma and Clearchus*, first published by Isaac Walton (1683), was actually the production of that honest angler.

The copies of the "*English Mercurie*" (regarded as the earliest English newspaper) in the British Museum, have been discovered to be forgeries, and Chatterton is supposed to have been concerned in their fabrication.

At least a hundred volumes or pamphlets, besides innumerable essays and letters in magazines or newspapers, have been written with a view to dispel the mystery in which for eighty years the authorship of Junius's Letters has been involved. These political letters, so remarkable for the combination of keen severity with a polished and brilliant style, were contributed to the "*Public Advertiser*," during three years, under the signature of Junius, the actual name of the writer being a secret even to the publisher of that paper. They have been fathered upon Earl Temple, Lord Sackville, Sir Philip Francis, and fifty other distinguished characters. At present, an attempt is again being made to prove them the productions of Mr. Lauchlan Maclean; but we need scarcely

wish for anything like a positive or convincing result.

Some time before his death, Voltaire showed a perfect indifference for his own works: they were continually reprinting, without his being ever acquainted with it. If an edition of the "Henriade," or his tragedies, or his historical or fugitive pieces, was nearly sold off, another was instantly produced. He requested them not to print so many. They persisted, and reprinted them in a hurry without consulting him; and, what is almost incredible, yet true, they printed a magnificent quarto edition at Geneva, without his seeing a single page; in which they inserted a number of pieces not written by him, the real authors of which were well known. His remark upon this occasion is very striking — "I look upon myself as a dead man, whose effects are upon sale." The mayor of Lausanne having established a press, published in that town an edition called complete, with the word London on the title-page, containing a great number of dull and contemptible little pieces in prose and verse, transplanted from the works of Madame Oudot, the "Almanacs of the Muses," the "Portfolio Recovered," and other literary trash, of which the twenty-third volume contains the greatest abundance. Yet the editors had the effrontery to proclaim on the title-page that the book was wholly revised and corrected by the author, who had not seen a single page of it. In Holland some forgeries were printed as the "Private Letters" of Voltaire, which induced him to parody an old epigram: —

Lo! then exposed to public sight,
My private letters see the light;
So private, that none ever read 'em,
Save they who printed, and who made 'em.

Stevens says, that "not the smallest part of the work called Cibber's "Lives of the Poets" was the composition of Cibber, being entirely written by Mr. Shiells, amanuensis to Dr. Johnson, when his dictionary was preparing for the press. T. Cibber was in the King's Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the booksellers for leave to prefix his name to the work; and it was purposely so prefixed, as to leave the reader in doubt whether

himself or his father was the person designed."

William Henry Ireland, having exercised his ingenuity with some success in the imitation of ancient writing, passed off some forged papers as the genuine manuscripts of Shakspeare. Some of the many persons who were deceived by the imposition, subscribed sums of money to defray the publication of these spurious documents, which were accordingly issued in a handsome folio volume. But when Ireland's play of "Vortigern" was performed at Drury Lane as the work of Shakspeare, the audience quickly discerned the cheat; and soon afterwards the clever impostor published his "Confessions," acknowledging himself to be the sole author and writer of these ancient-looking manuscripts.

Poor young Chatterton's forgery of the poems of Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, is one of the most celebrated literary impositions on record. Horace Walpole, in a letter written in 1777, says, "Change the old words for modern, and the whole construction is of yesterday; but I have no objection to anybody believing what he pleases. I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius."

In all probability the exact nature of Macpherson's connection with what are called "Ossian's Poems," will never be known. Although snatches of these poems, and of others like them, are *proved* to have existed from old times in the Highlands, there is no proof that the whole existed. Macpherson left what he called the original Gaelic poems to be published after his death; "but," says Mr. Carruthers, "they prove to be an exact counterpart of those in English, although, in one of the earlier Ossian publications, he had acknowledged taking liberties in the translation. Nothing more seems to be necessary to settle that the book must be regarded as to some unknown extent a modern production, founded upon, and imitative of, certain ancient poems; and this seems to be nearly the decision at which the judgment of the unprejudiced public has arrived."

A species of literary imposition has become common latterly, namely, plac-

ing the name of some distinguished man on the title-page as editor of a work, the author of which is not mentioned, because obscure. This system, done with a view to allure buyers, is unjust towards the concealed author, if the work really merit the support of an eminent editor, for it is denying a man the fair fame that he ought to receive; and if the work be bad, the public is cheated by the distinguished name put forth as editor and guarantee of its merits. Still, however, the tardiness of the people themselves in encouraging new and unknown writers of merit, is the reason why publishers resort to this trick to insure a sale and profit.

Several ingenious deceptions have been played off upon geologists and antiquaries. Some youths, desirous of amusing themselves at the expense of Father Kircher, engraved several fantastic figures upon a stone, which they afterwards buried in a place where a house was about to be built. The workmen having picked up the stone while digging the foundation, handed it over to the learned Kircher, who was quite delighted with it, and bestowed much labor and research in explaining the meaning of the extraordinary figures upon it. The success of this trick induced a young man at Wurzburg, of the name of Rodrick, to practice a more serious deception upon Professor Berenger, at the commencement of the last century. Rodrick cut a great number of stones into the shape of different kinds of animals and monstrous forms, such as bats with the heads and wings of butterflies, flying frogs and crabs, with Hebrew characters here and there discernible about the surface. These fabrications were gladly purchased by the professor, who encouraged the search for more. A new supply was accordingly prepared, and boys were employed to take them to the professor, pretending that they had just found them near the village of Eibelstadt, and charging him dearly for the time which they alleged they had employed in collecting them. Having expressed a desire to visit the place where these wonders had been found, the boys conducted him to a locality where they had previously buried a

number of specimens. At last, when he had formed an ample collection, he published a folio volume, containing twenty-eight plates, with a Latin text explanatory of them, dedicating the volume to the Prince-Bishop of Wurzburg. The opinions expressed in this book, and the strange manner in which they are defended, render it a curious evidence of the extravagant credulity and folly of its author, who meant to follow it up with other publications; but being apprized by M. Deckard, a brother professor, of the hoax that had been practised, the deluded author became most anxious to recall his work. It is therefore very rare, being only met with in the libraries of the curious; and the copies which the publisher sold after the author's death, have a new title-page in lieu of the absurd allegorical one which originally belonged to them.

THOUGHTS ON COURTSHIP.

"THERE is a brief period of romance in the life of every man and woman; it is the time when those attachments are formed which usually lead to the permanent union of kindred hearts. Sweet flower-time of our life's year! Dull, indeed, and sordid would existence be, if this season were left out — a year without a May? Yes, summer may bring its hay, and autumn its sheaves, and our well-spent prime and middle-age may leave not only ample stores for a dignified elderhood, but, what is of far more value, the self-satisfied reflections which await those who can look back on an active and useful life; but yet, if this brief time of blossom were to be omitted, an important element would be wanting in our recollections; life would appear as if spent in vain; and it is questionable if our latter days would, in that event, be so happy."

Pretty well so far; a romance, forsooth! Such a May in our life's year as Mays usually are with us, compared with the Mays of the poets. A good deal of the east wind to temper it. One thing I know, that when I made up acquaintance with Georgina, it was one

scene of torment from beginning to end. In the first place, nearly all her friends disliked me. My mother was jealous of a daughter-in-law — what mother ever was not? — Georgina herself had an old unsettled balance of attachment to her father's chief clerk, who had been sent out of the way; so even her inclinations to the match were a matter of some doubt. What worryings there were from all these things together! The only smooth point was her father's favor for me, which my mother always said was from a regard to my family and fortune. Such was *my* time of blossom!

"It is not that the season of courtship is merely a pleasant time, which furnishes agreeable food for the memory afterwards, although this we conceive to be one of its most important characters; it appears in a higher light, when we consider the effect which it usually produces on the human character. For that time, at least, common worldly views are lost sight of, and a generous devotion to the interests of another is substituted for our usual selfishness. It is in the moral effects of the tender passion that we may most fully appreciate the interesting place which it takes in the great scheme of things."

I must keep all about settlements in the back-ground of course. Neither is a word to be said of inquiries into how much the lady has, or of her claims in the matter of pin-money!

"In that period of youthful passion, how delightful those moments when the parties are privileged to be alone — forgetting all the world, or rather all the world to each other! Then it is that the banks of the limpid rivulet have their attractions, particularly when the golden sun has just given place to that tenderer luminary which, time out of mind, has been associated with the thoughts of lovers. The dew is on the grass; the nightingale makes vocal the neighboring grove. A silver radiance is spread over the face of nature, and all ordinary sounds are hushed. What heartfelt rapture is it, then, for the youthful pair to wander along, unseen of all but each other — no word spoken; such communion of soul requiring no words; only

looks, and gentle sighs, and throbbing hearts, making up the conversation. O, bliss beyond compare — too exquisite to last! And well it is so; for were it otherwise, man would make of earth his all-sufficient heaven!"

This will do, I think, for the young ladies. I may only remark, that a parlor and a couple of candles more frequently form the scenery of such little dramas — even lovers being wise enough to know that a damp evening, by a water-side, is apt to lead to that morbid affection which usually demonstrates itself by a running of the nose. Troublesome work it often is, especially where the house is not remarkable for spare apartments. Always there is some inconsiderate school-girl sister, who *will* insist upon coming in to do her practisings on the piano: or else a little wag of a brother, who can't be frightened from playing off tricks upon you — such as tapping at the door, and running off with a great laugh, or sending in the servant with scuttle and broom to mend the fire, when it is quite unnecessary. Only once, taking an afternoon walk with Georgina, we sauntered into a path by a river-side; but we were soon brought to a stand by a farmer, who told us, in no very gentle terms, that we were trespassing, and ordered us back. Poets who would wander by

Shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals,

do not usually reflect that river-sides are property, and that intruders are liable to be "prosecuted with the utmost rigor of law." Once more, however, to the breach.

"The happiest courtship, like the most beautiful day, must come to a close. But there is a time which is neither courtship nor matrimony, but something intervening, and which may be said to partake of the different kinds of happiness appropriate to both. Then, reposing upon the sweet consent which he has gained, the lover feels that any anxieties which he lately underwent are more than repaid. Fear he has dismissed; he smiles at the thought of a rival; he now knows that this sweet angel, who walks so lovingly in his arm, is she with whom he is

to spend the rest of his days. The interest formerly felt in her is now, therefore, infinitely deeper and more tender. Mysterious affinity of souls—wonderful are the gushes of happiness which flow from it! It is a pleasant duty of that time to make the acquaintance of each other's relations and dearest friends. All are so happy to see their new associate. It seems like doubling all the enjoyments derivable from social life at once. Most agreeable, too, is it to select and establish that home where the pair is to commence their wedded existence. Two minds are concerned in the case, with all their various tastes and likings; but the discussion of particulars is only a source of pleasure for the occasion it gives to consenting. The lover rejoices in the traits of sense, forethought, and economy which he sees in his adorable; she equally glows at the marks of a conceding and obliging disposition which she finds in him. The first glimpses they thus get of each other in a domestic capacity are truly delightful, perhaps more so than any other circumstance in the whole chronicle of their loves. Such recollections dwell on the memory through all subsequent events. At length the long-looked-for day arrives; and amidst the flutter, the brilliancy, the mingled tears and smiles of a bridal party, closes this one brief unrepeatable chapter of human existence—*COURTSHIP.*"

There, now—that will do. The reality of the case most people will be able to supply for themselves. Assurance against rivals!—more likely the poor youth has some faint notion that the young lady's mamma has "managed" him into it! Friends, too. Gracious powers, save me from the friends!—all criticising you in every point; many disapproving. Your adorable's grandmother quite disappointed in her choice: she again finding her designed mother-in-law either candidly cold or forcedly agreeable. When were friends ever a source of happiness at a marriage? Then those odious visits to Mr. Trotter's, to choose beds and basin-stands. O, upholstery! why hast thou so much to do with young love? The Paphian bower

was surely not formed of mahogany trees. Such a debating about drawing-room curtains and tables. Such a worrying as to that expensive pier-glass. The lady's mother and sisters all against you too. The first glimpse of her in a domestic character indeed! Well is it for you, my friend, if, with one thing and another, you are not worried out of your senses long before your wedding-day.

A PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.

Good is extinguished when it is rewarded. Even praise to a living philanthropist is to be deprecated. Yet it seems necessary, on other considerations, that publicity should be given to the proceedings of the now not unknown Thomas Wright of Manchester, who has attracted the attention of official persons connected with the jail of that town, by his unostentatious zeal in behalf of liberated culprits. A local paper describes him as a gray-haired man of sixty, the overseer of a foundry, and an elder in a dissenting congregation; a man, therefore, of humble grade and means, and yet a perfect hero of charity. It is Mr. Wright's custom to attend in the prison of Manchester every Sunday evening to perform religious services with the inmates, and exhort them to reformation. He thus becomes acquainted with particular characters among them; and when their term of imprisonment expires, he endeavors, for such as he has a good opinion of, to obtain a restoration to society and to employment. The importance of this service to a penitent malefactor is of the highest consideration, as his greatest difficulty always is to re-establish that confidence, without which employment is not to be expected; nor is its importance less to society, seeing that, for want of a ready access to a remunerative labor, many penitents are forced back upon their former courses. During the last five years, Mr. Wright has got no fewer than seventy liberated prisoners into employment, and reconciled twenty to their friends; out of which united numbers only four have relapsed into error, and of these one is

again reclaimed. What is also very striking, one of the restored men uses the means and influence he himself now possesses to befriend others on their liberation from prison, and actually has obtained employment for several of these unhappy beings — charity thus, as it were, reproducing charity. Altogether, these doings of a single right-hearted man, in the midst of a form of society which tends to make everything professional, and a source of gain, are most wonderful; and we feel bound to say, that we have seldom heard of a philanthropist at once exhibiting such enlarged views, and reducing them to so happy and useful a practice, as Thomas Wright.

MORAL COURAGE.

[From an American Newspaper.]

HAVE the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

HAVE the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it.

HAVE the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

HAVE the courage to speak to a poor friend in a threadbare coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many take it to be, and the act is worthy a king.

HAVE the courage to set down every penny you spend, and add it up weekly.

HAVE the courage to tell a dramatic author that his piece is unfit for presentation to a manager, when your opinion is asked concerning it.

HAVE the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact from the minds of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one.

HAVE the courage to adhere to a first resolution when you cannot change it for a better, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour upon conviction.

HAVE the courage to make a will, and, what is more, a *just* one.

HAVE the courage to face a difficulty,

lest it kick you harder than you bargain for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance.

HAVE the courage to leave a convivial party at a proper hour for so doing, however great the sacrifice; and to stay away from one, upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go.

HAVE the courage to dance with ugly people, if you dance at all; and to decline dancing, if you dislike the performance, or cannot accomplish it to your satisfaction.

HAVE the courage to say you hate the Polka, and prefer an English song to an Italian "piece of music," [if such be really your taste.]

HAVE the courage to shut your eyes on the prospect of large profits, and to be content with small ones.

HAVE the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money; he will respect you more than if you tell him you can't.

HAVE the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you possess, when he convinces you that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities" — not his vices.

HAVE the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

HAVE the courage to thrust your legs down between the sheets in cold weather; and to shave every day before breakfast.

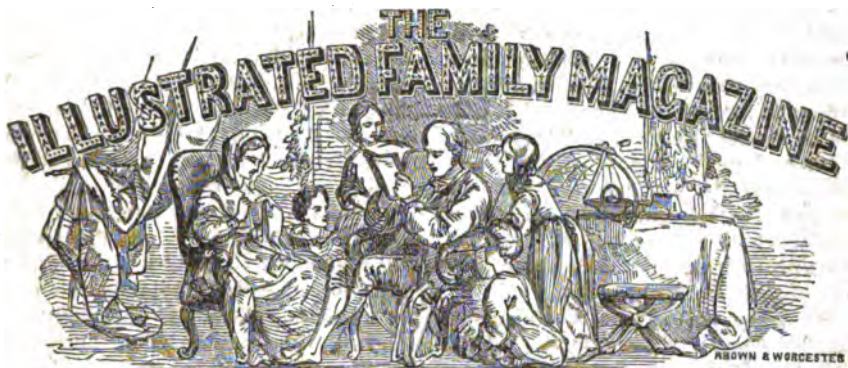
HAVE the courage to pass the bottle without filling your glass, when you have reasons for so doing; and to laugh at those who urge you to the contrary.

HAVE the courage to wear thick boots in winter, and to insist upon your wife and daughters doing the like.

HAVE the courage to review your own conduct; to condemn it where you detect faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them.

HAVE the courage to decline playing at cards for money, when "money is an object," or to cease playing, when your losses amount to as much as you can afford to lose.

HAVE the courage to prefer propriety to fashion — one is but the abuse of the other.



VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1846.

NO. II.

THE TWO PASSPORTS.

FROM THE DRIFTINGS AND DREAMINGS OF
GEORGE HOBDETHWAITE SNOOBY.

IN the autumn of 1830, being engaged in a tour of the Rhenish provinces, I arrived one evening about dusk at the small town of Bergheim, some half-way between Aix la Chapelle and the fragrant city of Cologne. Bergheim has a quiet comfortable inn, at which Michel, my *voiturier*, (who was absolute in these matters), had ordained that I should stop for the night; nor did I feel any disposition to quarrel with the arrangement, when Herr Hons, the landlord, all civility and broken English, ushered me into his snug *Speisesaal*, where, instead of the dull, uncompanionable German stove I expected to find, a bright and crackling wood-fire blazed merrily on the hearth. I was glad, moreover, not to find myself the sole occupant of the *saal*, for after all, it may be doubted whether the chief pleasure of travel be not to see travellers; and I will confess for my own part, that — without disparagement either of snowy Alps or cindery volcanoes, of a Strasburg cathedral or of a Basilica vaticana, of Florence galleries or of Roman ruins — to me the *people* of any country (with one sole exception) rank by no means among its least interesting features. My exception is Switzerland, where, between the glorious earth and the inglorious race that possesses it, the extremes of grandeur and littleness are

brought into too painful juxtaposition and contrast. Nothing can stand higher in the scale of nature than Switzerland — nothing in that of manhood lower than the Swiss.

In the *Speisesaal*, then, at Bergheim, it was my fortune to light upon two goodly tomes (if I may so phrase it) of "the proper study of mankind:" they were moreover, to give the *coup de grace* to my metaphor, controversial, and on opposite sides of the question as well as of the fire. In other words, there sat, installed each in his chimney-corner, and armed; the one with a cigar, the other with a mighty pendulous pipe — two "dim smokified men," plainly Germans both, though widely dissimilar specimens of that very heterogeneous and multiform variety of human kind, engaged when I entered, in a conversation (or to name it in their own way, a 'twixt speaking) the more vivacious for the considerable discrepancy manifest in the sentiments of the speakers. The cigarist was a pale, slight, voluble creature, under-sized and yet stooping, long-armed, round shouldered, narrow-chested, using a great deal of gesticulation as he talked, and by a particular uniform drawing-out of the right arm, and a remarkable flourish or rather twitch of the right hand, (the left being comparatively at rest), as well as by a look, not easily defined, of inefficiency and dubious fidget about the lower extremities, as if they

were not in their accustomed position giving you assurance of a tailor as unequivocally as if he had chosen to sit on the table instead of *at* it; while his sharp intonation, round-about fluency, mincing utterance, occasional lapses into a Low-Dutch dialect, frequent exclamations of "*guter Yott!*" and continued interchanging of the pronouns *mir* and *mich*, *Sie* and *Ihnen*, certified you with equal infallibility of a Prussian, and truly no Rhenish Prussian, but a genuine nursing of royal Berlin herself.

He of the meerschaum was a man of another stamp; tall, and bulky, yet well knit, broad of brow and chest, quiet in manner, earnest but brief in speech, saying in three words what would have cost his opponent three dozen, and now and then, but not often, letting fall a large and somewhat rusty-colored though perfectly clean hand with the *dunt* of a sledge-hammer on the table that stood near him. You would judge him to be a grave man, yet capable of much joviality, straightforward, and hearty, and leal, and who could find his way pretty far down into the wine-stoup, as every German should. By many outward signs, I set him down for a worker in iron, and by his speech, with more certainty, for a Suabian; nor was I mistaken on either point.

On my entering the room, with German courtesy they both ceased smoking, until assured by me, that neither to cigar nor pipe, as long as they were in anybody's mouth but my own, had I the smallest objection; then sitting down in front of the fire, while Herr Hous saw to the due setting-out of supper, I entertained that my presence might not interrupt the conversation in which I had found my companions engaged, adding that I had a sufficient acquaintance with their language to promise myself much interest, and no doubt instruction, in hearing it continued. Accordingly, in five minutes they were battling away as briskly as ever.

"Fixed fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute," were, I found, the pleasant after-dinner topics that occupied this curiously contrasted pair, whose birth-places were not more widely asunder

than their habits or thoughts, and in whose handicrafts, persons, and respective provincialisms of speech there were fewer and less striking dissimilarities than in their views of things in general. The tailor, one could gather, had been a free-thinker of the French school, but now eschewed that as *racoco*, and professed the new and more fashionable German irreligion of pantheism, or Christianity according to Hegel, upon which his tongue ran — I will not say right on, but round about, through all the queer crinkles and Gordian complexities of German sentence-weaving, burthenless of all meaning. The man of iron, on the other hand, was Old-Lutheran to the back-bone and beyond it, and believed and spoke as his fathers had believed and spoken from the sixteenth century downwards; his words bearing much the same proportion, whether for weight or rapidity, to those of his antagonist, that the sledge-hammer, with its measured and mighty downright strokes, may bear to the briskest possible plying of the finest possible needle.

At length, (not to make my preface longer than my story), roused by some reference made in a tone of derision, by the latter, to the doctrine of a particular providence, our Suabian exclaimed, with a vehemence which he had not before displayed — "*Ay!* you take credit to yourself for being hard of faith, and yet can believe the wonderful and mysterious ordering of our steps, of which every reflecting man must be conscious, to be the work of blind haphazard! How often are our best considered and most promising plans thwarted, defeated by some influence which we cannot trace, but which, after the first emotions of irritation and disappointment are passed, we are constrained to acknowledge has wrought for our good, perhaps for our salvation! How often does some trifling circumstance, productive at the moment of its occurrence only of petty annoyance, prove to be the means which a benign and watchful Providence had ordained for our rescue from some impending evil, which we had not so much as dreamed of! I knew a man once who walked in his sleep, and was one night

within five feet of a precipice more than a hundred feet high, when a bat flew in his face and waked him. And you would call that chance! Well, I will hope your error is more of the head than the heart, that you are an obtuse rather than an ungrateful man. You have not experienced in your own life any striking, any startling instance of the working of a power above you, caring for you, taking thought for you, disposing otherwise indeed than you had proposed, but even *thereby* plucking your feet from the trap which the devil, in his cunning, had by your own hands set for them. *I have*. And with the proofs which my own experience has furnished me of the good providence of God, I were deserving to be called, by unbelievers themselves, the unthankfullest of human souls, could I believe, or affect to believe, the disposal of man's ways to be committed to blind haphazard! You shall hear, you shall judge whether it be not as I say: that is, if *mein Herr* here will not be wearied by a story in which I must figure as my own hero."

I assured him that it would be a high gratification to me to hear his story. The tailor put on the face of one who resigned himself to the inevitable, and the Suabian began as follows:

"I am a Wurtemberger by birth, though the greater part of my life has been spent out of my native land, and especially at Hamburg, where I served my apprenticeship under my father's brother, who was likewise my godfather, and gave me his own name, Carolus Eisenkraft, at the font: a kindly Suabian he was, and one, though I say it, that in his own craft, had his match to seek in Hamburg or out of it. I continued to work with him about a year after my time was out; and then, being twenty-one years of age, and wishing to see other countries, and being, indeed, by the rules of our trade obliged to travel for a certain time, and learn the modes of work practised in different cities and lands, before I could be received as a free brother of the craft, and set up in business for myself, I set out from Hamburg, and travelled across East Friesland to the lower Rhine lands, and so took

the course of the river upwards into Switzerland.

"I did not stay long there. Switzerland was then, as now, a country in which little good was to be learned, and much evil. However, I left it with the same true German heart which I had brought into it, hating the French with an honest Suabian hatred, from Bonaparte down to the drum boy. Now this was in the year 1806, which, as you know, was no year of peace for Europe, least of all for our dear German fatherland: and in the journey which I had before me, perils of many kinds, and from many very different quarters, might be anticipated: nevertheless my mind was made up not to lose any more time in Switzerland, for the year was advanced; and I was resolved that the beginning of the winter should see me again in Hamburg. After all, for the workman that combines industry with skill, there is but one Hamburg, just as I am told there is but one Paris for folks that have money, and seek a way to spend it, which, I thank my good destiny, is not my case.

"In my journey southwards I had avoided Wirtemberg, keeping strictly to the course of the Rhine, though I confess that, as I passed the mouth of the Neckar, my heart strayed away up its waters to my Suabian home, and I looked with loving eyes on the soil it had carried down from the green valley of my childhood. Now, however, on my way to the north again, I said, 'I will see the familiar fields and the familiar faces once more: I will take a last leave of the hills and valleys in which my earliest years passed so happily, and of the dear ones that still dwell there.' A last leave—for you will observe, that in Wirtemberg at this time I was liable to be shot as a deserter; not that I had ever taken military service, but just *this* was my crime: I was, as I have told you, one-and-twenty; and at that period, in Wirtemberg, all healthy males of this age, were drawn for soldiers. Such was the conscription-law, which it was death to evade. To enter Wirtemberg as a Wirtemberger, was to subject myself to it, and my first step, did I wish to avoid a

disgraceful death, must have been to present myself to take my chance of being drawn; whereunto I now take shame to myself in saying, my inclinations in no ways leaned. What then was to be done? If I visited my native place, it must be in the character of a stranger: and this was the course on which I resolved. In short, I conceived the blamable determination of providing myself with a false passport in Switzerland, that so I might with safety take my fatherland in my route to the northern states.

"By means of an acquaintance, I had made in Switzerland I easily accomplished the first part of my project, and thus had in my possession two passports, in both of which indeed my true name was given; but while my original and genuine passport, which I had brought from Hamburg, described me as a Wirtemberger by birth, the new one assigned Hamburg itself as the place of my nativity. I thought, for a travelling birth-place, there was none more eligible than that in which I had actually spent so much time, and in which my uncle, whom I meant to use as a father for the time, was well known to have his domicile. I now therefore travelled safely as a Hamburger through my native country, and from its northern frontier, with a sorrowing heart, looked a last adieu over its beloved and beautiful fields.

"I arrived the same night, at Neustadt-on-the-Aisch, in the Bavarian territory, and repaired to an inn suited to my circumstances. The landlord, when I entered his house, demanded my passport, and received it forthwith, promising that I should have it back betimes in the morning. You will remember it was the false passport, which I had used since leaving Switzerland, my old and true passport lying with other papers in my pocket-book. The morning came; I rose, breakfasted, and forgetting that my passport was still in the landlord's hands, I set off without it. I am not habitually a forgetful man, and to forget one's passport on a journey is, I suspect, a piece of thoughtlessness of which the most thoughtless have seldom been guilty; but so it was; without my passport I actually set off; nor did the circum-

stance recur to my thoughts until I stood, the evening of that same day, before the gates of Erlangen, where, of course, 'your passport!' were the first words addressed to me by the soldiers on guard. 'Potztausend!' said I to myself, 'thou hast left thy passport at Neustadt-on-the-Aisch.'

"I had now nothing for it but either to say I had forgot my passport, (which nobody would believe,) and so be sent back in the custody of soldiers as a suspicious character, or else to produce my first and genuine passport. 'They will never believe thy story,' said I again to myself: 'for, to speak it without flattery, thou dost not look altogether like the simpleton that would forget his passport; besides, who ever heard that a landlord asked for a traveller's passport? Thy story hangeth not well together, and they will hang thee to make it good.' In short, having no other course that bore an aspect any way promising, I presented, not without heavy misgivings, the original Hamburg passport. This document, as I need not tell you, was in its present state but an unsatisfactory voucher for the worthiness of its bearer to pass unobstructed, it having received no *visé*, nor bearing any trace of having been submitted to any official inspection, from Switzerland to the place where I then was; a mysterious circumstance, for which of course I was called on to account. However, not to make my story too tedious, suffice it to say, that after finding myself for some time in an unpleasant position, I got the matter arranged, and was again free to pursue my way.

"While I was at Erlangen, there began to fall in troops forming part of the vanguard of the French army; and at Bayreuth, which was the next point in my route, I found a still more considerable body. The troops, having proceeded thus far by forced marches, here made a halt, while I, on the other hand, now made redoubled efforts to get on, it being easy to see that these parts would ere long become the theatre of active hostilities.

"It was about midday or towards one o'clock when, by the slackening of their

pace and the increased briskness of mine, I lost sight of these undesired companions of the way; and that same afternoon, about three o'clock, I fell in with the first outpost of the Prussians. I was stopped and asked from whence I came; and on my answering 'from Bayreuth,' they said to one another — 'Why, the kerl is come direct from the French outposts.' 'I'll lay my life he's a spy,' said one. 'We shall see that,' observed the officer commanding, and forthwith gave orders to carry me to Hof, where the Prussians had an encampment, first, however, taking from me my tablets and everything in a written form, and sending these in the custody of one of my guards to head-quarters. Arrived at Hof, I was compelled to strip to my shirt; my clothes underwent a rigorous search; and the very soles of my boots were ripped, to see if anything of a suspicious nature lay hid therein. It was the first time I had been in the arbitrary clutches of soldiers, and the novelty was anything but pleasing; however, I did not lose courage, relying upon my conscious innocence, and not doubting but the matter would, on investigation, soon appear in its true light.

"After a short examination, which took place in the guard-room, I was consigned to a prison within the precincts of the main guard. Here I found that I was not the only person in trouble: the prison already contained two unhappy wretches, one of them a Jew of the neighborhood; the other a tailor of Bamberg, who had been taken the day before. These were really spies, and had already made confession to that effect.

"All this gave me little anxiety; I still confided in my innocence, and did my best to make the same appear, even to my wretched companions. They expressed great compassion for me, chiefly on the score of my youth, and that I should be, as they expressed it, cut off in the very outset of a promising career. I did not like the tone of their condolences; it was evident they took me for one of their honorable guild.

"'I assure you, *meine Herren*,' exclaimed I, unwilling to appear a miscreant, even in the eyes of such miscreants,

'I assure you upon my honor I am no spy.'

"'Ah!' said the tailor, 'that's just what I said to the officers yesterday. "I assure you, my officers," were my very words; "honorable captains, I assure you upon my honor that I am no spy. Judge of me, noble gentlemen," said I, "by yourselves; put it to your own honorable breasts whether a man of honor be capable——" and so on. That's the way I talked to them, but it helped nothing; not even when I offered to give them important intelligence of the position and strength of the French army.'

"'I offered to give my oath,' broke in the Jew, 'that I was no spy; and they did but laugh, and cast in my teeth a ribald rhyme which they are taught from their cradles—

"Come the fox to his lair?
Hath the Jew leave to swear?
Both have planted you there!"

"'All the curses——'

"'But you have both confessed yourselves spies,' said I, cutting the old sorcerer short in his Jewish curses, which I had no mind to hear.

"'I believe you,' said the tailor; 'and so will you confess yourself before this time to-morrow.'

"'Never!' cried I; 'I am an honest man, and the son of an honest man, and will never stain my own name and my father's, with a villany which the world's wealth should not tempt me to defile my hands with.'

"'Goodness bless you,' replied the tailor; 'what's the use of talking that way to us? I too have been to school, and know how to put words together, yea, and can make many fine speeches out of Herr von Kotzebue's plays. For example, I remember a beautiful sentiment beginning thus: "The man who——" bah! I forget the rest; but it is infinitely touching, I promise you, and makes the heart swell with the finest emotions. But what's that to the purpose? Harken to me: you are young and a raw hand, and have run *like* a raw hand, into a trap; now if you can talk yourself out of the trap, I'll say talk is a fine thing; but I'll tell you what it is, if you can talk a hole in that wall, and a.

clear passage for yourself out of the Prussian lines, you're safe; but not to discourage you, I confess I have my doubts; I'm afraid you won't find the method quite so sure as might be wished. However, you can try; and I promise you, if talk don't do *that* for you, it will do nothing else.'

"'Well!' said I, they can shoot me if they will; I can but assert my innocence to the last. If the officers are determined to put an innocent man to death, to take away life on a bare groundless suspicion, no doubt they have it in their power to do so. Let them do it then, I am not afraid to die.'

"'They are very punctilious, my dear,' remarked the Jew; 'very. They won't shoot you without a confession; they never do. They wouldn't put a man to death on suspicion; they are extremely particular on these points; you'll have to confess; they make a point of it.'

"'Confess!' cried I; 'confess myself a spy! falsely accuse myself of a wickedness I detest! Never!'

"'The provost-marshal,' observed the Jew, 'has great powers of persuasion.'

"I confess I winced a little at this; hanging had not entered into my calculations. After a pause, however, I replied —

"'Well! they may hang me; of the two I would rather be shot; but I will not purchase the choice at the expense of my honest fame, neither shall even the fear of the gallows induce me to belie myself. Do what they will with me, they shall not have the satisfaction of hearing me call myself a spy; I will not die with a lie in my mouth.'

"'The gracious pity the boy!' exclaimed the tailor; 'hear him talk of the gallows! Death is death; and I see little to choose between the rope and the bullet; but what do you say to being *flogged* to death? "Assert your innocence" by all means, and die under the lash, or "belie yourself," and be shot. *That's* the choice you'll have, this evening or early to-morrow. Bear the flogging, of course as long as you can; life is worth bearing something for; but I prophesy you will not bear it long; — be-

sides, they won't give over till they get a confession out of you. "Life is sweet," said I to myself, when they tied me up this morning. "I will save my life, though I be unable to put a coat to my back for a twelvemonth;" but I couldn't hold out — I couldn't hold out; nor were it to any purpose, for I should be a dead man ere now, if I had not cried guilty!"

"'You will not die,' added the Jew, with the sneer of a demon; 'you will not die with a lie in your mouth. Will you die with piteous moanings and cries for mercy in your mouth, which you might as well address to the scourge that plays on your back, or to the human tool that plies it, as to the calm tyrants that sit and see it plied? Will you die with the thirst of the burning Tophet in your mouth? with the drought of the sandy wilderness in your jaws? Will you die when from the resolved and silent man, you have become the shrieking woman, and from the shrieking woman, the sick child that plains feebly, and can only murmur "a little water, a little water," which they will not give, because they know that a blessed drop of it were death, and thereby were much good flogging thrown away? Men die not so speedily under the lash,' proceeded he, addressing the tailor; 'and thou would'st be alive till now, though thou hadst *not* cried "guilty!" Ah! ah! had I a thousand souls, I would give them all — all — all! that my tormentors should suffer for ever and ever — for ever and ever — for ever and ever — what I suffered this day at their will, before I bent my will thereto, and gratified them with my confession.'

"Until now I had not seen into what a labyrinth my destiny had led me. I felt from this moment that there remained to me no other course than to prepare for death; for I resolved firmly that I would be shot rather than be flogged to death. Since now I had but the choice between these two modes of being murdered, I determined to give on the very first stripe, the answer desired by my oppressors.

"From five o'clock that evening till the following morning, I was conducted,

at least half-a-dozen times, before a court composed of officers. My conductor was the provost-marshal; and at each elbow walked a dragoon, their drawn swords held edgeways across my breast and back.

"An examination more rigorous, or one more difficult—more impossible for a man to withstand, who had anything to conceal—cannot be conceived. Interrogatories of the most subtle and ensnaring tendency—observations ingeniously calculated to throw me off my guard, insidious leading questions (which I had no learned counsel to object to,)—cunning tricks of speech, intended to surprise me into a confession or admission, direct or indirect, of my presumed guilt, followed each other until my head was well nigh dizzy. If there had been a weak point in my defence it must infallibly have been found out, had the hollow ground of guilt been under my feet, I had been engulfed without redemption.

"But as all this ingenuity was, upon an innocent man, necessarily thrown away, the officers at last desisted from questioning me, and looked dubiously in each other's faces. Now the very strong presumption of my being a spy rested chiefly on this ground, that the Prussians, from the time they took up their position, had suffered no one, traveller or other, any more to pass on from their side in the direction of the French; and they naturally concluded that, as was customary in such circumstances, (the two armies being then but two leagues asunder), the French would have acted on the same rule. When they saw me, therefore, come over from the French side, the conclusion was almost inevitable that I was a spy; and the evidence of my innocence must have been very strong, indeed, to have countervailed this potent presumption against it. My judges, as I have said, looked dubiously into each other's faces. 'After all,' at length began one, for they spoke openly before me, 'it is possible that at the time the young man passed, the enemy had really not taken up their position, in which case, you know, there would have been no hindrance offered to his

passing; so that you see there is a possibility, mind, I say merely a possibility, for I don't build much on it, but there is a possibility of his having come over innocently, and without being aware of the danger.'

"'I think you do well,' said another, 'not to make too much of your possibility; yet I confess myself perplexed. Appearances are desperately against the prisoner; and yet *his own* appearance and manner are as much in his favor as those of any man I ever saw. This I will say, either he is innocent or a most accomplished knave, and an infinitely more dangerous villain than a hundred such poor caitiffs as we took yesterday. If he be a spy, he is a perfect one.'

"'I think,' remarked the former speaker, 'such a mere youth could hardly be such an adept in dissimulation; moreover, he is a Suabian by his tongue; and that is a people that have more of the ox than of the fox in them.'

"'I see no great difficulty,' observed a third, 'in dealing with this matter: try five-and-twenty lashes for a beginning. My life on it, the provost-marshal will bring more truth out of the *kerl* in five minutes, than all your cross-examining will do in as many months.'

"I was now led back to prison, and occupied myself with thinking over the necessary proofs of my innocence. At this time came to my recollection a story which had been told me in Switzerland, by one Boshel, of Pirna; it was to this effect. During the siege of Dresden, which took place in the seven years' war, communications were secretly carried on between that town and Pirna; and the Pirna people having on one occasion hired a young girl of fifteen years of age, for a few *groschen*, to carry to Dresden one of their despatches, of the contents or nature of which she had not an idea; both the mission and its innocent bearer fell into the hands of the besiegers, who forthwith hung the poor child.

"The recollection of this story now depressed me; and when I reflected on the so-called 'hussar-justice,' known to be acted upon, particularly in spy trials, on the absence of any sufficing proofs of

my innocence, and on the speedy effect which the torture of the lash would have to wring from me a false confession of guilt, I saw, as I thought, that my hours were numbered; and the only consolation I had was in calling to mind, that shooting, as I had heard, was a speedy and not painful mode of execution, and that to suffer unjustly was, after all, no such unheard-of or unexampled fate.

"The prison, as I have said before, was situated within the precincts of the main-guard; it had on the outer sides three strong walls, and on the inner an iron grating, before which the sentries on guard paced to and fro. I had not long been led back from my examination, when a number of soldiers crowded to this grating, pushing and shouldering their way to gaze on us as if we had been wild beasts.

"One of these unlucky devils is to be shot this evening, or at day-break to-morrow," said one of our spectators.

"Serve 'em right," growled another, with many other the like sympathizing speeches. However, they were presently turned away, and no further molestation of the kind was permitted to be offered us. As for me, I knew that, as I had not yet been pronounced guilty, mine could not be the execution thus spoken of as so, near; nevertheless, the impression the scene had made on me was far from agreeable.

"Still I had nothing for it but to accommodate myself as well as I could to my destiny; and I will say this, that I had at least no feeling of unmanly terror; I did not fear to die; what grieved me most was, that I should be thrust out of the world ignominiously, and as one of the most abandoned of men.

"A short time elapsed, and I was called to a further examination. On entering the guard-room, I noticed a certain grating which had not appeared there on the former occasion. What this boded, I could but too well divine: nevertheless, I felt no violent discomposure; only I was sensible all at once of a peculiar burning heat under the tongue, nowise painful, but which has so branded itself on me that I retain to this day a distinct and lively impression of it.

"Once more I was questioned on the subjects relating to my position, but naturally with a result as little satisfactory to the court as before: it was resolved, therefore, to proceed without further delay to the experiment of the lash, and orders were given that I should forthwith be seized up to the grating aforementioned. That moment I felt a new spirit possess me; I was another man. Every trace of fear, all trepidation, all inquietude was gone. With an undaunted mind, I looked my judges in the face, and asked for one moment's speech before the putting of their purpose into execution. With some roughness, (for they were impatient) they asked me what I had to say, and I spoke with emphasis as follows:

"Sirs! I am a travelling handicraftsman, not accustomed to being flogged; and therefore my determination is, at the very first stripe I receive, to cry guilty! false as the word will be; for I can foresee plainly enough, that once tied up to that grating, I shall find no compassion, and have no other prospect but to perish in the painfullest way. If, sirs, you have found, up to this moment, either in my papers or in my words, the faintest trace of a justification of your suspicions, I only pray you to have me shot at once. If you have found nothing of the kind, and want only to force me by torture to confess myself what you choose to consider me, you will attain your aim, it is true, but you will have blackened an honest man's name, and you will go to battle to-morrow or the day after, with innocent blood on your hands."

"There was a pause; and the officers looked upon me with a grave and sad expression: for that time I was led back to my prison unscourged. About an hour and a half had elapsed, when the provost-marshal came to usher me once more into the presence of my judges; and on this occasion I was no more flanked, as before, by the dragoons, with their drawn sabres. For the last time was the interrogatory addressed to me, whither I was on my way; and I answered as before, to Dresden, by the nearest route, namely, by Chemnitz and Friedberg. My passport was handed

me, the route duly marked upon it; everything that had been taken from me was returned; and I was dismissed with the advice not to be too ready another time to thrust myself in between two armies on the point of engagement. A soldier was given me for escort, with orders to conduct me to the distance of a league and a half behind the Prussian lines: thence I was at liberty to pursue my way without restraint.

"It was but a few days after my liberation, namely, the fourteenth of October, 1806, that the battle of Jena, so disastrous to the Prussian arms, was fought.

"And now, sirs, I ask you, are the concerns of men indeed abandoned to the sport of a blind hap-hazard? Consider it; to my very great annoyance, I had forgot to re-possess myself of my second passport, which had been taken from me by my host, at Neustadt on the Aisch. But had this *not* taken place — had I been apprehended by the Prussians with two passports, varying in their accounts of me or my person — that power is not on earth that could have saved me from the ignominious fate of the vilest of traitors.

"I can only pity the skeptic, who will no doubt, say it was a mere chance that my passport was kept back from me. Never in my life, besides, was my passport taken from me by an innkeeper; how little likely such a thing is to happen, they who have travelled most will be best able to judge. And supposing your passport *were* thus taken away, how much more unlikely still were it that you should forget at parting to ask for it, or your host forget to return it!

"No! I say again, with the proofs I have of a good Providence ordering the affairs of men, I should merit to be reproached, by infidels themselves, as a soul incapable of gratitude, could I believe my steps to be directed by no higher, no holier power than my own poor prudence, or than blind chance. And so, gentlemen, that is my story; and I crave your pardon for troubling you with it; but it has turned out longer than I counted on."

While the Suabian spoke, the tailor

had applied himself, as if there had been nine of him, right manfully to the Rhine wine, and was now hardly clear-headed enough to give a very edifying comment on what he had heard. All that he could bring out was, that he considered remarks on a man's profession illiberal and beneath his notice; and that if he could bring himself to think that all that about the tailor the Suabian had spoke of was meant as a personality, he would — the rest of the sentence was unfortunately lost in the speaker's increasing thickness of articulation.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. IV.

Gilaroo. — You seem in a bad humor: nothing unpleasant, I hope?

Stukely. — No great matter certainly; still one doesn't like to be cheated. A cabman has charged nearly double his fare, and rather than make a noise, I have paid his demand. These cabmen are the greatest rascals in existence. All a set of drunkards and extortioners. There is no satisfying them.

Gil. — As a class they have their failings, I admit; there are, however, decent men amongst them. Did you ever consider what can be the cause of their being what you would call a bad set?

Stuke. — There may be a dozen causes for anything I know. Nobody can tell much about cabmen — where they were born, or how they live. I never can bring myself to believe that they have houses to go home to at night; or that they take off their clothes and go to bed; and eat breakfasts and dinners; and pay tailor's bills; and fulfil all the duties of Christians. They seem to me to live in their harness, like their poor hacks, and never quit the reins but to empty so many pints of porter. Porter is their meat and drink, bed, board, and washing. Each man of them is but an incarnation of Barclay and Perkins's entire, or Meux's double stout.

Gil. — That is really too bad. I must not permit you to run the whole corps in this way. Why cabmen are

unsteady, improvident, and not particularly conscientious, is imputed by many to a love of drink, which renders them poor and necessitous. But you may remember, in one of our conversations, that I mentioned intemperance as being only a secondary cause of bad behaviour. There is a cause beyond — something which causes the intemperance; and I believe that any remedy which stops short of this primary prompting cause will be likely to fail. One of the causes of so much intemperance and laxness of conduct among cabmen is irregularity of employment, with irregularity of payment. One day they will make a pound, and the next day perhaps only eighteen pence. For hours they will lounge about doing nothing, and then for hours they will be employed without intermission. You see this is a very scrambling, hap-hazard mode of existence; and it would require a far higher order of mind than these men possess to withstand the temptations to which they are exposed, or to act with consistent prudence and conscientiousness. The poor men are, in fact, to be pitied. Exposed to all weathers — the rain pelting mercilessly upon them — cold, wet, weary, sleepy and hungry — only a few minutes probably, to take any refreshment: with all this, can we wonder that they fly to beer and spirits for exhilaration, and become habitual tipplers? I for one don't think so.

Stuke. — I fancy this is what you call going back to first principles? But it's a downright apology for drunkenness and dishonesty, whatever you call it.

Gil. — Only viewing things charitably, along with a little reflection; that is the whole of it. I will mention a case pretty much in point, which I heard talked of the other day. A gentleman entertaining humane and considerate views, was some years ago appointed superintendent of a large manufactory in England. In this establishment he soon had occasion to observe that a certain number of the workmen were regular in attendance, steady, and economical; while the others were of contrary habits, unsteady, uneconomical, great drinkers, and with families in wretched-

ness. This had been the case for a long course of years, and nobody about the works thought of inquiring into the cause of the phenomenon. The new superintendent was not one of those persons who never inquire into anything, and let the world go on in its own old way. As soon as he observed the curious difference I mention, he did not rest till he had discovered the cause of it. On inquiry, he found that all the steady men got a fixed or regular weekly wage, and that all the unsteady ones, though receiving a larger revenue in the aggregate, got it in lumps at irregular intervals, just as they happened to be employed on a particular kind of work. To know the cause of the evil was to set about eradicating it. With the consent of the unsteady hands, he began the practice of paying them every week a certain fixed sum, whether they had earned it or not, carrying forward the balance, if any, to their credit; the accumulated balances to be paid quarterly. The effect of this arrangement, it is said, was marvellous. Very soon the unsteady became as steady as the other members of the establishment. Their wives and families were better dressed; their homes became comfortable; and by-and-by several of these men saved so much money as to be able to buy houses — actually became proprietors, and drew rents like other landlords. Nor were they ungrateful to the person who had thus put them in the way of well-doing. They looked upon him as a general benefactor. A few years ago, when visiting the place, and calling on one of the parties, both husband and wife looked round their cheerful dwelling, and said to him, "*All this we owe to you.*"

Stuke. — What has all this to do with cabmen?

Gil. — You surely see that the good behaviour of these reclaimed workmen was owing to a change from greatly irregular to regular wages? Irregularity of payment for labor is one of the greatest social evils. All classes, high and low, who are exposed to it, feel its demoralizing effects. Actors, musicians, painters, authors, by profession — all who cannot reckon on something like a

regular income, are unhappily situated, and exposed to many temptations and misfortunes. Their life is a sort of gambling—sometimes a run of luck, sometimes nothing.

Stuke.—Well, but you are talking of what often cannot be helped. Who's to pay cabmen twenty shillings a-week, dead certain, and take the risk of the balances? I'll tell you what it is; this kindness-system will do with some, but not with all. I don't believe anything would do for cabmen but being pulled up by his worship the police magistrate.

Gil.—I by no means undervalue the efficacy of magisterial interference. I only wish that the authorities who have to do with cabs and hackny-coaches would proceed a little more considerately. The cabmen in Paris and some other continental towns are under such strict regulations, that they have not the same power of cheating as their brethren in London. But, unhappily, it is not the practice in Great Britain to take a lesson from foreign usages. A good plan may be working for a century in Paris before an Englishman would copy it. It is only by sheer experience, and all kinds of wrangling, that anything is ever put to rights in this country, although the knowledge of something better may be promulgated in the works of a hundred travellers.

Stuke.—I cannot say as to that; my principle of government is severity—severe chastisement for all varieties of evil-doers.

Gil.—Of course you believe what you say to be right; but can you prove it?

Stuke.—What kind of proof would you have? Has it not been the practice, since the beginning of the world, to punish every crime according to its deserts? Hang this one, imprison that one, and so on. There is scriptural authority for it all. "He that spareth the rod," &c. Where could we find anything stronger than that?

Gil.—I am not going into any argument about the antiquity of severe punishments. I give that up with all my heart. What I want is the proof that the severe is the right way of going to

work—the plan most expedient. It will not do to tell me, for example, that hanging is right because it is of great antiquity. I must have evidence that it is just in principle, and the most expedient as respects the prevention of crime.

Stuke.—All the evidence I can give you is, that, by our present system of punishments, crime is powerfully kept in check. Were it not for fear of the gallows, there would be no safety for life or property. Everybody knows that.

Gil.—That is only mere assertion. I ask you for a proof of a fact, and you answer by telling me that there is something which everybody knows. With all deference that is no reasoning at all. If you had said, I can produce a hundred persons who declare they would commit crime were it not for fear of being hanged, that would be a piece of evidence; and I would be inclined to say that there was much force in your argument.

Stuke.—One must take a good many things on trust. I have always thought, and I believe so do most persons, that executions have a very salutary effect; very much so indeed.

Gil.—You, then, in reality, confess to a prejudice—make up your mind to believe in a thing without previously looking into evidence; which, however, does not surprise me, for not one man in fifty ever examines into the truth of anything. And so people go on taking things for granted, generation after generation.

Stuke.—But how am I to examine into these affairs? I cannot be expected to spend a lifetime in hunting up statistics, or hearing the confessions of felons. I must act on general impressions; and what more likely, than that the fear of punishment is a powerful preventive of crime?

Gil.—Likely enough so far, but not to the extent you suppose. At one time a great many crimes were punishable with death. Humanity at length revolted against this severity. Punishments of a milder nature were substituted; and, to the surprise of many individuals, the crimes so treated did not increase—they decreased. As long as

forgery was punishable with death, forgery was common; ever since it has been punished with imprisonment or transportation, it has been very little heard of. It used to be said, "This is a commercial country and unless we hang all and sundry who are found guilty of forgery, there will be a terrible state of things." Such was the sort of argument employed during the last century, when kings would remit the punishment of highwaymen, but never that of forgers. And behold! we have lived to discover that they were all in a mistake.

Stuke.—Still, I should think that capital punishments must have a good effect in the way of warning.

Gil.—This is now also very much doubted. It is believed that the spectacle of executions has, on the whole, a demoralizing effect. It satisfies only mean and despicable feelings; never intimidates from crime, nor stimulates to virtue. So little is its value as an example, that robberies are common in the crowd collected at executions; pockets are picked beneath the gallows. If capital punishments are to continue, I should certainly prefer that they took place within the courtyards of prisons, in presence of the authorities, instead of the open street. The public should not be accustomed to see a dog strangled, let alone a human being.

Stuke.—Supposing we got rid of capital punishments, would you propose to immure criminals in dungeons for life, or at least for a term of years?

Gil.—It would not be difficult, I daresay, to devise some efficient, yet humane kind of imprisonment; and I think we are at present advancing towards correct views on this important question. In few things, indeed, has society advanced so far. Among other notions of our ancestors, there was a belief that if the prisons were rendered very miserable, they would terrify the populace into good conduct. An old act of parliament, providing for the sustenance of felons, begins with the words: "Whereas many prisoners, having no means of subsistence, have died of hunger;" from which we learn that death from starva-

tion was not uncommon in former times. It was also an admitted principle, that prisons should be kept dirty and uncomfortable, the more to terrify evil doers; in Scotland, this quality in jails was recognized in jurisprudence as the *squalor carceris*. All this oppression, however, did no good. The prisons were always full, notwithstanding their dirtiness and the privations they inflicted. It was only taking a mean revenge on the unfortunate.

Stuke.—You talk of criminals under the term *unfortunate*. That, I think, is a loose, though not an uncommon way of speaking of felons. I want to know what makes these men unfortunate—their own evil passions to be sure. It is their own blame being criminals. They set aside all advice that is given to them; persist in going on to destruction; and yet they are called unfortunate, as if their being criminals had arisen from an accident over which they possessed no control.

Gil.—You do not seem to be aware that crime often proceeds from dispositions which may be considered as the result of something in the mind equivalent to malformation or disease; often, again, it results from the merely casual misdirection of a mind left free of proper guidance, or exposed to unusual temptations. The great bulk of crimes, especially those against property, take place in early youth, and amongst the ignorant and miserable classes. Generally speaking, such a culprit can scarcely be held responsible as a free agent. Crime and its consequences are his social destiny. He may have been told that he incurs the risk of punishment; but he either acts under an uncontrollable impulse, or has not been enabled to see the just relation between offence and its penalty.

Stuke.—That is making out criminals to be little better than idiots; whereas they are the sharpest people in existence.

Gil.—Sharp in those faculties which they employ in committing crime, but dull, if not defective, in others. A man may be a clever pickpocket, and yet a monstrous blockhead—so sharp in over-

reaching, that he overreaches himself. Take the mass of criminals, and they will be found to be the victims of some wrong impulse in youth. For this they were punished in some vengeful kind of way: turned out of prison with a bad character, nobody would employ them: again they committed a crime for the sake of subsistence: and so on they went, society all the time calling them blackguards—never pitying or trying to reclaim them: at length they are huddled out of the way, if not to the gallows, at least to Van Diemen's Land. And thus is Britain emptying her prisons on one of the finest islands of the Australasian seas—rendering it a land of crime, wretchedness, and horror, from which all good men would fly as from a pestilence. The whole system is carried on in violation of reason.

Stuke.—Perhaps so; but reason, in the abstract, is often not workable with advantage in human affairs. Mankind have many foolish notions. You allow that criminals have not self-command—are a kind of half lunatics? Should we not, then, meet this state of things with reproof or punishment suitable to visionaries? Although a humiliating confession, I must say I do not entertain a high opinion of human reason. You know what D'Israeli has said on the subject?

Gil.—No.

Stuke.—I shall read the passage from one of his late works. "We are not indebted to the reason of man for any of the great achievements which are the landmarks of human action and human progress. It was not reason that besieged Troy; it was not reason that sent forth the Saracen from the desert to conquer the world; that inspired the Crusades; that instituted the monastic orders; it was not reason that produced the Jesuits; above all, it was not reason that created the French Revolution. Man is only true great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bentham." That is what he says; and is it not true? He might have added, it is not reason that makes hundreds of millions of men wor-

shippers of Budh, or believers in Mahomet; nor is it reason that guides our own countrymen in the greater number of their actions; it is their passions, their imagination, their avarice.

Gil.—All vastly fine; one of D'Israeli's specious pieces of clap-trap, which won't stand handling. It is undeniable that the passions have caused great social movements; but I protest against the inference, that reason is on that account weak or valueless. In all advanced conditions of society, reason has been and is the guiding principle. It was reason that discovered the compass, the quadrant, and the telescope—instruments which have made us acquainted with the surface of our own planet, and disclosed to our wondering eyes worlds in the firmament. It was reason that discovered the art of printing, which has already performed marvels, but is still only in its infancy. What has promoted the cultivation of science—what has given us the steam-engine, the locomotive, and the whole of our magnificent machinery? Reason has done it all: and is not reason, in union with the best feelings of our nature, the source of all our truest happiness? It is no doubt lamentable that truth should make its way so slowly as to be outstripped by visionary fanaticism—that Mormon should count more votaries than any philosopher amongst us. But while the dream of the visionary subsides, truth strengthens. Seventy years ago, a gentleman, living obscurely in the small town of Kirkcaldy, on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth, propounded an idea. Nobody at first cared for it, or believed it. The world was thinking about something else. But the idea was founded in truth, and a truth uttered in the ear of the world is imperishable. Now advancing, now pushed back, then advancing again, this truth has finally, after a struggle of seventy years, made its way into the halls of princes, and rings in the assemblies of legislators. What a triumph for the once disregarded and often discouraged idea of the obscure gentleman in his little parlor overlooking the sands of Kirkcaldy!

Stuke.—Why—what—what is the

idea you allude to? Who was the obscure gentleman?

Gen. — The obscure gentleman was ADAM SMITH. The idea was the principle of FREE TRADE. Good-night.

LANDING AT LISBON.

AFTER an average amount of tossing in "the bay," and of contrary winds, and consequent grumbling along the inhospitable coast of Spain, we found ourselves safe in the Tagus, soon after the fall of a February evening. The sweet soft air told us pleasantly of the many leagues we had come in the five days since we took our last look at England. The lights of Belem, a village about two miles below Lisbon, lay in long bright reflections on the smooth river, and a rocket flew hissing up into the dark sky, to announce the arrival of the steamer. Immediately a boat went ashore with the mails, and her majesty's lieutenant in charge of them. A party of Portuguese custom-house officers came on board to watch us; and, despite our impatience, there was nothing to be done but await the morning as quietly as we might.

With daylight all quiet ceased. We proceeded up the river to opposite the custom-house; and from the moment we dropped anchor there, Babel itself could hardly rival the din which pervaded our little vessel. A swarm of noisy Portuguese, from the health-office, custom-house, passport-office, and I cannot tell how many more offices besides, came bustling on board, talking, as is the custom here, at the very top of their voices, poking about in every corner, and putting every body out of temper. Besides this, we were surrounded by a crowd of queer-looking boats, whose owners were clamoring for passengers; coal-barges were alongside, for the steamer takes in coal here; the passengers' luggage was being hoisted on deck; and Spanish peasants, whom we had taken on board at Vigo, and who had lain ever since, huddled under capotes and blankets, in a sort of bivouac round the funnel, nesting together in families, now roused

from their lairs, were adding, (men, women, and children, all talking at once) no small quota to the general uproar. However, while our ears were tormented with this abominable discord, our eyes were charmed with a scene of uncommon beauty. Lisbon lay before us, shining in the morning light, throned on her seven hills,* surrounded by brilliant verdure, and reflected in a broad mirror of water. Immediately above the city, the Tagus spreads into a lake eight or nine miles in breadth; and across the smooth blue surface were gliding innumerable broad white sails of the country boats. A few merchant vessels of all nations lay immediately around us, and in front was the custom-house — a noble building; and, what is strange in Lisbon, finished. Looking at the white buildings, as they rose pile above pile from the water's edge till they were relieved against the blue sky, it was impossible to fancy that we were admiring the "dirtiest capitol" in Europe, but after-experience has taught us the melancholy truth of the nickname.

At length we were informed that we might go ashore; and without more ado, we were huddled into a large boat. Our luggage went in another; and as we watched its transference to a tribe of half-clothed, savage-looking porters, many were the despairing glances we cast towards it, half doubting the possibility of its coming back in safety to its rightful owners. A few minutes brought us to the quay. Landing would have been pleasant *anywhere*, but here it was actual enchantment. In front of the custom-house is a broad terrace, laid out as a public garden, and full of the most beautiful flowers, then (February 21) in full blossom. Heliotropes, twelve feet high, covering wide spaces of wall, and literally one mass of purple blossoms; great bunches of calla, with half a dozen large white flowers in a group; scarlet geraniums in luxuriant bushes; and many more showy plants, with the bright young leaves of the banana, and the little yellow

* Lisbon is said to stand, like Rome, on seven hills. A stranger is apt to fancy them seven hundred. so continual are the ascents and descents in her steep fatiguing streets.

balls of the mimosas. The delicious fragrance, as well as the beauty of this garden, was delightful. At Lisbon, nobody hurries himself, so we had a good while to wait at the custom-house; but no trouble was given us, and we were allowed to go away after a very slight examination of our luggage. Passing through the building, we found ourselves in a very large and handsome square, with public buildings and colonnades on three sides of it, and a fine quay on the fourth. In the centre is a large bronze equestrian statue, in the style of the last century. Short time, however, had we to admire it; for, with a shout and a rush, down came about a score of ragged, bare-legged porters, each seizing on some article of our baggage, over which they fought and scrambled like dogs over a bone; and for some minutes there was such a ridiculous scene, that we could only stand by, and let them fight it out among themselves. Order was restored at last, and four stout men carried off the prey from the rest of the horde. Taking a carriage from a stand in the square, we set off towards the summit of the city, to a quarter called Buenos Ayres, where we intended to take up our abode. The carriages here are very odd things: a little body, like a cabriolet, perched on excessively high wheels; some with springs, some without, drawn by two strong little horses, or more commonly mules, on one of which rides a tall driver, generally wrapped in a great cloak, and wearing a broad hat, with tufts and tassels flying about it; his legs encased in great boots, with formidable spurs, and his feet appearing as if they must touch the ground. Away we went at a quick pace, up hill and down hill, no matter how steep, the horses half running, half sliding, but by some miraculous dexterity never coming down.

The streets are not generally narrow. The houses are high, commonly painted yellow or red, or faced with blue and white tiles (such as are called Dutch tiles), which produces a pretty effect; cool, and clean, and well suited to the climate. They have all balconies, on which are generally a set of flower-pots, and very often a screaming parrot. The

shops have their fronts painted all over with representations of the articles for sale within, sometimes as high as the second floor. Very little is to be seen at their windows, and they are all shabby-looking. The principal trades have each a street to themselves—the goldsmiths, silversmiths, workers in ivory, shoemakers, &c.—which is a convenience to purchasers. There is very little appearance of bustle, and nothing approaching to a crowd in the streets; neither are there the bright colors and gay costumes of a French or Italian town. The universal dress of the women is a dark cloth cloak, and a white handkerchief on the head. The cloak they wear even in summer, averring that it keeps out the heat. The only gaily-dressed person is now and then some dandy muleteer, with bright waistcoat, braided jacket, and scarlet sash, with gay housings on his mule. The great number of negroes is a peculiar feature in the street population; they are from Brazil, and, particularly the women, are often very picturesque figures. There is a great deal of beauty, of a peculiar style, among the lower orders of women here, which one comes gradually to admire more and more. The men cannot be called a handsome race.

In the streets of Lisbon there is great diversity. That part of the town which was destroyed by the great earthquake, was rebuilt on a regular plan; and there the streets are broad and straight. The older ones are much more picturesque, and very ill-built. In the principal thoroughfares there is considerable neatness. The roads are swept, and even now and then watered, and some sort of drainage is effected; but in the older ones prevails the primitive usage of emptying everything out of the windows, so that before every house is a mass of the most disgusting dirt, and a smell which defies description. Day after day the abominations accumulate, till some heavy rain comes to wash it down the hill-sides. The nuisance is also, in some degree, kept under by a pack of ugly mongrel dogs, which—earless, tailless, and masterless—roam day and night about the streets, feeding on the relics of bones

and fish which lie about — disputing the sovereignty of the place with swarms of cats equally independent, and equally deprived of ears and tails. In some streets at night the dogs are said to be a great annoyance to a solitary passenger, whom they will follow in a pack, like wolves. Now and then in summer, the nuisance becomes unbearable, even to the police: then ensues a massacre, and every dog which cannot give a satisfactory account of himself is put to death without mercy. The dirt of Lisbon, however, is yielding to the march of improvement. No house is now allowed to be built without drains; and old residents declare that the city is purer itself compared with its state twenty years ago. Indeed, judging from the descriptions of it published at that period, the improvement is very striking. There are some streets very well macadamized, in place of the old pavement of sharp stones, and the town is very respectably lighted at night.

The supply of water is abundant enough at this season of the year. The principal stock is brought from about ten miles off, by means of a noble aqueduct, built about a hundred years ago. It is distributed in numerous fountains, round which gather the water-carriers with their barrels. These are a very numerous class, amounting to between three and four thousand men, divided into companies of twenty-five, over each of which is placed a captain. Each man is numbered, and is obliged to wait his turn at the fountains to fill his barrel. The captains have the privilege of taking water whenever they please, without regard to rotation: domestic servants are also allowed to do the same. The water is carried about in small barrels, containing five or six gallons or more, the price of which, when there is no scarcity, is about a halfpenny, as they are cried along the street; but if ordered from the fountain, the cost is double. In summer, occasionally as much as sixpence or eightpence is paid for the same quantity. The supply in the great aqueduct is never completely exhausted; but it sometimes becomes quite inadequate to the wants of the city; and water has to be brought

in boats, at great expense and labor, from the other side of the Tagus. The water-carriers are bound to attend at all fires, and render assistance, under the orders of their captains. The moment an alarm of fire is given, notice must be communicated to the nearest church, when the bell is rung a certain number of strokes; the number indicating the parish or quarter where the fire is. The signal is instantly repeated by all the other churches throughout the city; and, in a very short time, the watermen are on the spot, with the greatest regularity and order. The number of water-carriers, with their long plaintive cry in the streets, is one of the novelties which strikes a stranger on his first arrival in Lisbon.

The vehicles in the streets are of the most original description. Besides the odd cabriolets already described, there are quaint-looking family coaches, such as one sees in pictures of the last century, drawn by four mules, and curiously painted with gay designs; and others, like old English postchaises, perched on high wheels. The only carts are of the very rudest description — rough planks, knocked together like a packing-box, and resting on a broad beam of wood as an axle; the wheels are nearly solid blocks as possible. They are always drawn by oxen; and as the country roads, or rather tracks, are very narrow, the drivers of ox-carts allow the wheels to remain always ungreaed, that the creaking noise may give notice of their approach, and consequently the noise is dreadful. The oxen are large, handsome beasts, not very humanely treated by their drivers.

Buenos Ayres is a pleasant sort of suburb, though there is no interval between it and Lisbon. It is built on the very top of the hills, overlooking a most beautiful view by land, and also down the Tagus, to the bar and the sea. There are a great many pretty gardens in this quarter; and it was very pleasant to see the golden oranges shining over the walls, and the long hedges of geraniums. In this part live most of the English residents; and there are omnibuses all day long to and from various parts of the city. A most respectable Englishwoman keeps a hotel at Buenos Ayres,

where strangers may find perfect cleanliness and comfort.

A DAY IN THE HIGHLANDS OF CORSICA.

It is now nearly twelve years since an accident to the small trading vessel in which I had embarked for a passage from Palermo to Marseilles obliged us to bear up for Bastia, it being the only port then under our lee where we could get the damage repaired. This gave me an unlooked-for opportunity of visiting the birth-place of Napoleon. At that time steam-navigation in the Mediterranean was in its infancy (it is only on the great lines that it is good for anything yet), and the island of Corsica, lying out of the direct track of merchant ships, and having, besides, a bad general character for unhealthiness, was seldom or never visited. My own stay was necessarily so short, that I could see little, but the adventures of only one day have made much impression on my memory.

It was already dusk, when, from pitching and rolling upon the open sea, we suddenly slid into the quiet of the harbor; and there was barely light enough to show us the outline of 'Le Lion,' the singular rock, so called from its likeness to a couchant lion, which, with head and paws outstretched, lies, as it were, on guard before the entrance. The peacefulness of the evening was perfect. The broad dark sheet of the harbor lay at rest beneath the weakening light, growing blacker and blacker every minute, as the shadows of the overhanging heights steadily lengthened over its surface, till by degrees, as the actual outlines of the buildings on shore faded from the view, the glimmer of their lights in turn began to flicker along the margin of the basin. The land-breeze came sighing down upon us over the water, laden with the perfume of the orange-trees, and brought with it the hum of many voices from the promenade, on which the whole population had turned out to enjoy the refreshing coolness. When we landed, the night was, as I have said, too dark to distinguish anything; but in the morning we walked

about the town, which is quite Italian in character; and the people, too, are Italian, or nearly so, with a perceptible dash, however, of the French in many of their customs, particularly among the ladies, who appear in the evening quite in Parisian costume. I naturally looked on every side for some monument of Napoleon; but to my surprise, there was nothing of the kind. The emperor, it is well known, showed no favor to his native country — probably because his Corsican origin could not be expected to raise him in the eyes of the French — and he is naturally no favorite in his birthplace. Our own hero, Nelson, on the other hand, was often mentioned, though this might have been in compliment to me as an Englishman. The remains of the works from which he cannonaded the place are still visible on a steep eminence overlooking the harbor.

The streets generally are high and narrow, as in most towns of Italian construction, and reasonably neat; and that is all. But the situation is very fine. Immediately behind the town the ground slopes gently upwards, forming the foreground to a bold line of precipitous heights, clothed along their flanks with vineyards and olive-grounds, and crested by groves of the ever-green oak; while above and beyond these, in the distance, the chain of the Monte Stello stands out clear and distinct against the splendid southern sky, with one bold serrated peak towering in the midst, like the central keep of the district. From a common effect of so transparent an atmosphere in these latitudes, the mountains, though in reality many miles off, seem to look into the town, forming as it were, a Vandyked and irregular border to the blue mirror of the Mediterranean, which on every other side, save where it is dotted with a group of far distant islets, blends imperceptibly with the horizon.

It was impossible to see the magnificent mountain tops so provokingly near, without a strong desire to look at them more closely. For this, however, a guide was indispensable; and I found it no easy matter to get one. The Corsicans,

like most southern people, seem to care very little for their scenery; and although almost at their doors, the mountains are as little known and traversed by them as the Grampians were by our grandfathers a hundred years ago. Like them, they have to plead in excuse that mountain travelling is neither very easy nor very safe. The only persons who are acquainted with these wilds are the banditti, who find them a capital stronghold from which to carry on their trade, either alone, or in conjunction with that of shepherds, goatherds, or smugglers, as the case may be. The guide whom at last I succeeded in finding was a very robber-like person, with a worn, suspicious face, bronzed almost to blackness by the sun, a magnificent spread of the chest and shoulders, and, to judge from the cordage of sinews about the calf of the leg, which the opening of his leathern gaiters showed in all their protuberance, no less gifted by nature with what is as necessary to a depredator as strength and hardihood — the power of running away. He made no secret himself of having been a smuggler; but whether he confined himself to levying contributions on the king's revenue, or varied it by raising them direct on the king's subjects, the *gens-d'armes* must have rejoiced at the cause, whatever it was, which led to his turning an honest man. Probably he might think open robbery too precarious — pleasant, but impolitic.

With this potent auxiliary — who turned out, as far as I was concerned, a very honest fellow — I started at sunrise, on a roasting July day, to visit the cavern 'Dei Quattro Banditti,' (a congenial name), situated high up in the flanks of the aforesaid Monte Stello. I had always hitherto been disappointed in caverns; but this was situated in the heart of the scenery I wished to visit, and the story connected with it gave it interest.

As the day's journey promised, at all events, to be very fatiguing, and part of the way at least was reported practicable for horses, a couple were hired, and a peasant engaged to bring them back. Though it was barely five o'clock A. M., by the time we had got out of the town it was oppressively warm; but we did

not feel the sun at first, as our path led directly in among the vineyards; and for the next half hour we were trotting briskly forward under the overarching boughs, in a kind of half twilight, with an occasional bar of golden sunshine streaming on us from between the stems. Nothing can be conceived more delicious in such a climate than these bowers of coolness, with their long prospective avenues of leaves, and the perfect quiet, only broken by the hum of wasps and dragonflies, or the twitter of a bird as it hangs pecking at the rich clusters of fruit overhead. From these we emerged suddenly into the full blaze of the sunshine, upon an arid table-land, bare of all vegetation save a few stunted juniper bushes, and cut up by ravines and brooks, one of which, flowing direct from the Monte Stello, was to serve us as a guide. At the end of this plateau we had to dismount, and leave our horses with the peasant; the rest of our journey being a mere scramble, often on hands and knees, in many parts over ground of the most treacherous description, where the rains had washed away every trace of a path, leaving in its stead nothing but gravel and rolled stones, which slid from beneath our feet, and fell in showers into the muddy torrent below at a depth most unpleasant to contemplate. Two hours of this work took us at last into a kind of amphitheatre of black granite rocks, at the base of which we stood among a chaos of fragments, some of which, matted with moss, or in parts overgrown with bushes and brambles, seemed to have lain there ever since the creation; while others, from their fresh and splintered angles, had evidently rolled over from above at no remote date. Directly in front, the Fiumetta (so called) streamed in one clear pitch of two hundred feet at least, sending up a volume of spray, which the wind showered over us, and beyond. It was close to this fall that we were to look for the cavern. At this distance of time I have no clear recollection of the exact position in which it was placed with respect to the surrounding rocks, or of the path by which I attained it; but I recollect very vividly the uncomfortable sensations with which, on my foot slipping

in one perilous stride, I found myself suspended between heaven and earth by the bough of a wild olive-tree growing in the face of the precipice. This I clutched just in time to save myself, and with infinite joy swung my body, safe and sound, past all danger of slipping, upon a ledge of rock not more than three feet in breadth, facing an oven-shaped hole, which was the portal of the cavern that had given me so much trouble to visit.

The cavern of the four banditti is so called from its having been the stronghold of four famous outlaws, who were enabled by it to escape destruction from the Genoese in a manner sufficiently remarkable. As we rested on the rock, before entering the cave, it was impossible not to admire the fitness of the place for the story connected with it. From here, we could look for miles over the valley of the Fiumetta, and the dim lines of the plain which we had traversed in the morning. Bastia itself lay out of sight under the shoulder of the hills; but the sails of the various vessels approaching or leaving its port were distinctly visible, like specks on the horizon. The entrance of the cavern was so narrow as to be invisible from below; but after creeping some yards through a kind of passage, like a fox earth, which reminded me painfully of the description in Guy Mannering of a similar place, it rose into a large open vault, as high as that of a cathedral, and running back a great way into the rock at the same height. A dusky light streamed from above through some crevice in the rock, and served to give us a vague idea of its extent, without showing any visible termination. Where it fell strongest, the fragments of an earthenware pot and some scattered bones were lying; and in one part the side was still blackened with the smoke of the fire which had been reared against it. At the sight of these relics, the guide, who had till then fully maintained the lazy indifference of a son of the south, became amazingly energetic, and alternately vented curses against the Genoese, and ejaculations for the souls of the departed. As we rode back in the evening, I got him to give me the whole story, which he did

with great gusto, evidently taking in it a professional interest.

The year 1729 is celebrated in the history of Corsica for the commencement of that series of intestine struggles which, after calling forth the energies of many remarkable men, of whom Paoli was the chief, ended in substituting the French for the Genoese as its masters. The feeling among the islanders was generally in favor of the rising; but it was not without alloy. The Genoese had held the island for centuries; many avowed connections had been formed with the natives; and many hearts which had beaten with mutual, though unavowed affection, were now to be separated forever. Among other connections of the kind, a girl named Cornelia Carucci was at this time betrothed to Marcangelo Santi, a Genoese of noble family. Before the marriage could take place, the insurrection broke out, and Santi, under pretence of obedience to orders from his superiors, refused to complete the contract.

An insult of this kind is one which a Corsican never forgets or forgives. The four brothers of Cornelia vowed vengeance, and kept their vow. As a preliminary step, characteristic of the country now as then, they took to the mountains as banditti, and from thence despatched a letter to Santi, requiring of him, categorically, to fulfil his promise within one month from the date thereof; and if he should fail in so doing, declaring their deliberate intention to put him to death. The letter met with no attention; and within one week from the fatal limit, Francesco, the eldest brother fulfilled the threat by pistolling Santi with his own hand in the high street of Bastia.

By this time the first burst of the revolt had been put down for the moment, and the Genoese, as is always the case with a weak government when it has been heartily frightened, prepared to punish all engaged in it to the uttermost. The assassination of Santi, though arising out of private pique, was still an outrage on one of the dominant party, and had originated in national differences. The commandant at Bastia set a price of one thousand crowns on the

heads of the guilty parties, and promised an equal sum, and a free pardon, no matter for what crime, to any bandit who should succeed in bringing them to justice. The brothers, upon this, consulted with their partisans among the villagers, who, looking on them as sufferers in the national cause, were to a man zealous in their behalf. The pursuit threatened to be so very keen, that it was impossible to hope to lie hidden in the villages. Some time before, an ibex hunter had lighted upon this cavern; it was known, as they thought, only to themselves. The approach was by one path, and that exceedingly difficult; and even if they should be discovered, no amount of force, nothing but starvation, could dislodge them. Hither, then, the brothers retreated, with arms, ammunition, and a stock of food and water for a week, which it was agreed one or other of their friends should replenish every four days.

For nearly three weeks it seemed as if the bandits had vanished into air. The government, upon this, raised the reward to two thousand crowns — an immense sum for the time and country; and at length it had its effect. Four bandits, called the robbers of Ficaja, volunteered upon the conditions proclaimed, and were accepted. They had not been long upon their quest, before they noticed the regular departure of one or other of the peasants with a much larger supply of food and water than could be wanted for one day's field-work. The next emissary was followed, and tracked to the hollow among the cliffs; but there the clue stopped. Along the wide face of the precipices no smoke or sign of life was to be seen, and the absolute silence was only broken by the croaking of the ravens, which had their nests among the crags. Convinced, however, that their object could not be far off, three of the men remained to watch, while the fourth was despatched to communicate the news of their discovery at Bastia.

At this news the Genoese were in ecstasies of joy proportional to their previous disappointment. A company of *voltigeurs* were immediately despatched; the church bells rang out in the villages; and, as the peasantry had no alternative

but to obey, in less than three hours five hundred armed men were assembled. The whole force was immediately marched up the mountains, and so stationed as to cut off all access from without. Every approach to the stream was especially guarded; and as no water could be got among the granite rocks, it was confidently expected that thirst alone would force the bandits into a surrender.

The situation of the besieged was horrible. The magnitude and disposition of the force took away all hopes of escape. Five days had passed since they had received their usual supplies, and there was only a piece of bread remaining, and no water. Death, however, was equally certain whether they surrendered or not. Their position was impregnable; and they took a common oath to hold out to the last, and prepared to endure the silent progress of hunger and thirst with that tenacity of passive suffering characteristic of a southern people. The small piece of bread — about eight ounces — which remained was divided into four equal parts, and served them for a meal the first day. A second, a third, and a fourth day were passed in quiet endurance. By the end of the fourth they had devoured their shoes, belts, and everything which could prolong life. But their hunger was nothing to the raging of their thirst. Not a drop of rain had fallen: the sky remained a cloudless blue; and, as the climax to their suffering, they could hear, almost underneath their feet, the rushing of the stream, without a possibility of reaching it. They had not been without hopes of deliverance by assistance from without; but though the peasantry carried their sympathy so far as to offer up prayers for them in the churches, their spirits were too much broken to offer actual resistance to the authorities.

On the fourth evening, Pasquale, the youngest, proposed to surrender, since nothing could be equal to what they actually suffered. But Francesco refused. "I am very sure," he said, "that I shall die myself, as my hand has brought this on us; but you may still escape; and if not, better we die as we have lived to-

gether, than give a triumph to our enemies."

It seemed as if his words were prophetic. The next morning a gray mist was on the sky, heavy clouds were sweeping along the lower range of the hills, and the lightning was very frequent, broad, and deeply-tinged with blue. 'At length, in the afternoon, the storm burst upon the encampment, which lay completely exposed to its fury. The Fiumetta, which, from the protracted drought, had scarcely run on the preceding day, came down in a wall of water, which soon boiled up over its narrow sides, and cut off the Corsicans on the hither side from the Genoese beyond. The tents were blown down; the rain had put out the watch-fires; and as the night came on without a star in the heavens, each group remained crouched together at its post, dreading to stir in the absolute darkness. To the brothers the storm and the darkness seemed a direct interposition of Providence in their favor, which nerved them to make a desperate effort to escape. The descent to the base of the precipice was one hundred and sixty feet in depth, and nearly perpendicular. By cutting into strips all that remained of their garments, and tying them together, a line was formed, which barely reached half way down, and the chance was slight of finding the proper footing during the remaining half. The same darkness, however, which made it perilous to them, veiled them from their enemies; and if the rock had fallen, it would not have been heard amid the roaring of the torrent and the storm combined. They made the attempt, and Pasquale and Dominico reached the bottom in safety. Francesco was last, and had achieved two-thirds of the descent, when Salvator, the third, who was immediately beneath him, feeling his own footing give way, threw up his arms, and caught with the strength of despair at the stone on which Francesco was standing; it loosened beneath the double strain, and a sudden rush through the air told the brothers their fate.

"And did the others escape after all?" I asked, as, simultaneously with the end of his story, we paced into Bastia.

"They escaped, *excellenza*, to Napoli, where Pascal died. Dominico was my mother's uncle, *excellenza* — a famous bandit! Such an eye, such a shot! *uomo bellissimo*! who never robbed less than twenty crowns, or missed confession at Easter in his life!"

THE BEAR-CHASE.

A SOUVENIR OF AN OLD HUNTER.

[From the French.]

ONE evening, a short time after the battle of Fontenoy (1745,) a group of the king's body-guard was congregated near the Latona basin, at Versailles, listening to two of their number discussing a subject which at that period was rarely a matter of controversy in military circles.

"Refuse a duel after a public affront!" exclaimed the tallest of the speakers, whose bronzed features were rendered almost ferocious by a thick red mustache: "it is a stain that all the waters of the deluge would not wash away."

"I repeat, Monsieur de Malatour," replied the other, in a calm, polite tone, "that there is more true courage in refusing than in accepting a duel. What is more common than to yield to passion, envy or vengeance; and what more rare than to resist them? Therefore it is a virtue when exhibited at the price of public opinion; for what costs nothing, is esteemed as worth nothing."

"A marvel! Monsieur d'Argentré, I would advise, if ever the king gives you the command of a company, to have engraved on the sabres of the soldiers the commandment: '*Thou shalt do no murder.*'"

"And wherefore not? His majesty would have better servants, and the country fewer plunderers, if we had in our regiments more soldiers and fewer bullies. Take, as an example, him with whom you seem so much incensed: has he not nobly avenged what you call an affront by taking, with his own hands, an enemy's colors, while your knaves most likely formed a prudent reserve behind the baggage?"

"Cowards themselves have their moments of courage."

"And the brave also their moments of fear."

"The expression is not that of a gentleman."

"It is that of Monsieur de Turenne, whose family equalled either of ours, and who avowed that he was not exempt from such moments. Every body has heard of his conduct to a braggadocio, who boasted in his presence that he had never known fear. He suddenly passed a lighted candle under the speaker's nose, who instantly drew back his head, to the great amusement of the bystanders, who laughed heartily at this singular mode of testing the other's assertion."

"None but a marshal of France had dared to try such a pleasantry. To our subject, sir. I maintain that your friend is a coward, and you ——"

"And I ——" repeated D'Argentré, his eyes flashing, and his lips firmly compressed.

"Holla, gentlemen!" exclaimed a third party, who, owing to the warmth of the argument, had joined the group unperceived. "This is my affair," said he to Monsieur d'Argentré, holding his arm; then, turning to his adversary, added — "Monsieur de Malatour, I am at your orders."

"In that case, after you, if necessary," said D'Argentré, with his usual calmness.

"By my honor you charm me, gentlemen! Let us go."

"One moment," replied the new comer, who, young as he was, wore the cross of St. Louis.

"No remarks. Gentlemen, hasten."

"Too great haste in such cases evidences less a contempt for death than an anxiety to get rid of his phantom."

"I listen, sir."

"Monsieur d'Argentré just now stated that the bravest have their moments of fear. Without taking as serious his anecdote of Monsieur de Turenne, I shall add that, with the exception of the difference that exists between muscles and nerves, the courage of the duellist is more an affair of habit than of principle; for it is the natural state of man to love

peace, if not for the sake of others, at least for himself. Do you wish me to prove it?"

"Enough, sir: we are not here to listen to a sermon."

"Yet a moment. Here is my proposition: we are all assembled this evening previous to our leave of absence: I invite you, then, as also these gentlemen present, to a bear-hunt on my estate, or rather amongst the precipices of Clat, in the Eastern Pyrenees. You are very expert, Monsieur de Malatour — you can snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces, and you have no equal at the small-sword. Well, I shall place you before a bear, and if you succeed — I do not even say in lodging a ball in his head, but merely firing upon him — I shall submit immediately after to meet you face to face with any weapons you choose to name, since it is only at that price I am to gain your good opinion."

"Are you playing a comedy, sir?"

"Quite the contrary. And I even repeat that this extreme haste shows more the courage of the nerves, than of the true courage arising from principle."

"What guarantee have I, should I accept your proposition, that you will not again endeavor to evade me?"

"My word, sir; which I take all my comrades to witness, and place under the safeguard of their honor."

There ran through his auditory such a buzz of approbation, that De Malatour, though with a bad grace, was obliged to accede to the arrangement. It was then agreed that, on the 1st of September, all present should assemble at the Château du Clat.

Whilst the young lord of the manor is making the necessary preparations for their reception, we shall explain the accusation of which he was the object, yet which had not branded him with any mark of disgrace among a class of men so punctilious on the point of honor.

The young Baron de Villetteon, in entering amongst the gentlemen who formed the household guard of the king of France, carried with him principles which remained uncorrupted amidst all the frivolities of one of the most licentious courts in Europe. Such, however, is

the charm of virtue, even in the midst of vice, that his exemplary conduct had not only gained him the esteem of his officers, and the friendship of his companions, but had attracted the attention of the king himself. One alone among his comrades, Monsieur de Malatour, took umbrage at this general favor, and, on the occasion of some trifling expression or gesture, publicly insulted him. Villette-ton refused to challenge him, as being contrary to his principles, but determined that this seeming cowardice, in not fighting a well-known duellist, should be redeemed by some action of *éclat* during the campaign just commenced. That moment had arrived; and for his noble conduct in taking the English colors at the battle of Fontenoy, he received the cross of St. Louis from the king's own hand on the field, the eulogium of Marshal Saxe, and a redoubled enmity on the part of De Malatour.

The first care of the young baron on arriving at his estate was to call his major-domo, an old and faithful servant.

"I have business of thee, my master," said he, cordially shaking him by the hand.

"Speak, monseigneur," replied the pareur, who was deeply attached to his young lord: "you know the old hunter is yours to his last drop of blood."

"I never doubted it, my old friend. Did you receive my letter from Paris?"

"Yes, sir; and those gentlemen, your comrades, will have some work before them."

"Are there bears already on the heights then?" asked Villette-ton, extending his hand in the direction of one of the lofty peaks, whose summit, covered with snow, glittered in the morning sun.

"Five in all — a complete *ménage* — father, mother and children; besides an old bachelor, whom the Spaniards have driven to this side."

"In less than a week we shall go in pursuit of them. Do you know, pareur, some of my comrades are rather rough sportsmen: there is one of them who is able to snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces?"

"Easier, perhaps, than to snuff a bear at four," replied the old man, laughing.

"That is what I said also. But as I should wish to judge for myself of his prowess, you must place us together at the same post — at the bridge of Maure, for instance."

"Hum!" said the pareur, scratching his ear; "it would better please me to have you elsewhere."

"Why?"

"Because, to guard this post a man ought to be in a state of grace, for he will be between two deaths — the bears and the precipice."

"I know the one, and do not fear the other; thanks to your lessons."

"I am sure of that. But with your leave, I should like to guard the bridge myself."

"You are sure, then, that the bears will pass that way?"

"Sure — yes; but quite sure — no. Recollect that they are sullen and prudent beasts, which never confide their plan of route to any one."

"It is agreed on. I shall guard the bridge with my comrade. Now, go and have the trackers ready."

"Very well, very well," murmured the pareur as he retired; "I shall have my eye on him."

Eight days afterwards, all those invited, not excepting Monsieur de Malatour — who, despite the delicate attentions of the host, preserved a cold reserve — were assembled at the chateau. The magnificent grandeur of the Pyrenees, their shining summits relieved against the blue sky of Spain, was an unlooked-for pleasure to the greater number of the guests, who for the most part belonged to the rich and fertile plains of the interior.

The morning following their arrival, a body of trackers and scouts, provided with all manner of discordant instruments — trumpets, saucepans, drums, &c., &c. — were assembled under the walls of the chateau, with the pareur at their head; while by his side stood the mandrin, who proudly guarded a dozen large mastiffs, held in leash by his vigorous helpers. The young baron and his friends, armed with carbines and hunting-knives, had scarcely appeared, when by a sign from the pareur, the whole troop moved silently forward. The

dogs themselves seemed to understand the importance of this movement; and nothing was heard but the confused tramp of feet, blending with the noise of the distant torrent, or, at intervals, the cry of some belated night-bird flying heavily homeward in the doubtful glimmer of the yet unopened day.

As the party reached the crest of the mountain which immediately overhung the chateau, the first rays of the sun breaking from the east glanced on the summit of the Pyrenees, and suddenly illuminating the landscape, discovered beneath them a deep valley, covered with majestic pine-trees, which murmured in the fresh breeze of the morning.

Opposite to them, the foaming waters of a cascade fell for some hundreds of feet through a cleft which divided the mountain from the summit to the base. By one of those caprices of nature which testify the primitive convulsions of our globe, the chasm was surmounted by a natural bridge — the piles of granite at each side being joined by one immense flat rock, almost seeming to verify the fable of the Titans; for it appeared impossible that these enormous blocks of stone could have ever been raised to such an elevation by human agency. Sinister legends were attached to the place; and the mountaineers recounted with terror that no hunter, with the exception of the *pareur*, had ever been posted at the bridge of *Maure* without becoming the prey of either the bears or the precipice. But the *pareur* was too good a Christian to partake of this ridiculous prejudice: he attributed the fatality to its real cause — the dizziness arising from the sight of the bears and the precipice combined, by destroying the hunter's presence of mind, made his aim unsteady, and his death the inevitable consequence. He could not, however, altogether divest himself of fears for his young master, who obstinately persevered in his intention of occupying the bridge with his antagonist.

After placing the baron's companions at posts which he considered the most advantageous, the *pareur* rejoined his men, and disposing them so as to encompass the valley facing the cascade, com-

manded the utmost silence to be preserved until they should hear the first bark of his dog. At that signal the mastiffs were to be unleashed, the instruments sounded, and all to move slowly forward, contracting the circle as they approached the cascade. These arrangements being made, the *pareur* and his dog, followed by the *mandrin* alone, disappeared in the depths of the wood.

For some minutes the silence had remained unbroken, when suddenly a furious barking commenced, accompanied by low growling. Each prepared his arms; the instruments sounded; and the mastiffs being let loose, precipitated themselves pell-mell in the direction of the struggle. Their furious barking was soon confounded with the cries of the hunters and the din of the instruments, mingled with the formidable growling of the bears, making altogether a hideous concert, which, rolling along the sides of the valley, was repeated by the distant echoes. At this moment the young baron regarded his companion, whose countenance, though pale, remained calm and scornful.

"Attention, sir," said he in a low voice. "The bears are not far from us: let your aim be true, or else——"

"Keep your counsels for yourself, sir!"

"Attention!" repeated *Villetteyron*, without seeming to notice the surly response — "he approaches!"

Those who were placed in front of the cascade, seeing the animals directing their course to the bridge, cried from all parts, "Look out, look out, *Villetteyron*!" But the breaking of branches, followed by the rolling of loosened stones down the precipice, had already given warning of the animals' near approach. *Malatour* became deadly pale; he, however, held his carabine firmly, in the attitude of a resolute hunter.

A bear at length appeared, with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, at times turning as if he would vainly struggle with his pursuers; but when he saw the bridge, his only way of escape, occupied, he uttered a fearful growl, and raising himself on his hind legs, was rushing on our two hunters, when a ball struck him

in the forehead, and he fell dead at their feet.

Malatour convulsively grasped his gun — he had become completely powerless. Suddenly new cries, louder and more pressing, were heard.

"Fire! fire! he is on you," cried the pareur, who appeared unexpectedly, pale and agitated, his gun to his shoulder, but afraid to fire, lest he should hit his master.

The latter perceiving his agitation, turned round: it was indeed time. On the other side of the bridge, a bear, much larger than the first, was in the act of making the final rush. Springing backward, he seized the carabine of his petrified companion, and lodged its contents in the animal's breast ere he could reach them. He rolled in the death-struggle, to where they stood. All this was the work of an instant. The knees of the hardy old pareur shook with emotion at the escape of his young master; as for Malatour, his livid paleness, and the convulsive shuddering of his limbs, testified the state of his mind.

"Take your arms," said the young baron, quickly replacing in his hand the carabine; "here are our comrades — they must not see you unarmed; and, pareur, not a word of all this."

"Look!" said he to his companions as they gathered around, pointing to the monstrous beasts — "one to each. Now, Monsieur de Malatour, I wait your orders, and am ready to give the satisfaction you require."

The latter made no reply, but reached out his hand, which Villetteon cordially shook.

That evening a banquet was given to celebrate the double victory. Towards the end of the repast a toast to "the vanquishers" was proposed, and immediately accepted. Monsieur d'Argentré, glass in hand, rose to pledge it, when Malatour, also rising, held his arm, exclaiming — "To the sole vanquisher of the day! to our noble host! It was he alone who killed the two bears: and if, through his generosity, I have allowed the illusion to last so long, it was simply for this reason: the affront which I gave him was a public one — the reparation ought

to be public likewise. I now declare that Monsieur de Villetteon is the bravest of the brave, and that I shall maintain it towards all and against all."

"This time, at least, I shall not take up your gauntlet," said Monsieur d'Argentré.

"There's a brave young man!" cried the pareur, whom his master had admitted to his table, and who endeavored to conceal a furtive tear. "Nothing could better prove to me, sir, that, with a little experience, you will be as calm in the presence of bears, as you are, I am sure, in the face of the enemy."

GOUGH, THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE APOSTLE.

THE republication in this country of a little volume, of which seventeen thousand copies have been sold in America, makes us acquainted for the first time with a very remarkable young man, named John B. Gough, who has, within the last three years, sprung from the ranks of the working-classes in that country, and we may add, from the degraded herd of the dissipated, and is now in the full blaze of popularity as an apostle of the Whitefield class, but in the immediate cause of total abstinence. The volume is entitled, "The Hand of Providence Exemplified in the History of John B. Gough." It is chiefly an autobiography; and a most extraordinary revelation does it give of human error and misery. The author has evidently regarded it as a sacred duty to expose every circumstance in his career as a sot, in order to tell upon the unhappy beings who are still under the bondage from which he is emancipated. There is much eloquence in the volume; and what is more surprising, there is much naturalness and affecting simplicity. We therefore recommend it even to those who merely read for amusement, or with the general desire of studying the features of our common nature.

Gough was the son of an English private soldier, and came to America, at twelve years of age, in the service of an emigrant family, who undertook the care

of him. In consequence of dissatisfaction with his treatment in this family, he found himself, at fourteen, a friendless adventurer in the streets of New York, with half-a-crown in his pocket. He got employment as an errand-boy; and by-and-by his mother and sister came from England to join him. The mother, however, who was an excellent person, soon after died; the sister went to a trade in another city; and the poor youth was once more alone in the world. It is easy to see that, with an ardent temperament and some lively talents, Gough was exposed, in such circumstances, to great danger. It is certainly not surprising that, when he attained manhood, his original moral impressions were obliterated, and he was become a person of reckless life. Possessing a good voice for singing, and a power of telling comic stories, he was tempted into the society of thoughtless young men, who taught him to drink. Then ambition led him to forsake his trade as a bookbinder for the stage; but meeting only with disappointment, he returned to work. Still, he was restless and unsteady. At about twenty years of age we find him engaged in a fishing adventure in the bay of Chaleur; and soon after he married the sister of the owner of the vessel. Before this time King Alcohol had marked him as one of his most devoted subjects.

At Newburyport, where he set up house as a married man, he for a little while maintained an effort at reformation. "I recommenced," says he, "attending a place of worship, and for a short time I attended the Rev. Mr. Campbell's church, by whom, as well as by several of his members, I was treated with much Christian kindness. I was often invited to Mr. Campbell's house, as well as to those of some of his hearers, and it seemed as if a favorable turning-point or crisis in my fortunes had arrived. Mr. Campbell was good enough to manifest a very great interest in my welfare, and frequently expressed a hope that I should be enabled, although late in life, to obtain an education. And this I might have acquired, had not my evil genius prevented my making any efforts to obtain so desirable an end.

My desire for strong liquors and company seemed to present an insuperable barrier against all improvement; and, after a few weeks, every aspiration after better things had ceased, every bud of promised comfort was crushed. Again I grieved the Spirit which had been striving with my spirit, and ere long became even more addicted to the use of the infernal draughts, which had already wrought me so much woe, than at any previous period of my existence.

"And now my circumstances began to be desperate indeed. In vain were all my efforts to obtain work; and at last I became so reduced, that at times I did not know, when one meal was ended, where on the face of the broad earth I should find another. Further mortification awaited me, and by slow degrees I became aware of it. The young men with whom I had associated in bar-rooms and parlors, and who wore a little better clothing than I could afford to put on, one after another began to drop my acquaintance. If I walked in the public streets, I too quickly perceived the cold look, the averted eye, the half-recognition; and, to a sensitive spirit, such as I possessed, such treatment was almost past endurance. To add to the mortification caused by such treatment, it happened that those who had laughed the loudest at my songs and stories, and who had been social enough with me in the bar-room, were the very individuals who seemed most ashamed of my acquaintance. I felt that I was shunned by the respectable portion of the community also; and once on asking a lad to accompany me in a walk, he informed me that his father had cautioned him against associating with me. This was a cutting reproof, and I felt it more deeply than words can express. And could I wonder at it? No. Although I may have used bitter words against that parent, my conscience told me he had done no more than his duty, in preventing his son being influenced by my dissipated habits. O how often have I lain down and bitterly remembered many who had hailed my arrival in their company as a joyous event! Then plaudits would ring in my ears, and peals of laughter ring

again in my deserted chamber; then would succeed stillness, only broken by the beatings of my agonized heart, which felt that the gloss of respectability had worn off, and exposed my threadbare condition. To drown these reflections I would drink, not from love of the taste of the liquor, but to become so stupefied by its fumes as to steep my sorrows in a half oblivion; and from this miserable stupor I would wake to a fuller consciousness of my situation, and again would I banish my reflections by liquor."

A kind-hearted countryman not only succored him in his extremity, but set him up in business. Drink, however, brought him to ruin in five months. The details which he gives of his habits surprises us; for it is uncommon for the young in our own country to keep liquor constantly beside them in order to maintain an enduring intoxication. "To what shifts," he says, "was I reduced in order to conceal my habit of using intoxicating drinks! Frequently have I taken a pitcher, with a pint of new rum in it, purchased at some obscure groggery, and put about one-third as much water as there was spirit in it at the town pump, in the market square, in order to induce persons to think that I drank water alone. This mixture I would take to my shop, and for days and days together it would be my only beverage. In consequence of this habit I would frequently fall asleep, or, if awake, be in so half-torpid a state, that work or exertion of any kind was quite out of the question; and after an indulgence in this practice for some time, I was compelled to remain at home from sheer inability to enter on active duty. I grew of course poorer and poorer, and my days dragged wearily on. At times I almost wished that my life and its miseries would close."

His wife having left him temporarily one morning on a visit, Gough, finding his home somewhat lonely, commenced drinking at a gallon of West India rum which he had in the house. "Although the morning," says he, "was not far advanced, I sat down intending to do nothing until dinner-time. I could not sit alone without rum, and I drank glass after glass until I became so stupefied, that

I was compelled to lie down on the bed, where I soon fell asleep. When I awoke, it was late in the afternoon, and then, as I persuaded myself, too late to make a bad day's work good. I invited a neighbor, who, like myself, was a man of intemperate habits, to spend the evening with me. He came, and we sat down to our rum, and drank together freely until late that night, when he staggered home; and so intoxicated was I, that in moving to go to bed, I fell over the table, broke a lamp, and lay on the floor for some time unable to rise. At last I managed to get to bed; but, oh! I did not sleep, for the drunkard never knows the blessings of undisturbed repose. I awoke in the night with a raging thirst. My mouth was parched, and my throat was burning; and I anxiously groped about the room, trying to find more rum, in which I sought to quench my dreadful thirst. No sooner was one draught taken than the horrible dry feeling returned; and so I went on, swallowing repeated glassfuls of the spirit, until at last I had drained the very last drop which the jar contained. My appetite grew by what it fed on; and having a little money by me, I with difficulty got up, made myself look as tidy as possible, and then went out to buy more rum, with which I returned to the house. The fact will perhaps seem incredible, but so it was, that I drank spirits continually without tasting a morsel of food for the next three days. This could not last long; a constitution of iron strength could not endure such treatment, and mine was partially broken down by previous dissipation.

"I began to experience a feeling hitherto unknown to me. After the three days' drinking to which I have just referred, I felt one night, as I lay on my bed, an awful sense of something dreadful coming upon me. It was as if I had been partially stunned, and now, in an interval of consciousness, was about to have the fearful blow which had prostrated me repeated. There was a craving for sleep, sleep — blessed sleep! But my eyelids were as if they could not close. Every object around me I beheld with startling distinctness, and my hear-

ing became unnaturally acute. Then to the singing and roaring in my ears would suddenly succeed a silence so awful, that only the stillness of the grave might be compared with it. At other times strange voices would whisper unintelligible words, and the slightest noise would make me start like a guilty thing. But the horrible burning thirst was insupportable; and to quench it, and induce sleep, I clutched again and again the rum bottle, hugged my enemy, and poured the infernal fluid down my parched throat. But it was of no use — none. I could not sleep. Then I bethought me of tobacco; and, staggering from my bed to a shelf near, with great difficulty I managed to procure a pipe and some matches. I could not stand to light the latter, so I lay again on the bed, and scraped one against the wall. I began to smoke, and the narcotic leaf produced a stupefaction. I dozed a little; but feeling a warmth on my face I awoke, and discovered my pillow to be on fire! I had dropped a lighted match on the bed. By a desperate effort I threw the pillow from the bed, and, too exhausted to feel annoyed by the burning feathers, I sank again into a state of somnolency. How long I lay I do not exactly know, but I was roused from my lethargy by the neighbors, who, alarmed by a smell of fire, came to my room to ascertain the cause. When they took me from my bed, the under part of the straw with which it was stuffed was smouldering, and in a quarter of an hour more must have burst into a flame. Had such been the case, how horrible would have been my fate; for it is more than probable that, in my half-senseless condition, I should have been suffocated or burned to death! The fright produced by this accident and very narrow escape in some degree sobered me; but what I felt more than anything else was the exposure. Now, all would be known, and I feared my name would become more than ever a byword and a reproach."

The consequence of this bout was an attack of delirium tremens, the sensations of which he describes with fearful fidelity. Returning to work as a journeyman, he endeavored to indulge in his

vice without exposing himself to the world; but with all his anxiety on this point, his habits became notorious, and he sank into disrepute and poverty at the same time. In the midst of domestic miseries thus produced, his wife and surviving child perished. He continued to drink while they lay dead in the room beside him. "There, in the room where all who loved me were lying in the unconscious slumber of death, was I gazing, with a maudlin melancholy imprinted on my features, on the dead forms of those who were flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone. During the miserable hours of darkness, I would steal from my lonely bed to the place where my dead wife and child lay, and in agony of soul pass my shaking hand over their cold faces, and then return to my bed, after a draught of rum, which I had obtained and hidden under the pillow of my wretched couch."

Amidst all this horrible conduct, he contrived to obtain at least occasional employment. We could suppose that there was something about him that awakened a kind interest in those around him, notwithstanding every delinquency. Indeed there can be no doubt, both from his earlier and his latter life, that there were noble natural elements in this man; only for the mean time enchained in debasement by passions to whose undivided control he had been exposed in the course of a morally-unprotected youth. The good in him was every now and then endeavoring to break through. "My custom," he says, "was to repair to the lowest grog-shops, and there I might usually be found, night after night, telling facetious stories, singing comic songs, or turning books upside down, and reading them whilst they were moving round, to the great delight and wonder of a set of loafers, who supplied me with drink in return. Who would have recognized in the gibing mountebank, the circle of a laughing, drunken crowd, the son of religious parents — one who *had* been devoted and affectionate not very long before — one, too, who had felt and appreciated the pleasures which religion alone can bestow? At times my former condition would flash across my mind

when, in the midst of riot and revelry, conviction would fasten its quivering arrow in my heart, making it bleed again, although I was forced to hide the wound. And through the mists of memory my mother's face would often appear, just as it was when I stood by her knee, and listened to lessons of wisdom and goodness from her loving lips. I would see her mild reproving face, and seem to hear her warning voice; and, surrounded by my riotous companions at certain seasons, reason would struggle for the throne whence she had been driven; and I would, whilst enjoying the loud plaudits of sots,

"See a hand they could not see,
Which beckoned me away."

Gough was a wretched, broken-down, half-ragged outcast, whom all had learned to shun, when one evening, towards the close of 1842, some one tapped his shoulder as he walked along the street. He could scarcely believe his senses, when, turning round, he found a person looking kindly upon him — the first time such a thing had happened for many months. This was an emissary of temperance, who had marked his miserable state. Gough was, by the winning kindness of this person, induced to come to a temperance meeting and sign the pledge. He felt at first a sense of relief, and a pleasure arising from the honest desire to keep a good resolution; but for a week his sufferings from an enfeebled system, deprived of its usual though unnatural pabulum, were dreadful. Fortunately, by the persevering support of the good men amongst whom he had fallen, he was preserved from relapse. Behold now a strange metamorphosis — the miserable drunken bookbinder finds that he can speak in public, with effect, upon his late errors! It is discovered that he has gifts calculated to be of great service in one of the highest of causes. His religious feelings return; his admirable inherent morale is fully evoked; a wonderful oratorical power breaks out in him. Multitudes come full of eagerness, and hang for hours upon the voice of one whom, a few weeks ago, all were anxious to shun. In short, Gough begins to cir-

culate from one temperance meeting to another, until he finds it necessary entirely to abandon his original trade. During the two ensuing years he labored with astonishing activity and success. "From the 15th of May, 1843," says he, "to the 1st of January, 1845, I travelled more than twelve thousand miles by land and water; delivered six hundred and five public addresses in churches, halls, public buildings, and in the open air — one hundred and ten of which were in the city of Boston alone; and obtained thirty-one thousand seven hundred and sixty signatures to the total abstinence pledge." It can only be mentioned to his honor, that he made *one lapse* a few months after taking the pledge, for he was the first to announce it himself; and his contrition appears to have been deep, sincere, and effectual.

Gough is now running the career of a popular orator in his own country. A gentleman who went from curiosity to hear him at Philadelphia, and was induced by his eloquence to take the pledge, describes the excitement previous to the orator's appearance as excessive. The scene is a church; and while a little group are pushing through the crowd towards the pulpit, intense curiosity is expressed to know which is *he*. At length a young man is distinguished. "That's he!" whispers everybody to everybody else.

"What! that pale thin young man, with a brown overcoat buttoned closely up to his chin, and looking so attenuated, that a tolerably persevering gust of wind would have had no difficulty in puffing him to any required point of the compass — *that* him who has swayed multitudes by his oratory — made strong men weep like little children, and women sob as if their hearts would burst! Yes; look at his large expressive eyes — mark every feature — and you see the stamp of no common man there. The young apostle of temperance is before us.

"After a brief address from Mr. Marsh, and a prayer from the pastor of the church, a hymn was sung, and then Mr. Gough came forward. I had now a better opportunity of observing him. His face was pale, and there needed no very

scrutinizing eye to detect on the brow of youth furrows which time and trouble had prematurely ploughed there. His cheeks were very pale, somewhat sunken, and their muscles were very distinctly marked. The mouth, by far the most expressive feature of the face, was of a benevolent formation (if I may so describe it), and at times a smile of inexpressible sweetness lurked about it. A quantity of dark hair nearly covered his forehead, yet leaving one temple bare, indicating a brain of more than ordinary capacity. In dress he was extremely simple — plain black. Taken altogether, I have seldom, at a first glance, felt so lively an interest in any celebrated man (and I have seen many) as I did in Mr. Gough.

"It would be easy enough to give the *matter* of Mr. Gough's address; but to convey anything except a very slender idea of his *manner*, would be a sheer impossibility, and I shall not attempt so hopeless a task. To be fully appreciated, he must be heard. He commenced by disclaiming any intention of entering on an argument, and said that he should mainly depend on facts, the results of his own experience, or those of others which had fallen under his notice. He then described his own career as an intemperate man, and drew pictures of such terrific power, and yet so truthful, that his hearers shuddered as they listened to the dreadful details. To me intemperance had never before appeared in all its horrible, startling hideousness. The impressions made by Mr. Gough on his audience seemed to be profound; and many of his pathetic anecdotes drew tears 'from eyes unused to weep.'

"It being Sabbath evening, Mr. Gough did not indulge in any reminiscences of a ludicrous nature, but confined himself to a delineation of the awful features of intemperance as exhibited every hour in our daily paths. His illustrations were marvellously felicitous, and most aptly introduced. Never did he utter anything approaching to vulgarity, and often his eloquence was of a high order. He told us that he had never known the advantages of education (a fact which none

would have suspected); that he had left England at twelve years of age; had suffered from poverty and want in their direst forms; and had felt, when death had robbed him of all who made life dear, that he was utterly *alone*. It was the most awfully interesting autobiography I ever listened to.

"During that week and the week following, Mr. Gough lectured to congregated thousands in Philadelphia; and so fascinated was I by his eloquence, that, with the exception of two meetings, I heard all his addresses. The excitement was tremendous. To obtain any chance of hearing him, seats were obliged to be procured more than an hour and a half before the time of commencement. Gallery and pulpit stairs, and aisles, were thronged with people of every class. I shall never forget the scene at the Chinese Museum, where, on two occasions, three thousand people paid twenty-five cents for the privilege of hearing him; and even then, hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Mr. Gough enchained that vast audience for two hours by one of the most effective addresses I ever heard. At one moment he convulsed them with merriment, and then, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, he subdued them to tears. It was a wonderful display of his power over the feelings and passions; and yet, withal, there was so much of humility, that one knew not which most to admire — the man or his matter." — *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

THE RIFLE, A TALE OF ARKANSAS.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

BENJAMIN SMITH was perhaps the tallest, most gallant, and popular of all the backwoodsmen in the state of Arkansas. Young, of manly bearing, and possessed of great energy, he had, out of a dense plot of forest land, formed in two years, aided by a small capital, an excellent farm, with a clearing of several acres. It happened, however, just as this farm was completed, and Benjamin was thinking of commencing operations which

should remunerate him for all his labor and expense, that his capital was exhausted. To almost any but an Arkansaw backwoodsman this would have been a terrible blow; but Ben was somewhat of a philosopher, and accordingly, one fine morning at daybreak he left his hut, and seating himself on a blackened stump near the door, ruminated on what was to be done. He gazed with admiration upon his house, the work of his hands, on the fenced acres, on the huge piles of wood which his own exertions had reared around, on a stream close at hand, and appeared suddenly struck with the conviction that he really was a very lucky fellow. He had all the elements of happiness within his reach; but something still was wanting. Across Ben's knees was his long narrow-bored rifle; his powder-horn and pouch hung beside him; in one hand was a knife, in the other a piece of wood, which, in order, we suppose, to conduce to the concentration of thought, he was whittling at in the most determined manner. Chip by chip fell around him; the thick pinestaff was soon reduced to a bundle of insignificant shavings; and just at this instant our hero appeared to arrive at a satisfactory solution of his difficulties. "Well," thought he, "I wish I may be shot if it isn't a wife I want! I've got the log, and the clearing—I can find meat in plenty while I have this rifle, and that's a real fact; but I want a wife to prepare my dinner, and talk to me when I come home; and I do believe I should like to have a chap about as high as my boot to call me 'Pa!'" And then the vast bulk of the Arkansaw backwoodsman was shaken with inward laughter. "Well, it's about the greatest thing I've hit upon for some time; but I don't exactly realize how it is to be done. One thing is certain, wives don't grow on trees like hackle-berries, and I must go to Little Rock." With these words the young man rose, and advancing towards the hut, fastened the door, and shouldering his rifle, at once began his journey of fifty or sixty miles.

Little Rock, in Arkansas, on the frontier of Texas, is perhaps the most reputable town in the whole United

States; but neither there, nor at the White Sulphur Springs, are the enormities practised which travellers would persuade us to credit. Still, though Ben ran no danger of being choked by being forced to "bolt" a hearty meat-dinner in two minutes and a half, nor of being gouged, nor shot across the street by accident, nor, by committing murder, getting "canonized, and elected into the States' legislature," it was rather dangerous for one of his rustic character to be domesticated in a town where men of such idle, lazy, and swaggering habits were assembled. Though Little Rock be not strictly an "Alsatia for all kinds of thieves and gamblers, forgers, horse-stealers, and the like," though "gouging, stabbing, and shooting" be not the principal occupation of the people, still, being a frontier town, whence escape into the then independent republic of Texas was easy, it was naturally the resort of a large number of the class enumerated; a class, despite all that has been said, not more numerous across the Atlantic than in some places nearer home.

Ben might easily have found in Little Rock a place of residence suited to a man of good feeling and moral principles; but, used to the woods and wilds, and the society of rough, good-humored, and well-meaning borderers like himself, he yielded to the request of the first stray acquaintance he met, and accompanied him to about the very worst boarding-house in the place. We should be sorry to induct our readers into the mysteries of such an establishment; suffice it, that Ben saw and heard enough to have made any thinking man take to flight. But Ben, who had required two years to find out that he wanted a wife, was not likely to discover in one evening that he was in a false position; and so rapid, with a simple-minded man, is the process of contamination from evil communication, that that one night sufficed almost to ruin our hero forever. Giving way to drink—the root of the greatest amount of crime—the backwoodsman forgot himself. From drinking a little, he advanced to much. Before, however, his reason had become completely prostrated, he noticed, sitting in one corner, a man who, from his dress

and appearance, appeared one of the many Poles who had taken refuge in the United States. Quiet, unobtrusive, and silent, he joined neither in the song nor the maddening games which served to murder time; but with a modest glass before him, which remained almost untouched, interfered with no one. At length a fellow called on him to join the company, and be sociable. The Pole, with a mild bow, that seemed to speak his sorrow at his situation, replied that he never drank or gambled. The fellow, irritated at what he chose to consider a covert sneer, would have quarrelled with the old man; but Ben interfered, and declared that, before the Pole should be injured, they must take his life. There was a fire in the squatter's eye that silenced the bully, and the Pole remained unmolested. But time passed, and Ben drank deep and played deep; and on retiring to bed, money, rifle, and everything but the most necessary articles of clothing, had changed owners.

Morning came, and the borderer felt that his expedition in search of a wife had had a bad beginning. There was something, he was sure, radically wrong; but, before he could arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to where the error lay, his companions had joined him, and without much difficulty persuaded him to endeavor a redemption of his evil fortune. To spare ourselves the pain of narrating the fall of our hero, we may at once state that, at the end of a fortnight, he had become an accomplished specimen of a Southern loafer, as idlers are called in the United States. One afternoon, at the expiration of this time, reduced to beggary, without the arms which might supply him with food, Ben walked through the well-laid-out town of Little Rock in search of the refreshing influence of the open air. But he was no longer the sturdy woodsman, who could fell an ox, and eat him too, in no very considerable period; and as he strolled along, he grew faint and weary. Looking round for a shady spot where to rest his easily-fatigued limbs, the squatter discovered a pile of logs, close by an uninhabited house, and opposite to one which was occupied. It was advancing

towards evening, and Ben was here about to give way to the gentle influence of the hour, and fall into a deep sleep, while nature was veiling her beauties for the night, when his eye accidentally wandered to a window opposite, at which sat at work a young and lovely girl—the very being, it seemed, of which he had dreamt when seated on his old stump opposite the hut reared with his own hands. Ben rose to a sitting posture, and, scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should scare the beautiful vision, gazed upon her with delight and admiration. Her feminine occupation wholly absorbed her attention; and for some time the squatter enjoyed the pleasure of seeing such a creature as he felt would make the woods more delightful than the famed earthly paradise of ancient days. Suddenly the door of the house opened, and the old Pole, coming out, advanced rapidly towards our hero.

"My good friend," he said, "allow me to thank you for the generous manner in which you lately interfered to save me from insult. I was that night houseless, and forced to take shelter where I could, and unfortunately did so at the boarding-house, where I escaped injury only through your kindness."

During the delivery of this speech, Ben had remained with open mouth staring at the interlocutor, and blushing like a girl fresh from a boarding-school. Decidedly there was good in Ben at bottom. When the Pole concluded, he muttered some incoherent words, at which the other smiled, and invited him to follow him into the house. The young man arose, as it were in a dream, and walked behind the stranger without saying a word. To his surprise and confusion, the old man led him into the very room occupied by the young girl, to whom he was introduced as the bold youth who had perhaps saved her father's life on a late occasion. While Ben was overwhelmed with varied feelings, the daughter of the old Polish officer rose, and welcomed him with the most unaffected kindness; and before half an hour was over, the rude squatter was seated at the evening meal of his new friends, who, though poor, had still more

than absolute necessities. Encouraged by the friendly hospitality of the European fugitives, Ben at length, partly to extenuate his own late acts, frankly told his story. The manner of the old man, hitherto kind, but a little protective, became cordial and pleased. When the squatter told how he had, after two years' thought, come to the sudden conclusion that a wife, and in due time a family, would wonderfully enliven his rude log-hut, the daughter was inclined to laugh; but a glance at the deeply-moved young man, a tear that glistened in his eye, the look of hopeless admiration that he cast upon herself, restrained the feeling, and Emily Duraski scarcely spoke another word that evening. Some matter of deep moment appeared to engage her whole thoughts.

When the young man had concluded, Colonel Duraski—for such was the father's name—rose, and going to another room, presently returned with a magnificent rifle, and all the necessary appurtenances. These he laid beside Ben. "Young man," said he, "you have erred grievously; but a steady resolution to act honorably will restore the greatest evil-doer to society. Without arms, you are powerless in the woods. Take these; but, as I am a poor man, I make this reservation—you must make over to me your farm, and you must not go near it for three months. If, at the expiration of that period, you can pay me for this rifle, I restore you your home; if not, it is mine forever." Ben, under the influence of the daughter's beauty, agreed to and signed everything; and an hour afterwards, left the house a rifle and its accoutrements the richer, but, unless he could raise a hundred dollars, forever deprived of his hard-earned home. But Ben hoped. There were buffalo, bears, and other wild animals in the woods, whose skins were valuable; and the backwoodsman resolved to earn the rifle, and preserve at the same time his farm—and who knows what ambitious views were behind?

Distrusting his own powers of resistance, Ben Smith left Little Rock behind him at once; nor did he pause until he had placed it ten good miles behind

him. He then found himself in the very thick of a virgin forest, with deep darkness settled over all nature. With the circumstances, returned all Ben's woodcraft and joyous love of a night beneath the blue sky, alone amid the overhanging sycamores, oaks, and beech. To collect wood, to make a roaring fire, and to spit a wild turkey, shot while roosting, was the work of a very short time; and then the young man sat down to await the moment when his evening meal should be ready. His first thoughts took an unlucky direction. He recollected that, on the previous night, instead of being alone, he was rioting amid excited and applauding companions, and, from the habit of such false excitement, he now felt low-spirited, and without hope. From being gloomy, his thoughts became evil. On his pale face, as the flicker of the blazing logs illumined it, one might have read the struggle of strong and angry passions. He gazed with admiration at the beautiful rifle at his feet: he felt that he could never part with it. But why should a stranger claim his inheritance, his home, the work of his hands, if he failed to raise a hundred dollars? The very idea of being deprived of his hut and clearing worked him up to fury, and, as he sat beside the burning fire, he vowed in his heart that the Pole should never own his home. Fierce and terrible were his impulses; in thought he had been a very murderer. While he already gazed around with terror and alarm at the gloomy vistas of the forest, as if expecting the ministers of vengeance to come forth, there arose before him another picture. It was as if he had dreamt a dream. He sat within a rude but warm hut, furnished, as the industrious and painstaking pioneers of civilization usually furnish their homes, with all that is necessary, and nothing that is superfluous. A bright gladsome blaze rose upon the mud-made hearth, casting its cheerful light upon a room which contained other charms than the creature comforts. An old man slept in a rough arm-chair; a lovely woman gazed upon the dreamer with affection; while on his own knees, and in his arms, and on the ground, and in every imaginable place,

were little cherubs, whose faces were so very like his, and so very like hers, that to tell whom they really resembled was impossible. Ben started. He had really dozed; but it was perhaps the most fortunate doze that ever happened to man. Heaving a deep sigh, a sense of his own unworthiness came upon him; and the reflection that, had he acted with common prudence, he might with ease have realized the exquisite picture which had come upon him with all the calming influence of the domestic affections, made him see in its true light his late inconsiderate and foolish conduct. Ben, as he now ate his meal, for once in his life thought with rapidity, and determined to act with energy and good-will. His bitter feelings against his Polish benefactor made him blush with shame, and he resolved that the rifle, which he admired so much, should be paid for even with interest.

For about a month the backwoodsman wandered through the vast woods of the Arkansas, hunting with indefatigable zeal, and collecting the results of his chase in a small cavern, where he took up his quarters, at no great distance from his former location. One night, on returning home heavily loaded with spoils, as he stepped up towards a hole in the side of a rock, in which he was about to rest himself for the night, an angry growl made him hesitate and drop his burden. The practised woodsman recognized in the sound the peculiar tones of a panther grumbling over a bone. It was almost pitch-dark, and yet Ben fired by the dim gray light of a few stars; and his shot told. The next instant the panther was upon him. The hunter dropped his rifle, and clutched the long knife which every Arkansaw borderer carries at his belt. The wounded beast flew to his left shoulder, which it grasped in its teeth with an energy and ferocity that would have proved fatal, had not the long bright blade gained the panther's heart at the same instant. The beast growled, let go its hold, and fell dead. For a moment, Ben stood erect, proud and glad of his victory; but the next instant he felt a sensation of pain in his shoulder and left arm,

which satisfied him that he was dangerously, if not mortally wounded. It had been from a natural feeling that he selected for his new abode a spot within two miles of his log-house; and thither, after hastily stanching his wounds, it seemed necessary that he should attempt to go, though he should die on the way. Fearful that faintness might overcome his strength, he immediately proceeded on his journey, and in less than an hour was in sight of his home. Since his unfortunate visit to Little Rock, he had not approached it any nearer than the scene of his late struggle. When he now stood within the clearing, astonishment rooted him to the ground. Cattle lowed, pigs grunted, a watch-dog barked, and smoke curled from the chimney. From the half-open door streamed the light of the blazing logs. Ben paused irresolutely; his heart beat with a strange and wild violence; but faintness was creeping over him, and, mustering courage, he staggered towards the door, and having reached it, fell insensible within the walls of his own log-hut.

It was some time ere Ben revived, and then his surprise was still greater than before. The old Pole and his lovely daughter, with two farm-laborers, stood around him.

"Well, my friend," said the Pole, while concluding the dressing of his wounds, "you are come sooner than we expected; but you are right welcome. How come you to be in this terrible state?"

Ben could not reply: his whole faculties were bent upon the lovely being who stood, pale and anxious, waiting his recovery.

"Nay, father," said Emily Duraski, a faint blush illumining her features, "he is not yet strong enough to speak."

"The rifle!—the rifle!" cried Ben at the same moment; "send your men in search of it;" and in a few rapid words he explained where it would be found.

Colonel Duraski took note of the directions, and, followed by his two men, leading a horse, hurried himself in search of the valuable instrument. Ben and Emily were left alone. The latter im-

mediately attended to the sufferer's wants, gave him a strong and refreshing cup of tea, made him a meal so comfortable and tempting, and hurried about with a zeal so ready, that it went to the backwoodsman's heart. As he lay on his couch, and gazed upon her as she moved about, her very manner lending a charm to everything, Ben felt that he again saw her who alone could make life in the woods joyous and happy. At length she came and seated herself beside him, having ministered to all his wants.

"How shall I ever thank you," said poor Ben, a deep shade of stern sorrow settling on his face, "for all this gentle kindness—I that deserve nothing?"

"Say not so," replied the girl, warmly; "you deserved all when you saved my father from contumely and insult. He was seeking such a farm as this when you met him. But, Mr. Ben Smith," continued Emily, in the most bewitching and fascinating manner, while a faint color again flushed across her face, "I abjure you, in the name of everything that makes me thank you, to be frank, and tell me why you look so miserable?"

"My wounds," began Ben, confusedly.

"No—you are too much of a man for that," said the girl, gaily. "I insist upon your speaking the truth."

"Lady," replied Ben, gravely, "I will. I am well aware I shall merit your contempt and scorn. I have seen you but twice, Miss Duraski, and the poor backwoodsman has dared to love where love is hopeless."

"And that is all?" began the lovely Polonaise with a smile; but, checking herself, she said gravely, "I thank you for your frankness. I knew, however, before you spoke, that you did feel for me some such silly fancy; and had I not had some idea that my father entertained a wish—that is, had an idea—that—that you might like me—I——" But she could go no farther, for Ben, giving her no time to conclude, seized her hand with a wild stare, so utterly madman-like, as to cause very great alarm for an instant to the young lady.

"Your father had some idea?—I am

dreaming—but I am not able to bear this suspense. I cannot. Miss Duraski, if your father accepts me as a son-in-law, what will be your answer when I put the question to you?"

She made no reply: her head was bowed down: the rich crimson rushed in full tide to her cheeks; and then, mastering courage, she said, "I believe I should prove an obedient daughter."

Ben jumped up: his wounds were forgotten. It was too much for the huge Arkansaw, however. He attempted not to approach his half-betrothed bride; but after dancing round the room for a minute, burst into a loud and prolonged fit of laughter. A few seconds recalled him to reason; and then, taking the fair girl's hand, he poured forth, in his rough way, such a history of his feelings for the month previous, as made the Polish beauty alternately smile and weep. The borderer's frank and manly bearing made him rise rapidly in her estimation, and when the father returned, they were so deeply engaged in mutual professions of esteem, that they noticed not his entrance. Their proximity, and the girl's hand unresistingly held by the young man, spoke volumes. As they were both taken by surprise, they had presence of mind not to affect concealment. Neither moved.

"Hollo!" cried the colonel; "you are a pretty sick man, to be sure—in half an hour to wheedle yourself into my child's good graces!"

"Not in half an hour, father," said Emily, rising and advancing towards him. "Recollect, for a month past, you have been showing me the great advantages that would accrue to me by becoming mistress of this homestead; and you see I have been mercenary enough to make sure of it at once."

"So, then, all is arranged?" said the colonel with a laugh.

"Everything but the day," exclaimed Ben boldly.

"I thank Heaven it is so," said the Polish exile, solemnly: "I could wish for my child no better fate than to be your wife. I return you your house, and give you the rifle."

"You will do neither, my dear sir. I

have, I think, earned the hundred dollars; and as to the farm, I have a particular desire it should come to me as your daughter's portion."

The young man was right. He had earned his rifle. A happy and gladsome sight were the three that evening—the worthy father, the proud lover, and the girl, discovering each moment in her future husband some new trait that made him worthier in her eyes. They were married; and on the occasion of the wedding, everybody remarked with curiosity that the bride wore a short cloak, lined with a panther's tawny hide. Various were the surmises; but none knew that to the original owner of the skin was perhaps owing the present happy union. It was happy.

In due time Ben was called "Pa!" at which he laughed until Mrs. Emily Smith thought he would never stop.

"Well," he said, "my dear wife, I do realize it at last. I am a happy husband, a proud father; and all, my dear sir," addressing the Pole, "through our bargain about THE RIFLE."

NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

I. It is a well-known fact that none of the inferior animals can make a fire. Even the orang-outang, when he comes upon a fire left by man in the woods, though he may warm himself by the embers, never thinks of prolonging the blaze by adding fresh fuel: this is a step beyond the range of his capabilities. Man alone is a fire-using animal; and however simple it may appear, the lighting of a fire is an art, and an art that requires some skill too, as any one may ascertain who attempts it for the first time. Amongst the thousands of individuals in civilized society, how very few (except those regularly trained to it) could kindle a fire if left to their own resources! Yet how expertly will every savage perform this office. Mr. C. Darwin thus describes the operation as performed by his two Tahitian guides, after they had taken up their night's lodgings on the ridge of a high mountain:—"By the aid of strips of bark for twine, the

stems of bamboos for rafters, and the large leaf of the banana for a thatch, the Tahitians in a few minutes built an excellent house, and with the withered leaves made a soft bed. A light was procured by rubbing a blunt-pointed stick, of a peculiarly white and very light wood, in a groove made in another, until, by friction, the dust of the wood became ignited. This was the work of a few seconds; but to a person who does not understand the art, it requires the greatest exertion. Having made a small fire of sticks, they placed a score of stones, of about the size of cricket-balls, on the burning wood. In about ten minutes' time the sticks were consumed, and the stones hot. They had previously folded up, in small parcels of leaves, pieces of beef, fish, ripe and unripe bananas, and the tops of the wild arum. These green parcels were laid in a layer between two layers of the hot stones, and the whole then covered up with earth, so that no smoke or steam could escape. In about a quarter of an hour the whole was most deliciously cooked."

The Guacho, or native of the Pampas, uses a different method in procuring a fire. Taking an elastic stick, about eighteen inches long, he presses one end on his breast, and the other, which is pointed, in a hole in a piece of wood, and then rapidly turns the curved part, like a carpenter's centre-bit, till the wood ignites. In the chill and humid climate of the Falkland Islands, the same observant traveller again remarks—"It was very surprising to see the Guachos, in the midst of rain, and everything soaking wet, with nothing more than a tinder-box and a piece of rag, immediately make a fire. They sought beneath the tufts of grass and bushes for a few dry twigs, and these they rubbed into fibres; then surrounding them with coarser twigs, something like a bird's nest, they put the rag, with its spark of fire, in the middle, and covered it up. The nest being then held up to the wind, by degrees it smoked more and more, and at last burst out into flames. I do not think any other method would have had a chance of succeeding with such damp materials."

II. It is singular to think that our ancestors, the ancient Britons, lived in a state of almost complete nudity; and that in this state they enjoyed robust health in a climate that to us, their civilized descendants, demands many folds of warm clothing, besides comfortable houses and fires. Yet the natives of Patagonia, inhabiting a country still colder than Britain, go quite naked at the present time. They are described as a tall and robust race, though living in the lowest grade of savage simplicity. Such is the effect of habit in the animal system. Perhaps, on the whole, a low temperature is more conducive to both mental and bodily vigor than a high one, for, generally speaking, nations of the temperate and even frigid zones are found more energetic than those of the torrid. Yet it is only in so far as the severity of the climate enjoins industry and the arts, that these favorable results occur, for Mr. Darwin's description of the natives of Wollaston island, Terra del Fuego, is by no means an engaging one. "While going on shore," says he, "we pulled alongside a canoe with six Fuegians. These were the most abject and miserable creatures I anywhere beheld. On the east coast the natives have Guanaco cloaks, and on the west they possess seal-skins. Amongst these central tribes the men generally have an otter-skin, or some small scrap about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, which is barely sufficient to cover their backs as low down as their loins. It is laced across the breast by strings, and according as the wind blows, it is shifted from side to side. But these Fuegians in the canoe were quite naked; and even one full-grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily, and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbor not far distant, a woman, who was suckling a recently-born child, came one day alongside the vessel, and remained there whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked child. These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entan-

gled, their voices discordant, their gestures violent, and without dignity. Viewing such men, one can hardly make oneself believe they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world."

III. The inhabitants of mountainous countries remain much more fixed and rooted to their native soil than the inhabitants of plains. The Welsh and Highland Scotch have stuck to their mountains and kept themselves apart from other races, for many centuries; while the inhabitants of the plains and more accessible parts of Britain have undergone interminable intermixtures. There is a people inhabiting the mountainous parts of the north-west of India, called the *Sia-posh*, that in physical appearance, manners, and language, preserve much of the character common to the original stock whence the great Indo-European nations sprung. Take one of these large-featured, fair, blue-eyed, and red-haired Indians, and place him beside a Scot or Welshman, and the physical resemblance will be very apparent. What appears even more strange, their languages will be found to have had the same derivation, and a great many words are still common to the three. Thus many names of familiar objects are nearly identical in the *Sia-posh*, the Welsh, and the ancient Erse; and so are the numerals from one to twenty. All these, too, bear a common relation to the same words in the Sanscrit—the original root from whence these different dialects are supposed to have originated. Strange attachment of the human affections, that the more rugged and wild the country, the more is the heart bound up in it—

"For the fierce whirlwind, and the torrent's roar,
But bind them to their native mountains more."

Yet it is a fitting arrangement, otherwise much of the earth's surface would be left untenanted. The inhabitants of the plains, again, have a migratory tendency; they move onward, and carry improvements in their train, and thus serve to spread population, and diffuse the arts of civilization. With a wide extent of fertile prairies, and rich alluvial soil spread out before them, the go-a-head tendencies of the Americans are much

more beneficial than more sedentary habits could be.

IV. It is a mistake to suppose that animals in a state of nature are exempt from diseases. All organic beings are liable to interruptions of their functions, and even derangements of their structure; though, on the whole, healthy action is the rule, and disease the exception. We find plants even extremely liable to all kinds of diseases, and so it must be with animals. They suffer from atmospheric changes, either affecting their bodies directly, or the substances on which they feed; they are annoyed, and often seriously afflicted, by parasites, which live on and within their bodies; and occasionally by derangements and malformations of organic structure in the mechanism of their own frames. Thus it has been well ascertained that epidemics occasionally produce great havoc among gregarious quadrupeds and birds. Dr. Richardson mentions that on some occasions great mortalities take place among the beavers of North America. We know that grouse in this country not unfrequently die in great numbers during some unhealthy seasons; and Lewis and Clarke mention having shot, from among the herds of buffalo in the Rocky Mountains, individuals that were so diseased and emaciated as to be unfit for use. In our zoological gardens may frequently be seen the bilious and half-blind tiger, the paralytic fox with twinkling, half-shut eye and lifeless, trembling limb, the phthisical monkey, and the skin-diseased, drooping bird. All this, to be sure, is the effect of confinement, irregular and improper feeding, and impure air, and is so far an illustration of the melancholy effects of such practices as are self-imposed upon man in society; but it at the same time shows that even the inferior animals have all the same predispositions to disease, if the same baneful influences surround them, and if reason, or rather unreason, is allowed to interfere with their natural impulses and habits.

V. Birds, as regards structure, are perhaps the most perfectly endowed, as they are certainly the most beautiful and interesting, of the lower animals. In birds there is an admirable mechanism

and adaptation both for gliding in the air and swimming in the water. They have a light but strong and compact skeleton, great and enduring muscular powers, a large nervous system, and most of the senses in a high degree of perfection. Their digestive and assimilatory powers are vigorous and perfect, and their respiratory organs are large: the consequence is, that their animal heat and vigor are superior to that of most other classes of animals. In general, the brain is large in proportion to the size of the body, and the instinctive powers are very perfect. A few kinds are rather dull and stupid, such as the gannets, noddies, &c.; but the parrot, magpie, raven, and many others, show great vivacity and quickness of intellect.

The bright and beautiful plumage of many kinds, the musical notes of others, the migratory motions of several classes, pointing out, and associated with, the successive changes of spring, autumn, and winter, all tend to invest with a high degree of interest those aerial creatures of the sky and waters. They form the ornaments of animated nature, as flowers and blossoms constitute the beauties of the vegetable kingdom.

The eggs of birds are variously tinted and mottled, and hence they become objects of interest to the collector. In this diversity of color nature has doubtless some final end in view; and though not in every instance, yet in many, we can certainly see a design in the adaptation of the colors to the purpose of concealment, according to the habits of the various classes of birds. Thus, as a general rule, the eggs of birds which have their nests in dark holes, or which construct nests that almost completely exclude the light, are white; as is also the case with those birds that constantly sit on their eggs or leave them only for a short time during the night. Eggs of a light-blue or light-green tint will also be found in nests that are otherwise well concealed; while, on the other hand, a great proportion of those nests that are in exposed situations have eggs varying in tints and spots in a remarkable degree, corresponding with the colors of external objects in their immediate neighborhood. Thus a dull-green color is

common in most gallinaceous birds, that form their nests in grass, and in aquatic birds among green sedges; a brighter green color is prevalent among birds that nestle among trees and bushes; and a brown mottled color is found in those eggs that are deposited among furze, heath, shingle, and gray rocks and stones.

We find the same adaptations of color to the objects immediately around them, and evidently for the purpose of concealment, among many defenceless animals, and among the young of many birds that follow their parents along the ground in search of food. Thus the color of the hare is the same as that of the brown furze or half-withered grass among which it lives; the color of many birds that perch in trees is of a congenial green; and so is that of many insects, lizards, and reptiles, that live among grass and green herbage. The young partridges can scarcely be discovered from the brown mould or withered grass among which they nestle, or the young grouse from the heather of a congenial tint.

The swallow is a bird that all delight to welcome, and to look at as it darts through the air; but few care for inspecting it nearer, for it has no great splendor of plumage; and its wide mouth, short feet, and untamable nature, make an intimacy with it rather to be avoided than coveted. "Yet," says Sir H. Davy, "he is one of my favorite birds, and a rival of the nightingale, for he glads my sense of seeing as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season; he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature. Winter is unknown to him; and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa. He has always objects of pursuit, and his success is secure. Even the beings selected for his prey are poetical, beautiful, and transient. The ephemerae are saved by his means from a slow and lingering death in the evening, and killed in a moment when they have known nothing of life but pleasure. He is the constant destroyer of insects, the friend of man, and with the stork and ibis, may be re-

garded as a sacred bird. His instinct, which gives him his appointed season, and which teaches him always when and where to move, may be regarded as flowing from a Divine source; and he belongs to the oracles of nature, which speak the awful and intelligible language of a present Deity."

Every one has remarked the manner in which birds of prey float, as it were, without any effort, and with steady, expanded wings, at great heights in the atmosphere. This they are enabled to do from the quantity of air contained in the air-cells of their bodies, which air being taken in at a low level in the atmosphere, of course rarefies and expands as the bird ascends into higher regions. Their rapidity of descent must be accomplished by the sudden expulsion of this air, aided by their muscular efforts. Of all birds, the condor mounts highest into the atmosphere. Humboldt describes the flight of this bird in the Andes to be at least 20,000 feet above the level of the sea. From the cave of Antisana, elevated 12,958 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean, he saw this bird soaring at a perpendicular height of 6876 feet. It is a remarkable circumstance, says he, that this bird, which for hours continues to fly about in regions where the air is so rarefied, all at once descends to the edge of the sea, and thus in a few minutes passes through all the varieties of climate. At a height of 20,000 feet, the air-cells of the condor, which are filled in the lowest regions, must be inflated in an extraordinary manner. Many years ago, Ulloa expressed his astonishment that the vulture of the Andes could fly at a height where the mean pressure of the air is only fourteen inches. It was then imagined, from experiments made with the air pump, that no animal could live in so rare a medium; but Humboldt has seen the barometer on Chimborazo fall to thirteen inches eleven lines; and Guy Lussac respired for a quarter of an hour in an atmosphere whose pressure was even less than this. At these heights, man generally finds himself reduced to a painful state of debility, while the condor, on the contrary, appears to breathe freely. Of all living beings, it appears

to be the one that can rise at will to the greatest distance from the earth's surface. Occasionally, small insects are carried involuntarily even higher by ascending currents of air.

It is a beautiful sight, in a still lake, to watch the swan plying its way "with oary feet," or to see a flock of them assume the double line, one behind the other, and meeting at an angle like the letter V. This is the practice of other aquatic fowl, as ducks and geese, not only in swimming, but when on wing high in the air. Does this double line and acute angle which they form lessen the resistance of the air or the water, and thus render the average flight of those in the rear easier? Undoubtedly, supposing the flock an individual mass, this is the exact form of angle which offers the least resistance to a fluid medium, such as air or water. This has been demonstrated in the case of a boat; but whether the same holds in the case of a figure formed of separate and distinct individuals, we are not mathematicians enough to determine. The presumption is in the affirmative, for nature does nothing in vain; and the fact that the bird in the van is successively relieved by those in the rear, would point out that the leader's efforts were greater than those behind, and required in this way to be relieved.

UNSPOKEN LANGUAGE.

It is remarkable that, while the grammar of our spoken tongue is taught in untold thousands of academies, there is no institution of any kind for instruction in that equally useful language which is neither written nor spoken. There seems to be no good reason why this kind of language should not be taught in a systematic and — so to speak — grammatical manner; for, if it may be said that it comes naturally to us all, so, it may be said, does the employment of our mother tongue; and yet, as everybody knows, we cannot use that correctly without training. I would therefore humbly suggest the introduction into our principal schools and colleges of

departments for the various leading branches of wordless speech, all of them under competent masters and mistresses, as the case might be.

An important department would be the various means of expressing anger, indignation, contempt, and other strong passions in the wordless manner. It ought to comprise classes for individuals of various sexes and ages. For example, there might be one composed of young ladies, to teach them the proper methods of showing how much they are offended, from a sulky look for an unreasonable papa or mamma, to a contemptuous toss of disdain for a swain who has made a non-reverential remark. It would be of particular consequence to train them to the art of cutting, for which purpose it might be necessary to set up a figure like the quintal of the tournament-ground, upon which to practise the desired art. Past this they would be paraded at a proper walking pace, and taught to look at it as if they did not see it, or know what it was. Cutting, we should think, might be taught to clever pupils in from four to six lessons.

The most expressive methods of slamming doors would form the business of a general class; for this is a form of silent, though not noiseless rhetoric, for which almost all have occasion. Doors may be slammed in a great variety of ways, each having its own peculiar signification. For instance, there is the sulky slam — a heavy, dull mode, yet necessary for its own particular shade of feeling. There is also the pert, contemptuous slam, — a sharp, snappish sound, which seems to say, "I despise you." Then there is the thundering slam, for towering passions only, and which generally shakes the whole tenement from garret to cellar. On all of these, and other slams, there would of course be sub-variations for various parties. For example, a servant's angry slam against a mistress who has been so unreasonable as to point out a fault; a son's slam against his father on being refused a horse; &c. When all the varieties of the art are considered, we could not expect that, in private tuition, slam-

ming could be well taught in less than twelve lessons.

An important department would be that for teaching the various means of expressing derogatory opinions of friends and acquaintance independently of words. The utility of the non-verbal language is here so great, that all must be sensible of it. Particular care would be necessary in the selection of teachers, particularly those who had to train young commercial men in the methods of indicating degrees of credit-worthiness; and those, again, of the female sex who gave instructions in the best modes of denoting the state of reputations. The nicest caution and delicacy being here necessary, it would be proper to engage only first-rate talent, and to pay it extremely well. We can imagine the class-rooms for this department presenting curious scenes. Nods, winks, elevations of the eyebrows, shrugs, affectedly-concerned looks, would be seen passing between teachers and pupils in a surprising manner. A master might be seen giving lessons in the laying of a finger significantly across the lips, for half an hour at a time. A spectator unacquainted with the object would be apt to suppose the class a congregation of lunatics, when, in reality, it was engaged in preparation for some of the most important duties of social life. This allusion, by the way, reminds us of one of the things to be taught in this department; namely, the proper way of referring, without words, to the various degrees of sanity enjoyed by one's friends—from that movement of shoulders and eyebrows which expresses a sense of their oddity, to the pointings to, and touchings of, the forehead, by which we indicate their being hopelessly gone in madness, or, what is thought the same thing, the knowledge and goodness which soar above the common world.

One good end might be in a special manner served by the proposed institutions, and one which would, in fact, make up for the shortcomings of all other seminaries, and the obstructions to all other means of acquiring knowledge. It often happens, as every one knows, that people speak of things which none

but themselves understand. What are the rest to do?—to acknowledge ignorance, and profess to be willing to learn? This were such a degradation, as none possessed of a fair share of self-respect could submit to. The alternative, of course, is to listen with that appearance of intelligence usually called a "knowing look." But this is called for in many various forms. For example, if a friend quotes from a Latin or French author, there is required an aspect which seems to say—"Right: you have it—the thing is undeniable." Suppose, again, you are at an exhibition of pictures, and join a pair of friends who are talking learnedly of keeping—light and shade—coloring—tone—aërial perspective—scumbling—old woman in the red cloak to give effect to the foliage—about all of which matters you feel like a child unborn, as far as the feelings of such a member of the society may be guessed at—then you will require to light up your countenance with a different kind of internal lantern. A much graver, more solemn light, it must be; consisting of a decided earnestness of eye, a primness of lips; a few firm, shrewd, sidelong glances; two nods judiciously interspersed; and, finally, a toss up of the chin as you stalk away, without a single word, to the next picture, apparently determined on criticising and judging for yourself. Looks for non-understood papers at scientific societies are not less needful; for at present many grown gentlemen hardly know how to conduct themselves on those occasions. Such looks would require to be duly graduated to the character of the various papers—from a trivial, half-attentive look for speculations in geology and other such readily-apprehensible matters, to one fixed, penetrating, and determined, when the black board was getting covered over with algebraic calculations. In this department it would be well to have private hours for the more special instruction of presidents, councillors, and other officials, as it becomes particularly absurd to see the gentlemen at the green table looking as if they had not the faintest idea of what the matter is all about.

There would be a large miscellaneous department, absorbing many odds and ends. Here one might be duly trained to the silent methods of maintaining an appearance of consequence — making people keep their distance, and so forth. A stare in reply to an over-familiar remark is a piece of art which would require a good deal of practice for most persons, as, to do human nature justice, we do not naturally feel jealous about dignity, — witness the proceedings of children — and only acquire the sentiment in our intercourse with society. Connected with such lessons are those required for recognitions in streets and other public places — the cool nod for a friend who borrows, the *impressé* bow for the lady who gives nice parties, the mixture of nonchalance and perfect politeness to be conveyed to one whom you suppose to be an enemy or rival, so as to leave him nothing of which either to boast or complain. To chill down and battle off bores by mere mute dodging — to turn the cold shoulder in an unchallengeable manner to persons “not proper” — would also call for much study. All of these are utterances of a most refined nature, compared to which word-language is a piece of the grossest materiality. Decayed members of the upper classes would probably be found the only persons competent to teach such niceties. Here, also, the various feelings expressible by a turn or cast of the eyes, by a look, a smile, a pursing-up or a turning down of the mouth, and many other little gesticulations, would be subject of exercise. We would not willingly see instructions given in those mysterious applications of the thumb to the nose, which have of late years been so common, as an expression of incredulity, seeing that this practice is essentially a degradation of the human countenance divine. A polite skepticism is doubtless expressible by gestures or looks against which no such objection can be urged; and to discover and teach these, would be the business of some of the higher officials of the establishment.

Such is a general outline of the kind of seminaries proposed — liable of course to revision in point of detail, and with

regard to their constitution and management. We throw it out to the world only as a hint, leaving it to others to make it a reality.

P. S. — A friend, to whom we have read what is here written, remarks that he cannot understand how an academy for the teaching of silent arts would admit of any female teachers. This is mere matter of detail. Substitutes of the other sex, with all or most of the requisite qualifications, would doubtless be found.

CAUSE OF DOUBLE FLOWERS.

THE cause of double flowers has lately been explained in the *Revue Horticole*, on a rather curious and interesting principle. It is impossible for any inquiring mind not to attempt an explanation of the fact, that many plants which, in a state of nature, never present more than a single row of petals, begin to assume several rows under continued cultivation. The effects of a richer soil, and other genial circumstances, or the mere accident of double petals in one plant transmitted with improvement through its progeny, are the common explanations; and these are generally received as satisfactory, without reflecting that what we call accident is itself a result of some cause, and that change of condition must attack some physiological principle before it can have any effect in modifying the character of a plant. Nothing is now so common as double flowers; and “to explain the phenomenon,” says the *Revue*, “we must make practice agree with theory. Every gardener who sows seed wishes to obtain plants with double flowers, so as to have blossoms which produce the greatest effect. Every double plant is a monstrous vegetable. To produce this anomaly, we must attack the principle of its creation; that is to say, the seed. This being granted, let us examine in what way these seeds ought to be treated. If, after having gathered the seeds of Ten Weeks’ Stock, for example, we sow them immediately, the greater number of the seedlings will produce single flowers; whilst, on the contrary, if we preserve

these same seeds for three or four years, and sow them, we shall find double flowers upon nearly all the plants. To explain this phenomenon, we say that, in keeping a seed for several years, we fatigue and weaken it so, that the energy which would otherwise have been expended in producing stamens, produces petals. Then, when we place it in a suitable soil, we change its natural state, and from a wild plant make it a cultivated one. What proves our position is, that plants in their wild state, shedding their seeds naturally, and sowing them as soon as they fall to the ground, yet in a long succession of time scarcely ever produce plants with double flowers. We think, then, after what we have said, that whenever a gardener wishes to obtain double flowers, he ought not to sow the seeds till after having kept them for as long a time as possible. These principles are equally applicable to melons, and all plants of that family. We admit, like many other observers, that melon plants obtained from seeds the preceding year ought to produce, and do produce, really very vigorous shoots, with much foliage; but very few fruitful flowers appear on such plants; whilst, on the other hand, when we sow old seeds, we obtain an abundance of very large fruit. In fact, in all varieties of the melon, the seeds should always be kept from three to eight years before being sown, if we would obtain fine fruit, and plenty of it."

MYSTERIOUS DEATHS.

It sometimes happens in the country that nearly a whole family is struck by malignant fever, and successively carried off. This happened lately at a farmhouse in the south of Scotland. Not only did the farmer, his wife, and a female servant, sink under the disease, but a son and daughter, and several other servants, narrowly escaped with their lives, and only by removing from the house. It was observed in this case that removal produced instantaneous improvement of health, but return to the devoted dwelling at once renewed the ailment. About the same time a similar tragedy happened near Stirling. A far-

mer, his wife, two sons, and a female servant, being the whole family, took ill of malignant fever, and died. The explanation which has been afforded to us in the first case perhaps, supplies a key to all such mysteries. It has there been found that, immediately behind the house was a kind of mill-pond, into which every kind of refuse was thrown, or allowed to discharge itself, and that this collection of putrid matter had not been once cleaned out for a long series of years, no one dreaming of any harm from it. The momentous consequences from a cause so trifling, and the consideration that they might have been warded off by only a little knowledge, furnish ample matter for reflection. We are yet but in the infancy of an understanding of the subject of aerial poisons.

AN IRISH PIG-FAIR.

[From the Daily News.]

In order to enter into the scene of an Irish pig-fair with the proper spirit, it is requisite that the reader, besides encouraging a mirthful disposition, and a love for the study of character, should possess a duly-instructed mind on certain precursory principles and facts of the subject now proposed to be treated. It will therefore be necessary to offer a few remarks on the character and the circumstances which have combined to form and establish the character of an Irish pig.

Born in the warmest nook of the peasant's domestic circle—in the very bosom of his family, we may say—an Irish pig begins life under the most flattering circumstances which could be imagined. He may, indeed, be said to suck flattery with his mother's milk. His bringing-up hath a smack of royalty in it. As everything within the immediate range of his experience is made subservient to him, both in respect of his needs and his humors, he naturally and inevitably comes to the conclusion that he is the most important person in existence, and that the world was made for his use. His mother was reared amidst the same illusory impressions. The whole object of the family he lives with

is to fatten him, and do him honor. In fact, honor and fat react upon each other, and he is crowned with favor in proportion to his obese demonstrations of having been graciously pleased to receive the offerings of his humble servants.

The pig takes his meals with the rest of the family, whom, at best, he regards as his poor relations. He sits down with the circle of the family board (often, literally, a board for a plate,) and eats with them from the same dish, from which they usually select for him the largest potatoes. Instances, it is true, have been known, where a disloyal peasant has endeavored to persuade the pig to eat a few potato-peelings mashed up with the rest; but seldom with success. Far more common is it to give the pig something in addition, such as porridge, bran and cake, and cabbage. Not merely is the pig better fed than the peasant, with his wife and children, but in several districts it is the only animal that is sufficiently fed. This is more especially the case in Sligo and Roscommon. The pig, meantime, knows how matters stand, and is quite aware of his own importance. If he happens to be coming in at the door of the cabin, at the same time that one of the children is coming out, he tries to make it appear that there is not room enough for both, and gives the child a hunch with his shoulder in passing, like a surly brute who would growl, "Get out of the way—don't you see *me* coming?" A traveller in the provinces told me that he once overheard a sort of dialogue between a peasant girl and the pig of the house. The pig had absconded, or, at least, had not returned all night; and the girl, who had been out searching for him since daybreak, was now bringing him home, reproaching him with his ingratitude as they walked along—the pig returning a sort of grudging acquiescence to each touching interrogatory. "Didn't I always get you enough straw at night to cover round you, and a wisp to stick in the chink o' the wall to keep the wind out?" *Ouff*, said the pig. "Haven't I given you the best praties, and leaves, and warm mash, and often gone without a meal myself

for you—eh now?" *Ouff*, said the pig; but the grudging acquiescence did in some degree partake of an "O! don't bother *me*." "And wouldn't I always do my duty by you—eh?—wouldn't I? How could you have the heart to leave your own home—eh? Will I tell you of all your ingratitude, eh?" *Ouff*, said the pig; meaning, in this case, "Well, I don't care if I *do* hear about that."

What should an education like this produce? What could be expected from such circumstances surrounding a creature from its birth? What should all this incessant pampering of body and mind produce in the character of the individual? I speak it with regret in the present case—what but a brutal, gross, morose, selfish hog!

Now then imagine, O reader,—if, after what has been said, thou canst imagine such a thing—that the day at length arrives when this pampered pig has to be taken to the fair, whether he is graciously pleased or not, there to be criticised and sold! Yes; the right honorable gentleman "who pays the rent" has to walk, perhaps for several miles, with a certain indignity round one of his hind legs; and the disloyal, false knave, his owner, urging him, after divers base expedients, from behind or laterally, on the highway, to a public mart—there to be weighed, pinched, or fumbled all over, and then sold!—to what "end," let the classic muse of pie and sausage, pot, oven, iron-spit, or brine-tub, in fitting verse recite.

The fair is held usually in the ordinary market-place, being in itself no more than a market, except from the dignity and importance, and, we may add, contumacious excitement of the chief thing sold. There are a few poor stalls for the huckster or pedler trade; one gambling turn-about with halfpenny stakes; a little stage on a cart for the hoaxing sale of good-for-nothing haberdashery; no shows of any kind, no toys, and only three most unattractive stalls for stale-looking cakes and commonplace gingerbread with no gilt upon it, nor even the shining brown varnish which is the only admissible substitute. The fair is devoted to higher purposes.

We have seen the pig in his domestic circle, and have come to a right understanding of his inevitable character — the pampered creature of circumstances. From his earliest infancy he was the heir-apparent of the grossest egotism, selfishness, and ignorance. Now, let the reader of this historical, philosophical, severe, yet not unloving sketch, imagine himself, if he can venture such a thing, in the midst of three or four hundred pigs like these! Three or four hundred outraged country nobles, partly driven, and partly seduced away from their cabins, vassals, and baronial bogs, and here assembled in public. Be it understood they are not in a drove, not under any discipline, not in any degree even of swine-herd order. No man dares to exercise his whip; nothing but a thin, playful, smooth switch occasionally. And as for dogs! — I should like to see a dog show his face among nobility, and under exasperating circumstances: he would be torn to pieces, and trampled into mud before their wrath. They are not here, in any sense, “a drove” nor a “herd,” but each one asserts his own individual state of mind and passion. This may be defined as a state of equal indignation, rage, and the worst suspicions, all fusing together. The pigs have found out that some mischief is intended to them! They have, in their brusque way, laid their heads together by threes and fours, and the conviction has spread among them. They have literally become wild beasts, and like wild beasts do they behave. They snarl, and squeak, and scream, and yell, and growl, and utter curses, and gnash, and foam at the mouth, and bite, and brawl, and rush, snout-foremost, under the wheels of carts, or between the most crowded legs of men. They are brought back in vain; for they struggle, and shriek, and gnash, and burst away; and when two by accident meet suddenly face to face, they seek instant relief of their feelings by a fight, to which they stand up in lion-and-unicorn fashion. While thus they gnash and bite, behind each one you see an excited peasant, embracing the loins of his warlike pork, in anguish lest the price should be lowered in the buyer's

eye by the unseemly disfigurements of battle. . . .

But who are the buyers of all these alarming pigs? Behold him standing there, with one hand in his pocket, the finger of the other hand pointing contemptuously at a very good pig. He has a short *dudeen* in his mouth, and smokes and speaks carelessly at the same time. Smoke issues with nearly all his words. The man who buys the pig has a knowing, satirical, purse-proud, knavish, remorseless face and air. He has, moreover, a tongue to match it — wily, would-be-witty, overbearing, false, unfeeling, and dishonest. He is evidently an agent in the matter, and gets a per-centage. This makes a clever screw of him. It is not his own money he so vulgarly displays, to dazzle the eyes of poor Pat, and make him catch at the first offer, however inadequate, as it is sure to be, first or last — unless Pat happens to be very sharp indeed, which sometimes proves to be the case. In general, however, he has little chance with these buyers. The buyer makes his first offer, after sufficiently depreciating the pig. The peasant knows it is worth more, and refuses. A little haggling ensues, and the buyer venting yet further contempt on the pig in question, walks carelessly, scoffing and smoking, in an opposite direction, and immediately commences a negotiation touching other pigs. The buyers are manifestly in league with each other; so that although there is some competition, it is not fair competition; and the screw and pressure of a secret monopoly of the market is at work. If the peasant does not accept the offer of the first bidder, the second bidder may offer less, and usually does. The peasant looks after the careless smoking screw, who is now so busily engaged a little way off, affecting to have quite done with him. He looks — he begins to walk towards him — the buyer walks away — the peasant follows. — Again he addresses him on the subject of his pig. In the end, the screw has him at his own price. Now and then, however, the poor peasant repents his first demand, and holds to it with melancholy firmness. He speaks in a sad

voice. He knows the fair value of the pig, and asks it. He cannot obtain it; and yet he does *so* want to sell the pig.

The only "fun of the fair" is the pig's invariable resistance to the examination of the buyer's hand, with the perversity of the buyer, after he is held fast, in persisting to feel those parts where he is least fat, instead of those parts which are most plump, and to which, with ludicrous anxiety and eloquence, the peasant in vain endeavors to direct the buyer's attention. Amidst this the pig often crouches close down to the ground, and screams with all his might. Perhaps, however, he may be docile from cunning, and some *finesse* in his mind, in which case he only holds down his head coyly. But generally he is in a rage, and has to be soothed and scratched, as he sits up on his haunches with a savage unappeasable countenance.

At length a bargain is made complete—a pig is sold. The buyer marks him with his especial mark—some mark with scissor-lines cut in the bristles, some with red ochre, some with black chalk—and ostentatiously displays money while paying, and talks of much more. A poor, little old woman in rags, and with a small, pale face, comes meekly to listen, and is attentive to the talk of all this money. She goes away very humbly, but seems all the better for what she has heard. A deplorable ballad-singer, more than half-naked, fills up any temporary diminution that may occur in the noise of the fair.

On the outskirts of the town, peasants are seen driving sold pigs to the buyers' carts or quarters. You may know to a certainty by the man's face and air if he has sold the pig according to his previous mind. Not often will you see a satisfied smile lurking round his mouth, but the corners drawn straight with disappointment, as he looks down reproachfully at the pig for having misbehaved himself at the fair—in not rendering himself docile to the buyer's fingers, and more entertaining in all his natural blandishments.

A fiddle sounds from a little coffee-shop in the fair. All the business then is done. There is a crowd yonder, at

one side of the market-place, standing in a circle. Is it a fight—not of pigs, but men? What occasions the disturbance? No; it can be no fight—no disturbance; for everybody is standing quietly, and silently too; and there is one man who has a very sad face of sorrow and perplexity, as though he had lost something. Let us approach.

All is explained. Upon several planks and half a door lies some huge form, covered over with a large, coarse, white sheet. At one end, beyond the covering cloth, there appears a quiet hoof sticking out like a pointed moral; and at the other end the tip of a pale snout, with a crimson stain in the nostril, pathetically pokes forth. It is the Roman emperor, who, a brief hour ago, sat with terrific countenance in the middle of the fair. A deed has been done. He has been bought and sold; but they could not lead him into captivity. The debt of nature is paid—so is the poor man's rent; and death and the landlord can now do what they like with their own. As for the fallen hero, let his faults die with him. There is nothing coarse in him now—nothing gross is here, in this scene before us—nothing selfish and brutish. All is hushed, philosophical and suggestive—refined by the hand of the universal steel-bearer, the quieter of us all.

PHILOSOPHY OF TOYS.

GIVE a child a small box, and it will probably examine it all round, and in a very short time toss it away. The sight gratified a little, a change of image was desired, and this was the most obvious method of procuring a change. By this act the child brings up the consciousness of exertion; and the sight of a moving thing reproduces former images of motion and activity. Show it that the box opens, and it resumes the study of it—shuts it itself, opens it again; thus reverting from image to image, and delighting in the transformation, as the work of its own hands. It will not be long ere it resorts to the extreme step of throwing it away, and seeking it back to throw away again. From this and all

other observations on childhood, we can see that a toy, which has nothing movable or changeable about it, is a very imperfect thing: it has little source of thought in it. With a finely-finished toy—an effigy of a man, a dog, or a bird—a child will not lose much time ere it treats it as it would a stick, or a spoon, or an old canister; namely, beat the table with it to produce melody, and the ideas of life and motion, and self-exertion—toss it away, or apply it to its mouth to restore part of the pleasure of sucking the breast. It is a very common error to confound toys with ornaments in amusing children. We hear a nurse, on holding up a pretty bauble to an infant, saying, “See, such a pretty,” as if the child’s capacity of enjoyment as yet contained nothing but a love of dazzle. It is common, too, to present to the eye what is not given into the hand—a very thankless indulgence. The sense of beauty and of nice imitation are of late growth. What childhood needs is copiousness of images, resembling and fit for restoring those broad, palpable ideas which it has been able to gain—to keep the faculty of identification, and recovering of the past working all the day long. It is thus preparing itself for the highest operations of intellect in mature life. By indulging it in noises and rapid motions of all kinds, we are, besides breeding happiness, cultivating ideas of activity, bustle, and life, which are the foundation of the habits of the smart and active workman or man of business, the animated, vehement orator, or the stake-all enthusiast.—*Westminster Review*.

DRIVE YOUR BUSINESS, AND LET NOT IT DRIVE YOU.

ENERGY and force of character are among the first requisites essential to success in business. A man may possess a high degree of refinement, large stores of knowledge, and even a well-disciplined mind, but if he is destitute of this one principle, which may be termed resolution of soul, he is like a watch without a mainspring—beautiful, but inefficient, and unfit for service. Man

was never made to act the part of an automaton, or mere machine. His powers are not designed to move quite so mechanically. He is to act, as well as to be acted upon. He must give life and stimulus to his calling. Is he not endowed with a life-giving power, whose emanation is referred to that original source whence alone can be derived all inspiration? Man’s efficiency must give character to his business. That employment, upon which is stamped the impress of a living and energetic soul, will do honor to any man, in any place, or at any age. It is poor policy, indeed, to loiter till driven by force. We thereby lose all the pleasures of satisfaction. Voluntary service, urged forward by a determined purpose, will give hopeful assurance if not a full warrant of success, and all the happiness of a just conquest. Behold the sluggish man! His occupation is a worthy one, but it finds him unworthy of the trust. It presses upon him with all the demand of imperative necessity. It finds him but a drone. He is confused by a multiplicity of cares. He is pressed down by a crowd of responsibilities, but makes no generous effort to discharge one of them. Thus his occupation suffers, his family are in want, and that good name, which is better than great riches, is lost. True, man is said to be a creature of circumstances, and he ought to be, in a sense, subject to the superintendence of a leading Providence; but this does not justify inertness of character. Man, by his own decision of character and determined spirit, can do much to remove and surmount the inconveniences and barriers incident to human life. Then be resolute, and both you and your business will “go on and prosper.”—*Newspaper paragraph*.

STIMULANTS.

THE flesh of animals and fermented liquors being much more stimulative than fruit and farinaceous vegetable substances, appear to impart considerably more strength and vigor to the muscular system than the latter; and doubtless while the stimulation lasts, a person is ca-

pable of much greater exertion under it; but the only sure way of permanently increasing the powers of the muscular system, is by a natural and nutritious diet, along with judicious exercise. The mode in which stimulants act, is by exciting the nervous energy, and quickening the circulation, and thus producing rapid transformations of the tissues throughout the whole structure; and while these changes are taking place—whether as the effect of animal food, fermented liquors, anger, madness, fever, or exercise—the muscular power is (for the time) increased; but exhaustion constantly succeeds, and will invariably be in proportion to the degree and duration of their action. Exercise, however, is the only safe and legitimate stimulant in a normal state of the system; for it creates a healthy demand for renewal, by promoting the requisite decomposition of structure; while the others destroy the balance between decay and reproduction, and thus lay the foundation of local or general disease.—*Fruits and Farinacea.*

LADIES' SHOES.

If shoes were constructed of the shape of the human foot, neither too large nor too small, and making an equal pressure everywhere, corns and bunions of the feet would never exist. But, unfortunately, shoes are seldom made after this fashion; and in ladies' shoes especially, there are generally two signal defects—first, the extremity of the shoe is much too narrow for that part of the foot (namely, the toes) which it is to contain; and, secondly, for displaying as much of the foot as possible, the whole of the tarsus and metatarsus is left uncovered, and the pressure of the shoe in front is thrown entirely upon the toes. The toes are thus first squeezed against each other, and then pushed out of their natural position; and all the projecting points, chiefly where the joints are situated, are pinched and tormented, either by the neighboring toes, or by the leather of the shoe; and thus it is that corns of the feet are generated.—*Sir Benjamin Brodie.*

CONTEMPLATION. Contemplation is the peculiar attribute of man, who alone dives into the causes and effects of things. Without it, memory and observation are in great part useless; for we can profit but little by what we see and remember, unless we rightly think. It forms facts into systems, even as the architect erects with his materials, and reduces into harmony and order the discordant and confused. It especially distinguishes great minds, and separates them from the herd of the superficial and the shallow. Because some men neglect it, they are passively moulded into any form which chance or fortune in its caprice may choose for them, and, like straws upon the stream, they are carried onwards by the current of opinion. Did you contemplate oftener, you would no longer complain that your studies are laborious in pursuit, but sterile in their consequences; you would glean more knowledge with less toil. The mind should view the subject it considers in all its phases, and should divide it into its elements, even as the prism acts upon the light. It should search for theories to explain details, and for details to illustrate and confirm theories. It should be perpetually on the wing—arranging, comparing, analyzing, deducing. Do you know a man superior to all the rest of your acquaintance, be sure he is habituated to contemplation; it is this which has given such strength to his reason, such depth to his judgment.—*Self-Culture.*

GREAT GAINS.—If ever you hear a person boast of his having got any exorbitant advantage in his dealings, you may, generally speaking, conclude such a one not too rigorously honest. It is seldom that a great advantage is to be got, but there must be a great disadvantage on the other side; and whoever triumphs in his having got by another's loss, you may easily judge of his character.—*Burgh.*

BROTHERLY LOVE.—When do we begin to love people? When they begin to let us look into their hearts, and their hearts are found to be worth looking into.



VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1846.

NO. III.

ADVENTURES OF DANIEL BOONE.

It does not seem to us many years since we read in the papers an obituary notice of Daniel Boone, the founder of the state of Kentucky. Need we say what Kentucky now is? A state as large as Scotland, fertile and beautiful, and containing not much less than a million of people. Yet the first white man who set himself down to live in this grand country, only died at the end of the reign of George III.; so rapidly does the world advance in some of its districts. Boone's history is interesting, because it realizes almost in our own day some of those first processes of civilization which, in the elder world, passed long before history existed. It is the story of Jew and Canaanite—as far as that was a mere conflict for land—brought almost before our living eyes.

The spring of 1769 rose calmly over the broad woodlands which lay immediately beyond the mountains to the west of Virginia. It was a beautiful wilderness, known as yet only to the red Indian, but abounding in game and wild fruits, and whatever can form a temptation to man seeking for a residence. At that time there lived in Yadkin valley, in North Carolina, a hardy peasant of about thirty-seven years of age, a native of the county of Somerset, in England, but long naturalized to America, and now married, with a family of several child-

ren. A born hunter Daniel was, and fond of nothing but hunting—a man who preferred to roam the mountain, and sleep in a cavern, or camp by a rushing spring, to the dull farm life and the home fireside. We say he was a born hunter; he possessed the instinct of the bee, and could go to his own dwelling in a *bee-line* from any point to which his wanderings might carry him. Fatigue, hunger, and exposure, he could bear like any Indian. Strong, but light, active as a deer, courageous, but cautious, kind, silent, thoughtful, he was the very man to act the part of pioneer. Two years before the above date, a man named Finlay had gone afar in the land of the red man upon a mercantile expedition. Him Daniel sought out, and learned that of a truth there was a country to the north-west where buffalo swarmed like flies in summer, and where the wild turkey and the deer were scarce worth wasting powder upon. He meditated and dreamt upon it for a year, talked with his wife about it, who endeavored to drive it from his mind; and finally, tightening his belt, and putting a new edge upon his knife, he shouldered his rifle, bade his little family good-by, and, in company with five comrades, started in quest of the country of Kentucky.

Finlay led the way. For five weeks did the little band toil on and on through hill and valley, gushing stream and tangled woods, enduring all the inclemency

of the elements, till at length they came to the Red river, a branch of the Kentucky. For months they hunted with success; but at length, in December, Boone and one of his companions fell into the hands of the Indians, from whom they only escaped by stratagem. On returning to their camp, they found it deserted by the rest. Determined to persevere, they remained in it, using great precautions against the hostile Indians; until Squire, a brother of Boone, joined him with another man, and entered upon the same kind of life. A few months after, by the death of one man and the desertion of another, the two Boones were left alone; and thus they continued to be for several months, when Squire was compelled to return to the settlements for a supply of ammunition, and Daniel was left without a dog for company—the sole white man in all that vast region.

It is impossible for men who have grown up in our tame civilization to enter into the feelings of one so situated. Many hundred miles from all to whom he could look for aid; in a boundless wood, filled with subtle and cruel enemies; dependent upon his gun, yet with a scanty store of ammunition; without a comrade, or the hope of one—and still contented and cheerful, nay, very happy. Every day he changed his position; every night he slept in a different place from the one he had occupied the night before; constantly in danger, he was forced to be constantly on his guard; but freedom, the love of nature, the excitement of peril, and the pleasures of the chase, appear to have repaid him for all his trials, toils, and watchfulness. One circumstance, which helps us to explain Boone's security while among the bands of roaming savages, and, as we should suppose, in hourly dread of losing his life, was this: the forests of Kentucky, at that early period, were filled with a species of nettle, which, being once trodden on, retained for a long time the impression of the foot; even a turkey might with ease be tracked in it. This weed, the Indians, numerous and fearless, took no pains to avoid, while the solitary hunter never touched it: it thus became to him a sure and

easy means of knowing the presence, position, and numbers of his enemies, without betraying his own whereabouts. There is an anecdote of Boone, referrible to a different period, which gives a striking idea of such a stealthy life as he now led. He had approached the Licking river from the west, at the same time that another adventurer, Simon Kenton, had reached the borders of the valley from the east. Each paused to reconnoitre before he left the covert of the woods; and each ascertained the presence of another human being in the neighborhood. Then commenced a process on the part of each for learning who the other was, without revealing himself; and such was their mutually baffling power of concealment, that forty-eight hours passed before either could satisfy himself that the other was not an Indian and a foe!

Squire Boone returned at the end of June (1770,) and the two brothers continued to hunt together. Meanwhile, a band, called the Long Hunters, led by Captain James Knox, entered the territory on the south, and spent some time in it; but Boone knew nothing of their proceedings. He and his brother remained about the vale of the Kentucky till the ensuing March, and then returned home, in order to bring more settlers, including Daniel's family.

In the autumn, Boone was passing again into Kentucky, with five families besides his own, and forty other men, when, upon the 10th of October, unlooked for as thunder from a clear sky, a band of Indians poured upon the rear of the little emigrant army a deadly fire. Women shrieked, children squaled, the cattle broke and ran, horses reared and plunged, the young men drew their rifles to their shoulders, and the old "treed" instantly. A few moments decided the matter: the whites were victors: but six dead men, and one badly wounded, gave them an idea of the nature of frontier life. Among the dead was Daniel's eldest son. The party retreated, and Boone spent another year in inactivity. During this time land-speculators and surveyors poured into the land of Kentucky, and roused the hostility of the

Indians to a high pitch. A party of eight hundred of them were only saved from destruction by Boone's undertaking, at the request of the governor of Virginia (the Earl of Dunmore,) to bring them off; in which duty he was perfectly successful.

The contention between the colonists and the mother country was now coming to a head; and it was in the midst of terrors, inspired by the policy of the British in employing the Indians as allies, that the colonization of Kentucky took place. James Harrod was the first to build a house in that region: this was in 1774. Then one Richard Henderson, a Carolinian, by Boone's assistance, made a treaty with the Cherokees for certain lands lying between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers, where it was proposed to establish a colony. The ground had still to be fought for with other tribes; but, in spite of all obstacles, a fort of block-houses and cabins was planted in the summer of 1775, at Boonesborough—the pioneer working with his axe in one hand and his rifle in the other. A sort of legislative council made laws for the new settlement, which was regarded as an offshoot from the state of Virginia.

Boone then returned to his family, which, with three others, he brought into Kentucky in September. The four women of this party—Mrs. Boone, Mrs. McGary, Mrs. Denton, and Mrs. Hogan—were the first of white complexion who entered the country—the “mothers of the west.” The war just then breaking out, and all the horrors of Indian hostility impending, the heroism of these women deserves especial honor.

We pass over much detail as to the various settlements which were formed, and entirely overlook the doings of a remarkable man, George Rogers Clark, who had much to do with the infancy of Kentucky. It soon became necessary to keep a careful watch upon the movements of the Indians. All along the border the impression gained strength that the savages, instigated and backed by the British, would suddenly swoop down and lay all waste. The hated race of “cabiners,” those speculators who

came out to obtain a preëmption right by building a cabin and planting a crop; the wretched traders, who were always wandering about the frontier; the hunters, who were revelling among the countless herds of game, now for the first time seen—all began, during the winter and spring of 1776, to draw closer to the stations. And within these stations men sat round the fire with loaded rifles, and told their tales of adventure and peril with new interest, as every sound reminded them how near their deadly enemies might be. And from hour to hour scouts came in with rumors of natives seen here and there; and parties of the bold rangers tightened their belts, and left the protection of their forts, to learn the truth of these alarms. But there was one who sat at such times silent, and seemingly unheeding, darn- ing his hunting-shirt, or mending his leggins, or preparing his rifle-balls for use; and yet to him all eyes often turned. Two or three together, the other hunters started by daylight to reconnoitre: silently he sat working until nightfall. Then noiselessly he went: none saw him go. But when they observed him gone, they would say, “Now we shall know something sure, for old Daniel’s on the track.” And when, by and by, some one yet wakeful saw the shadow of Boone, as he reëntered the cabin, he found, as usual, that the solitary scout had learned all that was to be known, and the watchful slept in peace.

In July the storm broke upon the poor colonists, most of whom fled before the wrath of the Shawanese and Cherokees, leaving only a few determined little bands in the forts. It was a terrible time; yet Daniel Boone was never dismayed. One day his daughter and two other young girls were amusing themselves in a skiff on the Kentucky, while several of the male settlers looked on. Suddenly they felt the boat taking a direction for the opposite shore. A lurking Indian had swum in, and caught hold of it; and the poor children quickly found themselves prisoners amongst a band who had posted themselves in a little thicket close to the river. The settlers heard their scream as they were caught and hurried off. It

was some time before Boone, and a little party of friends, could cross to commence a pursuit, so that the Indians got the start for several miles. At daybreak he recovered their trail, but soon lost it again in a thick wood, to penetrate which would have sadly impeded him. Life and death, freedom or captivity, hung upon the right use of every moment. Boone was not long at a loss: turning southward with his companions, so as to leave the track upon his left, having carefully observed its general direction, and feeling sure that the captors would take their prisoners to the Indian towns upon either the Scioto or Miami, he boldly struck forward, and travelled with all speed thirty miles or more; then turning at right angles towards the north, he looked narrowly for marks of the passage of the marauders. It was a bold and keen device, and the event proved it a sagacious one; for, after going a few miles, they came upon the Indian trail in one of the great buffalo paths. Inspired with new hope and strength, the whites pushed forward quickly, but quietly, and on the alert, lest unexpectedly they might come upon the red men. And well was it that they used great caution; for when, after going ten miles, they at length caught sight of the natives as they were leisurely, and half-stripped, preparing their dinner, the quick-eyed sons of the forest saw them as soon as they were themselves discovered. Boone had feared that, if their approach was known, the girls would be killed instantly, and he was prepared for instant action. So soon, therefore, as the savages were seen, he and his companions fired, and then the whole body rushed forward so suddenly, as to cause their opponents to take to their heels, without waiting for scalps, guns, knives, moccasins, or blankets; and the three terrified girls were recovered unhurt.

For two years the gallant Kentuckians maintained their posts amidst incredible hardships and dangers. It became difficult to supply themselves with food, as there was hardly any safety for cattle; and in hunting, men were frequently cut off by the prowling enemy. One day, as the women of Logan's fort were milk-

ing the cows, attended by a guard of men, the Indians made a sudden attack, and killed several persons. Such incidents were very harassing. The commander of this fort, after being beleaguered by the savages for some weeks, found himself running short of powder and shot, so that, unless relief should come soon, it seemed inevitable that they should have to surrender. The required ammunition could only be got two hundred miles off, across a wild and mountainous country. Yet he resolved to make the attempt; and he succeeded. Over mountain and vale, through tangled wood and brake, this man sped his way with two companions, and on the tenth day, he was once more within the fort. It is pleasant to know that the party was thus able to hold out till relieved.

At the beginning of 1778 there were but three stations left, containing in all a hundred and ten men; but the Indians had been baffled, and forced to retire behind the Ohio; so that a small breathing-time was afforded to the settlers. At this time Boone was compelled to go, with thirty men, to the Blue Licks, in order to prepare salt for the use of his people. He had succeeded so far in his object, when a band of Indians fell upon him as he was hunting singly in the woods. He fled, but was soon overtaken, and made prisoner. His companions, obeying gestures made by him at a distance, surrendered, and the whole party was then marched off to a British post, where several officers interceded for the ransom of Boone, but without success, for the chief had taken a fancy to him, and determined to make him one of themselves. Boone was actually obliged, for some months, to act the part of a Shawanese Indian, and to affect a reconciliation to their habits. He was made a son in some family, and caressed by father and mother, brothers and sisters, till he was thoroughly sick of them. Yet, to appearance, he was cheerful and happy. He took his part in their games and romps; shot as near the centre of the target as a good hunter ought to do, and yet left the savage marksmen a chance to excel him; and smiled, in his quiet

eye, when he witnessed their joy at having done better than the best of the Long Knives. He grew into favor with the chief, was trusted, treated with respect, and listened to with attention. After some months of captivity, he was called upon to accompany a salt-making party to Chillicothe; there he saw a body of 450 painted warriors, whom he guessed to be on their way to Boonesborough, to make final work of it. Could he do nothing to save his family and friends? It was 160 miles of wild country to Boonesborough, and not a friend by the way. Yet it was necessary he should try. So, on the morning of the 16th June, he stole away without any breakfast, leaving an Indian father and mother inconsolable for his loss. Over hill and valley he sped, for four successive days, forty miles a day, eating but one meal all the way. Such power there is in the human frame of withstanding all fatigue and hunger when the soul is alive and strong within us.

He reached Boonesborough — and where was his wife? Why did she not rush to meet him? "Bless your soul," said his old companions, as they hailed him like one risen from the dead, and shook his hand till it tingled, "she put into the settlements long ago; she thought you was dead, Daniel, and packed up, and was off to Carolina, to the old man's." There was no time for regrets, for the Indians were expected. Days, however, passed, without showing them; and it was then ascertained that they were brought to a stand by his flight, believing that he must have given warning of their approach. Some weeks after, learning that the country was clear of the Indians, he started with a party of nineteen for the town on Paint Creek, intending probably to make some kind of reprisals. But this had nearly proved a fatal step, for, by the way, he suddenly popped upon an Indian party going in the contrary direction. Judging from this circumstance that a larger body must be on its way to attack the settlements, he immediately turned back; and it was well he did so just then, as he only got back a day before the Indians and British appeared in strength at Boonesborough.

It was on the 8th of August that, with British and French flags flying, the dusky army gathered round the little fortress of logs, defended by its inconsiderable garrison. Captain Duquesne, on behalf of his Majesty King George III., summoned Captain Boone to surrender. It was, as Daniel has acknowledged in his journal, a critical period for him and his friends. Should they yield, what mercy could they look for? and he especially, after his unkind flight from his Shawanese parents? Should they refuse to yield, what hope of successful resistance? And they had so much need of all their cattle to aid them in sustaining a siege, and yet their cows were abroad in the woods. Daniel pondered the matter, and concluded it would be safe, at any rate, to ask two days for consideration. It was granted, and he drove in his cows! The evening of the 9th soon arrived, however, and he must say one thing or another; so he politely thanked the representative of his gracious majesty for giving the garrison time to prepare for their defence, and announced their determination to fight. The British officers professed so much apparently sincere regret for this resolution, that Daniel was induced, after all, to come to a negotiation. It was to take place immediately beyond the walls of the fort, between nine of the garrison and a party of the enemy. To guard against treachery, the sharpest shooters stood upon the walls, ready to defend their friends. The treaty was made and signed; and then the Indians, saying it was their custom for two of them to shake hands with every white man when a treaty was made, expressed a wish to press the palms of their new allies. Boone and his comrades must have looked rather queer at this proposal; but it seemed safer to accede than to refuse; so they presented each his hand. As anticipated, the warriors seized them with rough and fierce eagerness; the whites drew back, struggling; the treachery was apparent. The rifle-balls from the garrison struck down the foremost of the assailants of the little band; and, amid a fire from friends and foes, Boone and his fellow-deputies bounded back into

the station, with the exception of one, unhurt.

The treaty-trick having thus failed, Captain Duquesne had to look to more ordinary modes of warfare; and opened a fire, which lasted ten days; though to no purpose, for the woodsmen were determined not to yield. On the 20th of August the Indians were forced unwillingly to retire, having lost thirty-seven of their number, and wasted a vast amount of powder and lead. The garrison picked up from the ground, after their departure, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of their bullets.

It was amidst such scenes that the foundation of the state of Kentucky was laid, by a mere handful of rough, but high-spirited men. The year '78 was the crisis of its fate. But for the stand then made, it would probably have been no part of the American Union. Animated by the reports of the courage of the first settlers, multitudes now poured in, and soon placed it beyond all danger. In the ensuing events, the conspicuous man was George Rogers Clark, who took the British governor, Hamilton, prisoner at Vincennes. It is undoubted, however, that the real hero of the settlement was he who had first entered upon it, and who had stood by it through all its earliest and worst struggles — Daniel Boone.

This remarkable man closed his career in 1818, having lived to see Kentucky one of the most flourishing and populous states of the Union.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. V.

They talk of the fine arts — popular amusements and indulgences — pawnbrokers — usury — gambling — and railway directors: on all which subjects Gilaroo announces some very extraordinary doctrines.

Stukely. — What a capital exhibition of pictures there is this season! Are you fond of pictures?

Gilaroo. — Yes; that is to say, I like to look at good ones. I cannot say, however, that I am a buyer. To be so, requires a heavier purse and a more profound credulity than I happen to pos-

sess. There is a great deal of trash palmed off on those not initiated in the mysteries of the craft.

Stuke. — What is your opinion as to the humanizing influence of pictures — say the fine arts generally?

Gil. — I consider that the contemplation of all objects of refined art tends to elevate the sentiments, provided the mind is, generally speaking, cultivated in other respects. This, you will observe, is making a considerable reservation; yet not greater, I should think, than the subject demands. I will try to explain myself. In Italy, the common people have a greater relish for pictures than many of high rank in other countries. Of this class of productions they see great numbers in the churches; while some of the finest sculptures are equally open to their observation. If the fine arts could humanize anybody, it would be the Italians, particularly the inhabitants of Rome and Naples. Now, with regard to the lower orders in Italy, it does not appear that the frequent contemplation of some of the grandest achievements of the pencil is of the slightest effect in making them honest, industrious, or cleanly in their habits. In one of the towns of Italy, a large collection of pictures, of the best masters, is ranged in the open street on the occasion of a certain annual festival. To this public exhibition flock all the brigands within twenty or thirty miles; and these banditti may be seen pushing about among the crowd, to criticise the works offered so freely for inspection. After the exhibition is over, says the traveller who mentions the circumstance, the brigands return to the highways and mountains, where they recommence their predatory life, robbing and murdering without mercy or remorse. It would appear from this, that the fine arts have no necessary bearing on morality. As to their connection with mere good taste, in the way we understand it, I am equally at a loss to see any such thing. A friend of mine, who, not long ago, spent a winter in Rome, had occasion to go one day to the house of one of the principal artists. He found this man and his family living in the midst of all that

is slovenly and nasty; his works full of ideal beauty of the highest kind, but his own common life an exemplification of all human beastliness. We often, in England, meet artists of whimsical character, whose habits of life make this description far from incredible.

Stuke.—Then you mean to say that taste for the fine arts is of no use?

Gil.—Far from it. It seems to me that, by itself, this taste is of little use. Let us begin at the beginning—the schoolmaster first, to open the understanding; literature to cultivate; and the arts to refine. I should have no objection, however, to see pictorial art aiding, as far as it can aid, in the preliminary course of culture. We all know how children may be amused and interested with picture-books; and the increasing desire to visit galleries of paintings may be considered as indicative of a distinct advance made in the popular mind. Gratified with these signs of progress, or influenced by other considerations, some would exalt the fine arts beyond their proper sphere—make them all in all. According to them, the painter transcends the educator, the poet, and the philosopher; they talk of the “divine Raphael” and the “immortal Correggio,” as if they were demigods. Let me, however, do justice; it is principally dilettanti who write and chatter in this sort of way about art and artists. I should say that a man of really cultivated mind is above all this nonsense.

Stuke.—Still, you allow that there may be an advantage in improving the popular taste?

Gil.—I repeat that the exhibition of good pictures, or good designs and models in any branch of the fine arts, may be made instrumental to general improvement, more particularly if the people are prepared by education to relish and take an interest in these things. The attracting of multitudes, for a time, from low pursuits, and giving them something harmless to talk about, would alone furnish a reason for encouraging such exhibitions. Better be amused with a walk through a gallery of pictures, than with the spectacle of a horse-race, or a tavern potation.

Stuke.—There are, as you know, parties who consider all sorts of amusement sinful.

Gil.—That, I am sorry to say, is too true. Persons of this way of thinking err from an excess of good intention. They fail in making a just estimate of the wants of human nature. Work, books, study, devotion, out-of-door recreations, in-door amusements—everything in its own time and place. My own conviction is, that amusement, in some form or other, is a necessity of our nature. Those, therefore, who would put it down, must necessarily fail, for they fight against nature. The pent-up feelings only burst out in some unexpected and unpleasant way. All nature is full of rejoicing. Even the lower animals dance, skip, and amuse themselves. Many of them go further—they are fond of decoration. Some clean themselves, in order to be neat and attractive; and certain birds in Australia are observed to construct avenues and bowers of pretty shells and feathers, in which they promenade daily, as if enjoying a *conversazione*. And are not the flowers of the field clothed in beauty, to gladden the eyes of bees, and birds, and other creatures? Are not fishes covered with glittering and variegated scales? Are not shells, lying in the depths of the ocean, resplendent with hues which mock the painter’s palette? Then, what sweet sounds expressed by some of the feathered tribes! Surely, all this ought to teach us that amusement, drawn from harmless sports, recreations, a love of the beautiful, a love of melody and harmony, is alike natural and allowable. But it is only the gloomy who cherish contrary views. Throughout Great Britain generally, in some quarters more than in others, there has long been a morbid fear of popular recreations. The consequence has been, that, driven or discouraged from what is ostensible and harmless, the people have sought relief in what is clandestine and vicious. There would be fewer taverns, if there were more places of resort of a purer kind.

Stuke.—Don’t you think it would be a good thing to greatly limit the number

of public houses—give a license to comparatively few?

Gil.—Where the number is excessive, it ought certainly to be reduced; and I am inclined to think that on this subject the magistracy are, for the most part, anything but vigilant. Yet the adoption of any severe measure to limit public houses is attended with serious difficulties, not at first observable. Where a demand exists, there will of course be a supply. The public houses are a consequence of a demand for those enjoyments, such as they are, which are derived from them. By extinguishing them, the demand may, to a small extent, be limited in operation; but, in the main, it will supply itself somewhere, and somehow. It has been found, for instance, that where licenses were refused, a clandestine trade of dram-selling has sprung up; and to get at the parties who thus infringe the law, is next to impossible. Supposing that all the public houses were shut up by authority, the selling of liquor would not the less be carried on; the only difference would be, that the trade would be conducted in a private and more objectionable manner. All that I should wish to see done, is to license only parties of respectability, and to a reasonable extent.

Stuke.—That would be making the trade a kind of monopoly.

Gil.—It would in one sense; but of two evils, it is best to choose the least. So long as there is a general demand for spirituous and other liquors, it is surely of importance that the trade should be conducted on a respectable footing. For my part, I by no means agree in abusing and calumniating the men who devote themselves to this profession. It is consistent with neither justice nor expediency to make an outcry against these individuals. Their business is sufficiently unpleasant, without the obloquy which many would thoughtlessly heap upon it; and a very little reflection will show us that such obloquy can only have the effect of driving respectable persons from the trade, and of consigning it to a lower, perhaps a despicable and dangerous class of society. All the declama-

tion in the world against public houses will never subdue intemperance.

Stuke.—I have always entertained the opinion, that stringent regulations were desirable for public houses and pawnbroking establishments. Both are the blight of large towns.

Gil.—Let both be placed under strict, though not severe and captious regulations; to that nobody can have any objection. The thing I would deprecate is that kind of sweeping severity which always, in some way or other, defeats itself. Take pawnbroking, to which you have referred. What trade has been exposed to more unjust sarcasm? Every epithet of abuse has been poured on the unhappy pawnbroker, as if he were a vampire preying on the vitals of the community; whereas he is nothing more than a tradesman, who lends money on goods at a certain regulated rate of interest. In this way he relieves the temporary necessities of thousands, who, but for him, would not know which way to turn for assistance. That very foolish and improvident people get into a habit of pawning articles, is nothing to the purpose. The fact is undeniable, that the pawnbroker is a reliever of those in urgent need of a few shillings or pounds; and as such, why should he be persecuted? It could be shown, from historical evidence, that pawnbroking has contributed to lessen crime. Before it was established, robberies, in order to get hold of petty sums, were common in the neighborhood of large towns. I believe that London, and many other places, would not now be endurable were this profession extirpated. In short, I consider the pawnbroker as a useful auxiliary in our present state of society.

Stuke.—What do you say to their taking such a voracious rate of interest?

Gil.—I believe, in the first place, the fact is not so; I have seen it shown that the profits of pawnbrokers are not generally higher than those of other tradesmen; in the second place, I do not join in the howl against what is called usury.

Stuke.—Not condemn usury, and you so great a philanthropist?

Gil.—I don't condemn things merely because they have for ages been subject

to a vulgar clamor. I must know the why and the wherefore, before pronouncing a judgment. You will perhaps, therefore, inform me why there should be such an outcry against this terrible bugbear?

Stuke. — I! — I cannot say much about it. All I know is, that there is cruelty in taking an excessive interest on money; it looks like crushing the fallen — robbing the poor and unfortunate.

Gil. — This is one of those cases in which, by a well-meaning but short-sighted wish to protect the unfortunate, as you call them, a general injury is apt to be committed. Supposing men to possess common sense, they are unquestionably able to protect themselves against imposition. When a man borrows £100, I imagine it is not to spend it foolishly, but to lay it out in some advantageous way. He reckons the cost of the loan — that is, the usury or interest to be charged, against the anticipated advantage, and if this advantage be greater, he borrows the sum. Here there is an act of reasoning; and, presuming that every man knows his own business best, it would seem to me to be an impertinence to prevent him making the negotiation. Laws against usury appear to assume that the mass of people are no better than children, and are not fit to manage their own business.

Stuke. — But are there not too many in that condition?

Gil. — There are many persons, doubtless, neither wise nor prudent; but it is poor policy to legislate for exceptions to a rule. Besides, the legislation does no good — fails to benefit the very individuals for whom it exists. It is clear that if a law be made to prevent any one from taking more than, say 5 per cent. per annum for the loan of money, while money is worth 6 per cent., it will, as a matter of course, be evaded. Ostensibly, the money will be lent at 5 per cent., but, by a private agreement, the borrower will be obliged to pay 1 per cent. additional in the name of commission or some other illusion.

Stuke. — Then you consider it impossible to regulate such matters by law?

Gil. — Quite so; not only impossible, but the effort to do so is immoral. Laws which propose to regulate profits of trade, or, in other words, to step in between man and man, can never be anything but fallacious. The better plan is to allow a perfect freedom in business transactions of every sort; and, as I said before, if there be an evil, it will soon correct itself. Nothing like rivalry in trade for keeping down exorbitant profits.

Stuke. — You consider gambling bad — immoral?

Gil. — Certainly.

Stuke. — Then, according to your view of affairs, gambling should be left to cure itself?

Gil. — No such thing. Gambling is not trading. It is a vice, ruinous alike to public and private morals. The result of every industrial pursuit is increase — something gained. All the objects of value which we see, have been produced by the united efforts of industry. But gambling produces nothing. A dozen men might sit round a table gambling for a whole lifetime, and at the day of their death, there would not be a penny more amongst them than at the beginning. Conduct of this sort is not less profitless than mischievous. It distracts the mind from every useful pursuit. In short, if all spent their time in gaming, society would stand still, or rather retrograde. On this account the law, as a matter of police, very properly discourtenances public gaming-houses and lotteries.

Stuke. — I am afraid you are knocking yourself down with your own argument. You formerly said that people were generally able to protect themselves against imposition. Why, then, may they not be left to protect themselves against the arts of the avowed gambler?

Gil. — Because gambling addresses itself to human weakness and passion, and is demoralizing in its effects. A time is doubtless coming when the common sense of society will be amply sufficient to put it down; but at present, the ignorant and dissolute are numerous, and they require the law to act parentally towards them. Already, by the advances which have been made, and by

the increasing scope for industrial exercise, gambling is greatly on the decline — nothing like what it once was.

Stuke. — And yet what a monstrous deal of gambling there has latterly been in railway undertakings!

Gil. — Much could be said on this subject for and against. Railways are a new thing, and it is certain that some of them have been exceedingly profitable as commercial enterprises. The returns from investments in the better class of lines have been very large indeed. So much for the temptation, in the first instance, to peril money on railway shares. Condemning the late paroxysm of speculation as much as any one, I can see that much of this species of gambling — to call it by that name — arises from the difficulty of getting profitable outlets for capital in the way of trade. Hitherto, from the effects of various laws imposed on commerce, the savings of labor have been pent up in a great measure within the limits of our own country — not allowed to go abroad over the world, seeking for fields of usefulness. Abolish these laws; let people see their way clearly in matters of foreign and colonial enterprise, and we shall soon have a different result. Capital — which is fighting against itself at home, making railways where no railways are wanted, and committing many other absurdities — will in time, I have no doubt, be engaged in reclaiming the fertile lands of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand — vastly to its own benefit. I expect to see some splendid changes of this kind within the next twenty years.

Stuke. — Well, I have done; and yet I would say one word more. Have not railway directors been very much to blame for what you call the paroxysm of speculation?

Gil. — I dare say some railway directors have been thus culpable; but because a few knaves have been detected, is it right that a large and most respectable body of men, with the purest motives, and many of whom have given themselves an immense deal of unrequited trouble, should be held up to ridicule and abuse? I greatly deprecate this species of injustice; for, if successful in its

aim, it must inevitably have the effect of driving respectable individuals from railway management, and consigning it to parties of inferior standing and reputation.

LOUISE DE LORRAINE.

A TALE FROM HISTORY.

ON the 30th of April, 1553, at Nomenin, in a Gothic chateau on the banks of the Seine, was born the Princess Louise, daughter of Marguerite de Egmond, the first wife of Nicolas, Duc de Mercur sur and Comte de Vaudemont. At the birth of this child there was no prince in the eldest branch of the house of Lorraine. Nicolas anxiously desired a son; therefore the little girl was received more with resignation than pleasure. She was not baptized with the pomp due to her rank, at the cathedral of Nancy, where her cousin the Duc Charles de Lorraine then ruled, but received the baptismal rite at the little chapel of Nomenin: her sponsors were the bishop of Toul and the Comtesse Louise de Salins, whose name was given to her.

The little Louise was scarcely two years old when Madame de Champy, her governess, one day came to seek her, all in tears, and bore her to the couch of her dying mother, who had never recovered the birth of Louise. Tapers were burning at the foot of the bed, whilst a kneeling priest recited the prayers for the dying. These prayers, repeated in a sad and monotonous tone by the persons around, filled the poor child's heart with terror, and she uttered loud cries. Her voice seemed to restore the dying mother to life; the comtesse extended her arms, and Louise forgot her fear in embracing her parent, who unfastened from her own neck a string of pearls, to which was suspended a sacred relic. "May this guard thee, my child, as it has protected me," said the dying mother, putting the necklace over the fair golden curls of Louise; "and never, never part with it!" Then, unable to speak more, she pressed her already cold lips to the forehead of Louise, and signed to Madame de Champy

to remove her quickly, lest the child should be witness to her death.

The Comte de Vaudemont loved his wife tenderly, and for a long time could not endure the sight of the infant whose birth had caused so grievous a loss. Louise was entirely confided to her governess, whose attachment to her pupil increased in proportion to the father's neglect. She was wholly engrossed with the care of Louise — in guarding her health, forming her mind, and implanting the germ of that fervent piety which so distinguished the house of Lorrains. But this strong affection, almost bordering on passion, rendered her often unjust to those who did not thus idolize her pupil. Mademoiselle de Montvert, under-governess to the young princess, added to this by flattery, so that the excellent disposition of Louise alone saved her from being ruined by indulgence. But if natural good qualities pass unsullied through this ordeal, still the sweetest temper is not proof against prejudices imbibed from those whom we love and revere.

The Comte de Vaudemont, having no son, thought of a second marriage. It was soon known that he had demanded the hand of Jeanne de Savoie, sister of the Duc de Nemours. This intelligence grieved the kind heart of Madame de Champy. "The poor child will then have a stepmother," cried she. "Ah! Heaven have mercy on her!" and without considering the effect of her words on a girl four years old, she repeated them continually; and when the child questioned her on this fearful misfortune, she replied that it was meet to submit to the will of Heaven. So the fears of the princess were lulled.

"What is a stepmother?" said she one day to Mademoiselle de Montvert.

"It is a monster who brings ruin on families," answered the under-governess.

"Ah!" cried Louise in terror, "it is then a woman who beats little children!"

"Too often so," replied Mademoiselle de Montvert; but then repenting having so said, she tried to weaken the effect of her expressions by adding, that all stepmothers were not cruel — that some were

very kind to their husband's children. But the impression was made; and on the marriage-day, when the Comte de Vaudemont desired Louise to embrace her second mother, the child fled away weeping, and nothing could induce her to receive the caresses of her stepmother. Troubled at this estrangement, yet considering it natural, the comtesse took the part of Louise, and opposed her being sent to a convent, as the Comte de Vaudemont had angrily decided.

Two years passed, and still the dislike of Louise to her stepmother remained unconquered. This sentiment, first roused by the lamentations of Madame de Champy, had become invincible; and the comtesse, despairing of winning the love of Louise, saw her no more, except at family solemnities.

At the age of seven, the princess was seized with small-pox, and was in the greatest danger. She was immediately sent to the chateau of Nomein. Madame de Champy shut herself up with the sick child, quitted her neither night nor day, and became so distracted with grief when the physicians declared the crisis had arrived, that she was borne fainting to her chamber, where she was confined some time with fever and delirium. Mademoiselle de Montvert had left the chateau through fear at the first symptoms of the disease. Who was there to care for and watch over the poor little princess?

The malady affected her eyes; for four days she was unable to open them; but when reason returned, she called her "dear kind friend," *sa bonne amie*, for so she entitled Madame de Champy.

"Why is she not here?" said the child sobbing.

"Because she is very ill herself," said a sweet affectionate voice, "and she needs repose. But I am here to tend you as carefully as she, my dear child. Do not disquiet yourself, but drink this; it was she who desired me to intreat you to obey me." This request was spoken in so winning a tone, that, in spite of her repugnance, Louise swallowed the potion which touched her lips.

"Who then are you?" asked she.

"A new nurse, who will replace your governess until she recovers."

"Ah! you will not remain with me all night, as she did!"

"Yes, my child, I will stay with you night and day until you are strong and well, and then we will try to amuse you. You will love me a little then, will you not?"

"Yes, yes," answered Louise, seeking with her burning hand that of the person who spoke. "I see now that it is *ma bonne amie* who sent you. You love little children; you are not a stepmother."

The hand which Louise held was drawn slowly away; a long silence ensued. "What is your name?" asked the sick girl.

"Jeanne," was the reply.

"Well then, Jeanne, do you know any pretty stories, such as Madame de Champy tells me, where there are handsome knights of Lorraine, and tournaments, and hermits?"

"Certainly, I know some very interesting ones, which will send you to sleep as soon as hers." She began, and in a short time Louise slept; and this quiet slumber dispelled her fever. Two days after, she was considered out of danger, but the effect of the disease on her face was dreaded. The physicians declared that she would be disfigured if she touched the spots which covered her features, and proposed to fasten her hands. The idea of being so restrained made the little invalid desperate; but her new nurse engaged to watch her so carefully, as to prevent her touching her face. Louise wished to embrace her; and Jeanne feared not to take the grateful child in her arms, nor to remain day and night, her eyes fixed on the little sufferer. Invalids are often capricious and wilful. Louise, disliking the camphor odor of a lotion with which her eyes were bathed, refused to have it applied. Neither entreaties nor declarations that she would always remain blind could move her; and the physician departed, saying, "If she will not be saved from blindness, I can do no more."

"Who is weeping there?" asked Louise.

"It is I," said Jeanne. "How can I but be troubled, since you will be blind through your own fault?"

"Well, then, do not weep," answered Louise in a softened voice; "come and bathe my eyes. I will do all you wish; only do not weep."

Jeanne took the liquid and bathed the child's eyes, praising her for her docility.

"O," cried Louise, with delirious joy, "I can see! I can see clearly!" In truth her eyelids had half opened, but the broad daylight caused them to shut quickly again.

Jeanne rushed to the window, drew close the thick damask curtains, and the partial obscurity thus obtained enabled the young princess to look around her.

"Jeanne, Jeanne!" said she, "come, that I may see thee." But Jeanne hid herself behind the curtains at the foot of the bed. "Where art thou, Jeanne? Ah! it is no longer night! How happy I am! It is thou who hast cured me! Come, and let me thank thee; come, dear Jeanne! Art thou not happy also?"

"Yes, I am very happy," replied Jeanne, advancing to take the hand which Louise extended to her. But the child, struck with sudden terror, cried out, "O Heaven! the comtesse!" and fell back almost insensible on her pillow.

"No, no, it is thy mother," said Jeanne of Savoy, bathing the wasted arms of Louise with her warm tears. "See what thou makest her suffer! Awake, and console her!"

The tones of her voice recalled to the child's heart all the care of this tender nurse, and her fears vanished. "You do love me then!" said she. She was answered by fond embraces.

Thus love and confidence were established between the kind stepmother and her daughter. Louise, repenting her unjust prejudice against her, promised her the affection and submission of a child. This promise, springing from gratitude, was easily fulfilled, for the comtesse became the best of mothers to the young princess.

Louise de Lorraine grew up a lovely girl; and her stepmother conducted her to the court of the Duc Charles, to be placed with the Duchesse Claude, daughter of Henri II. and Catherine de Medicis. There Jeanne of Savoy applied herself in developing all the good and amia-

ble qualities of Louise, and in giving her that refinement and grace of manner which the Duchesse Claude had introduced from France into the court of Lorraine.

But the princess was called soon to deplore the loss of this second mother, so worthily beloved. The comte married again. His third choice was Catherine de Lorraine, daughter of the Duc d'Aumale; a haughty and jealous woman, hating Louise on account of her great beauty. The life of the princess was now as bitter as it had before been sweet. Each day she received fresh unkindness from her step-mother; and, to obtain a few hours' peace, she asked permission of her father to go on a weekly pilgrimage to the shrine of San Nicolas. History tells us that she went thither dressed as a peasant girl, accompanied by her maids of honour, a gentleman, and a lacquey; giving away in alms the twenty-five crowns she received as her monthly allowance.

One evening, returning much wearied, she was about to retire to rest, although it was still early. Catherine de Lorraine entered her apartment, saying ironically, "What, mademoiselle! are you about to retire at this hour, and steal away from the admiration which awaits you always? Are you not the star of the court of Lorraine, and can we receive a king here without showing him the fairest thing we possess?"

"Pardon me, madame; I do not understand you," said Louise.

"What! do you not know that the young king was to pass here on his way to be crowned at Warsaw; that he is arrived, but will depart to-morrow; and that the Duc Charles wishes to give a festival to-night in his honor, and to show him all that is most worthy of notice at court?"

"I think, madame, that I may dispense with this honor."

"No, no," replied the comtesse; "your father commands you to dress yourself immediately, and to follow me."

This imperious command was obeyed. Louise retired, and soon appeared in a court dress, simple, but elegant, which showed to perfection her noble and grace-

ful figure. Without ornament, she appeared most lovely. As soon as the young prince saw her, he stood mute with admiration. None of the young beauties with which Catherine de Medicis loved to surround her son, had given him the least idea of a creature so perfectly lovely. Too much struck to do more than politely greet her, Henri placed himself by his sister, the Duchesse Claude, and overwhelmed her with questions about her beautiful cousin. The duchesse answered that Louise was as good as she was lovely; citing, as a proof of her gentleness, her constant submission to the unkindness of her step-mother. Henri uttered some words of indignation, and treated the Comte de Vaudemont and his wife with marked coldness.

The king's journey was precisely fixed; and to retard it a day, or to alter a stage, was to expose it to numberless inconveniences. In spite of the representations of his attendants, Henri determined to stay one day at Nancy. "He wished," he said, "to spend a little more time with his sister; and then it was so sad to quit *la belle France*, even to gain a crown!"

Hunting, feasting, and dancing, occupied the second day. Never had the prince appeared to more advantage: his grace, his elegance, his noble countenance, charmed every one. All thought it unfortunate that a prince so winning and agreeable should leave France to reign in Poland; and Louise felt the same. The departure of the young king left her to her accustomed sadness. The jealousy of her step-mother, excited by the brilliant success of the princess, invented all sorts of stratagems to ruin her in the estimation of the Comte de Vaudemont. Unjustly treated by her father, persecuted by her step-mother, the courage of Louise grew fainter and fainter, and she resolved to enter a cloister.

The death of Charles IX. called the young king of Poland to the throne of France. The whole nation rejoiced at this event; for the remembrance of the victories of Jarnac and Moncouthour! gained by Henri at the age of eighteen, proved his valor: his generosity was

well known; and a brave and generous king is so beloved in France!

Louise alone was indifferent to this intelligence. What to her was the elevation of a prince whom she had seen but once, and who doubtless had entirely forgotten her? She dared not demand protection against her enemy, for this enemy was the wife of her father.

One morning, while still sleeping, the Princess Louise was roused by the opening of her door. It was the Comtesse de Vaudemont. Louise doubted not but that she came to reproach her, and excused herself for not having waited on her morning toilet.

"It is I who ought to attend yours, Madame la Princesse," replied the comtesse with deference, "and to ask pardon for not having shown you proper respect. You are queen of France; you are promised to the king in marriage; I hasten to tell you the news. But you are good and generous. O then, forget my errors, and refuse not to my children, your brothers, your august protection; for their sakes, pardon their mother."

The princess believed herself still dreaming; surprise took away her utterance. She, the daughter of a younger branch of the house of Lorraine, to pretend to an alliance with the greatest king in Europe! It could not but be a delusion, or a stratagem, to try her pride. She was about to speak, and to declare that she was not to be duped by this address, when her cousin, the Duc de Lorraine, entered with her father, to inform her of the king's demand, and to prepare her to receive the homage paid to her by the Marquis du Guastre, in the name of his illustrious master.

It was no dream. Henri III., charmed by the beauty of the Princess Louise, and still more by her noble character, preferred her to the loftiest alliances in Europe.

Scarcely recovered from her astonishment, the princess prepared to receive those of the court of Lorraine whose rank permitted them to pay their congratulations. Then she was conducted to mass, as queen of France. As she entered the chapel, her eyes fell on the

Comtesse de Vaudemont, who was weeping.

"Embrace me," cried Louise. "It is said that, when on a throne, one forgets one's friends; as for me, I will only forget my enemies."

At these words of pardon, the comtesse fell on her knees before the young princess, and all the people cried aloud, "Long live our good queen!"

COMMERCIAL ESTIMATES OF HUMAN NATURE.

I was induced, after some persuasion, to accompany a fair friend the other day on what is called a "shopping excursion"—a catastrophe which must happen to every married man once or twice in his life at least, if not oftener. We set out with the intention of purchasing a pair of gloves, some ribbon, and a yard or two of lace, and I believe this intention to have been, on both sides, perfectly sincere: positively, we were to get nothing more. Nevertheless, before our return, we had become the fortunate possessors of a shawl, a parasol, two ribbons, a half-dozen pairs of gloves, two pieces of lace, a summer dress, and a straw-bonnet. What more we might not have been cajoled into purchasing, had not the evening been closing in, 'tis utterly impossible to say. It was sometimes very amusing, at others as much exasperating, to witness the efforts made to induce us to purchase. Now the enemy would address himself to the lady's vanity, now to her curiosity, now to her economy, or then, as a *dernier resort*, to the gentleman's liberality. Thus, to select a short specimen of his tactics:—"Just suit a lady of your complexion, ma'am; quite *the lady's* dress, I assure you; perfectly new; completely uncommon: only observe the colors, ma'am!" as my wife sat, with semi-reluctant gaze, looking at a satin dress which she could not afford to purchase, thrown into folds with such art, as to reflect its brilliant coloring and silken sheen to the best advantage. Then, observing the pecuniary difficulty of the case—"Yes, ma'am, a handsome dress; perhaps a *little* more suited for

the carriage than the promenade; but here, ma'am, something else; a decided bargain this is" — and the satin was carefully covered over to avoid the injury of a contrast with the homelier material — "pattern quite French, ma'am; part of a bankrupt's stock" (*sotto voce*) "sold off at an awful sacrifice; not to be bought wholesale for twice the money, ma'am." Or again, as we were about to leave — "Just received some curious parasols, ma'am; original one exhibited to her Majesty and Prince Albert; half-a-dozen ordered same pattern; your lady will like, perhaps, to see them, sir? New and remarkably ingenious mechanical contrivance for opening and shutting, sir. Her majesty couldn't make it out at all, ma'am." Unhappy victims! we were both in the net; and while the cash-boy lagged behind with the change, one of the curious parasols and a shawl were transferred to our keeping.

The money was, after all, well spent, for it set me a thinking. So, then, there is a new way of viewing human nature. We may look at it through the medium of the commercial estimate. Poor human nature! It has become a perfect matter of business to calculate upon its frailties, to flatter its passions — even its evil passions — to excite its curiosity, to practise upon its credulity, to impose upon its good-nature, and sometimes even to call forth its better qualities — to such an extent has competition and the general struggle for subsistence sharpened the faculties of the present age. In many cases the commercial estimate formed of us is productive of nothing more than a few innocent schemes for our decoy, which our discernment penetrates, while our good-nature forgives; but, on the whole, it is scarcely too much to aver that this estimate is a derogatory one. It looks at man in an unfavorable and unpleasing light, giving him, except in rare instances, credit for a preponderance of evil over good, and regarding him rather as an enemy, to be assailed or circumvented, than as a relation and friend. Take us for all in all, I believe we are both better and wiser than our commercial estimates set us down as being.

Beginning with small things. We

may exemplarize the effects of this estimate of one of human nature's infirmities — that of indolence. We were once parties to a grave discussion concerning shop-door steps, in which a young beginner was solemnly recommended not to adopt more than one step into his shop. People, it was said (that is, human nature), wouldn't take the trouble to mount up two or three steps, when, by going a little farther on, a more easily-accessible establishment might invite them in. There can be no doubt that upon a hinge as slight as even this, many a man's fortune or ill-fortune *has* swung. We may likewise observe how carefully this infirmity is studied in the widely-opened, easily-revolving doors of our modern shops. Be the winter's frost ever so sharp, or the cold wind ever so keen, it is a standing rule that the public entrance be never hindered by a closed door, or only upon the condition that some genteel porter, in white cravat and black livery, stands in continual readiness to bow in or bow out the purchasers. Thus, in the former event, some 'dozen shivering assistants are kept blowing their fingers' ends because poor human nature is believed to be too lazy to lift a latch, to turn a handle, or to open a door. Again, surely human natures who possess carriages must be believed to be unfortunately incapable of all other locomotion whatsoever, or we should never behold such spectacles as that of a bonnet-and-capless waiting-woman serving, on a chill winter's day, some of these unfortunate closely shut up in the aforesaid vehicles in the open street.

But to proceed to graver matters.

O, human nature is a dreadful hard-bargaining, screw-driving, profit-clipping thing at its commercial estimate! Nothing can be too cheap for it. One's blood boils as one after another of these kind estimators steps forward, and, as it were, clutching one by the hand, cries out, "I'm the man for your money; I'm your only true friend; rest of the trade vagabonds and extortioners! Here's my shop; everything at half price!" Nothing but this estimate of man's moral *status* can account for the eye-teasing, heart-fretting announcements which glare from huge

placards covering our metropolitan walls and boardings, like disease blotches, as they are posted with such art, as to catch the unwary pedestrian at every turn, and fill his mind with the very natural imagination, that half the world must be in a state of utter ruin and insolvency, and that it was about to be sold off and done up for the exclusive benefit and satisfaction of the other half. "Frightful sacrifices!" "alarming bankruptcies!" "awful conflagrations!" "sudden deaths of proprietors!" (safely grinning behind counters), "dissolutions of partnerships!" and such-like catastrophes of every-day occurrence, present one with a truly awful picture of the havoc which must constantly be going on in the world. Here, some Israelitish gentleman, with an excessive and completely unaccountable liberality, offers to clothe us from head to heel, pretty nearly for next to nothing; so that actually one is led to parodize the Irishman's sentiment, that railway travelling was so rapid, that one could get a hundred miles off faster than staying at home; and to conceive that it is cheaper to apply to this gentleman, than to do without the clothes one really does not want. There, some linen-draper, whose house rejoices in the *soubriquet* of Coburg-House, Gotha-Mart, or some similar classic cognomen, tells his fair customers, "No reasonable offer refused!" and sends out, each morning of his life, a score of pallid, shabby copies of the human genus, bound up in parti-colored boards, to move in melancholy procession adown and along our unhappy streets, announcing behind and before to all the world, that no time is to be lost, seeing that things are being completely given away; information of the utmost value and consequence, if the same were worth accepting. Here the ticket-writer's art is exhausted, in the emblazonment of vast extents of Bristol-board, intended to inform human nature, of every rank, that the open-hearted owner of some fast-going-to-the-dogs establishment is, on his retirement from business, — what a complete cart-before-the-horse tale, seeing that business is rapidly retiring from him! — steadfastly purposed to distribute his val-

uable stock, at less than the original cost. There, again, two opposition shops cut down one another's profits, reduce themselves to ruin, and do a lasting injury to all neighboring trade, not to speak of the poisonous influence their example has excited upon the morality of the community; and all, — looking to second causes, — to gratify the propensities and rejoice the heart of human nature. No; human nature never thinks, (this is the language of these degraders of our kind,) as it looks upon a cheap shirt, or coat, or other article of wearing apparel, of the weary hand, the heavy eye, and the aching heart which wrought, and fagged, and starved thereon. No; for, in a too common commercial light, human nature is conceived to be a thing captivated at being profited by the ruin, the misery, the destitution, the calamities, and the sin of its fellow-creatures.

A moiety of the human family must, without a doubt, have been born possessed of only half the wits and acuteness to which man is entitled, leaving it a shocking prey to the superior attainments of the other half. What are the commercial records upon the subject? They are to be found in the thousand-and-one devices used to entrap and deceive. I am in the habit of passing a shop, situated in one of our greatest thoroughfares, where, to my certain knowledge, for upwards of a year and a half, bills have been placarded in every conceivable direction, over its windows, glaring with continual falsehoods. At first it was, "Selling off, — removal of the business, — immense discount off previous prices!" This answered very well, for a month or two. Next, in vermillion type, — cast, one would imagine, in the type-foundry of Brobdingnag, — long papers appeared with the welcome intelligence, "Must be cleared in fourteen days!" Months have passed away since then, and the same succession of untruths appears in the windows; and the very house seems to hang its head in shame, and to feel that it is no longer fit company for respectable houses.

If we take up a newspaper, and direct our attention to its advertisements, we

peruse a remarkable and instructive record, of what is commercially thought of our astuteness and credulity. To glance at the quack medicine advertisements. We read of the most astonishing cures, and the most miraculous restorations, performed by the sole means and instrumentality of the puffed-off panacea. Here is one amazing remedy of Protean adaptation; capable of doing anything, or everything, or nothing, just as the case requires; so that, armed with a bottle of this corked-up longevity, or guarded by a box of solid immortality, done up into pills, one might defy death forever. There is the prolific bear's grease, which, in less than a week, covered a bald gentleman's shining head with a regular shock of hair, the old gentleman being obliged to procure a new hat in consequence. There is the mirific North Pole Balsam, for baldness, or the South American Whisker Curler, or the Parisian Mustache Cultivator, each possessed of the same qualities, and in the same tremendous measure. Or, maternal human nature is besought to take care of its hopeful progeny, particularly during the teeth-cutting stage of the progeny's existence; and, to secure lovely children in glorious health, is entreated to procure a five-shilling bottle of the real and only true Infant's Blessing. To incite maternal nature thereto, an attempt is made to awaken maternal solicitude, by recounting the thrilling case of one unhappy baby which was dying, — if, indeed, it had not died out of hand, — surrounded by the faculty, and was restored to consciousness in five minutes, by a table-spoonful of the Blessing; after six of the same, it began to cry; and after three bottles was, to the endless glory and fame of the elixir, set on its legs again. Or, in another direction, we read of the disposal, by auction, under the hammer of a London auctioneer, of some dank, dismal, grim, tumble-down old mansion, agued by a slimy duck-pond in front, and by marshy meadows behind, and surrounded by soil scarcely worth turning over. But the eyes of an auctioneer are filled with phantasmagoric delusions; and, after taking a survey of the

enchanting spot, he returns to town, and, with an enthusiasm which can scarcely be regarded as otherwise than maniacal, attempts to cram human nature's throat with the most vivid and refreshing descriptions of scenery. Such luxurious turns of speech about the "*lac artificiel*" down to which the lawn leads, the excessively rural walks, the rich meadows, the rusty, — I beg pardon, — the rustic gates, and the Arcadian groves. Bright visions! realizable only in the conceptions of his deluded imagination, or in the effusions of his very poetic pen. Or, from his metropolitan rostrum he may be heard, pouring forth untruths by the round dozen; ready to protest, nay, busily protesting, new to be old, false to be true, copies to be originals, and using a quantity of the most outrageous hyperboles before a crowd of human natures, who neither believe what he says, nor give him the credit of believing it himself.

When we approach the moral estimate of human nature, as displayed in too many of the publications of this era, we enter upon a subject which demands a condemnation yet more severe, in the proportion in which it stands as a crime, affecting the best interests of our race.

The occurrence of an atrocious murder, or of some terrible crime, whose fearful enormity is the measure of the depths of iniquity, to which man, when he separates from God, can fall, is the signal for the outpouring of nothing less than a torrent of printed sin. The most incredible pains are taken, to collect every particular of the wretched being's life; no expense is spared, to obtain the most minute details of the crime. With a frightful curiosity, the blood-bespattered wall, the dangling rope, the empty phial, are searched out and described; portraits of the murderer, of his weapon, and of the place where the act was committed, are faithfully executed; and a species of emulation is kindled, as to which shall be the first public organ to bawl into the ears of mankind that another of their number has exceeded all the common bounds of error. How shocking and revolting an estimate of

the taste of our fellow-men, even to conceive that any other sentiments, than those of grief and shuddering abhorrence, could occupy the mind on such a subject! Can language be found strong enough, to condemn that sinful and sin-spreading estimate of our nature, which would gift it with tastes better befitting the inhabitants of the pit of Acheron, than the human creatures of the world in which we live?

Enough, upon a very painful subject. It may be said, these estimates are taken from life; but this does not invalidate our position. Must man, if commercially estimated at all, be taken in his very worst light? What if there be thousands, of whom these estimates may be, in a measure, correct? Are there not hundreds of thousands more, to whom they are an insult, an injury, and a disgrace? And indeed it is worth the inquiry, whether, out of the many evil, there are not a few to be found, whose natural bias, had it not received the injurious impulse of an evil estimate, would have been to the better side? It is to be feared it is true; and, if true, it is a very serious truth, that there are others than poets who "create the taste of the age in which they live."

It is pleasant to be able to turn to certain Commercial Estimates of Human Nature of a sounder kind. There is an allowable zeal in business, which leads men to study human nature in anything but a censurable manner. It is delightful to see a well-set-out shop-window, in which the goods and chattels are, with a pardonable view to captivate our taste, arranged in a completely *argumentum ad hominem* manner, if the phrase is tolerable. The only mischief which can accrue from such an estimate, may be the hungry water it is apt to create, where the looker-on possesses pockets and digestive organs in anything but a condition of repletion. At those periods of the year more particularly sacred to eating and drinking, it is a very impressive amusement to perambulate the streets of our great cities, and behold what a goodly estimate of human nature's capabilities in this line, every shop-window affords us. Neither are

we suffered to forget the poor; for coarse sheetings and blankets are to be found in many a window, modestly half concealed in a corner, with a little written bill affixed to them, commencing with, "To the charitable," and ending with "this inclement but festive season." These, and many others, are kindly estimates of our common nature, which no one would dream of quarrelling with; and they are, indeed, not bad indications of a thriving and prosperous trade.

To take leave of a digressive subject, I should be sorry that any one who reads these pages should still think it a trifling matter either to form, or to be the subject of, an unworthy commercial estimate. A low estimate of human nature is a sentiment which will not, which indeed cannot, fail to produce distrust between the members of what should be a happy and confiding family; and nothing is to be regarded either in a trifling or pardonable light, which has the remotest tendency to produce such an effect. It may be assumed that, while our social economy remains the same, and so long as man has commercial dealings with his fellow, human nature must, necessarily, be commercially estimated. Granting an assumption to be true, which we might find it difficult to deny, let our end be to elevate the standard whereby we measure reciprocally ourselves and our fellow-creatures; be it an honest, worthy, kind-hearted one, not the sordid and debasing measure of this day. What can be conceived of, as more likely to keep human nature bad and bare, — nay, indeed, what more prone to make it so, — than to believe it, or to act as if it was believed to be so? And what — putting for the moment out of the question other agencies — more probable, than that love should engender love, and good faith inspire a corresponding good faith, not alone in our commercial, but in every other portion of our intercourse with mankind? If there were any doubt upon the subject, it is susceptible and suggestive of, in our age and country, at least, a thousand practical answers in the affirmative, which will recur to the minds of our readers.

The subject of this paper is a peculiar feature in the every-day commercial transactions of the present age; it is one over which a too jealous watch can scarcely be kept; for its manifest tendency is to loosen the bonds of mutual regard, and to humble man to a position, inferior to his right one in the intellectual, and above all, in the moral scale.

THE PATH OF DUTY — A TALE.

BY ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

THE little town of B—— could not boast of a more worthy, upright, and truly respectable individual than was Richard Harley, though the station he held was no higher than that of a retail trader. His wife had, according to the judgment of her family, degraded herself by the union. She was a gentlewoman by birth and education, and, though without fortune, might have looked for a higher match; yet she was never known to regret the choice she had made. Mr. Harley, on the other hand, had no reason to repent having selected her for a partner; for to her lady-like accomplishments she added those domestic virtues which can alone make the married life happy. A numerous family sprung up around them, and as the profits of the business were not great, they were consequently obliged to live in even a less expensive style than that in which they commenced their conjugal career. This course was, however, cheerfully embraced by Mrs. Harley, as well as by her husband, notwithstanding that she had been accustomed to what might comparatively be deemed profusion. Her firm and well-balanced mind rose superior to the paltry pride of station, and she dared to act in accordance with the dictates of prudence, however liable she thereby became to fall out of the notice of those with whom she associated.

Death having deprived them of two of their children, the family, at the period at which we introduce them, consisted of two sons and four daughters. Edmund, the eldest, who was just verging on twenty, had from his early youth

been distinguished for studious habits, and, as he grew older, displayed talents which attracted the attention of the pastor of the religious community of which his parents were members. Mr. Harley's circumstances not allowing him to give his son an education which would fit him for the clerical profession, Mr. Morland had generously offered to become his instructor till he should attain the age at which he might be admitted to one of the colleges. This offer had been accepted with gratitude by the father, as well as by the youth himself; and had not some untoward circumstances occurred to throw a temporary barrier in the way, he would have earlier removed to one of those seats of learning to which his wishes had long been earnestly directed. To do justice to the character of the young student, it must be told that ambition had no share in his choice of a profession. He would have been satisfied to tread in the same path which his father was pursuing, deeming it to be no less truly respectable; but he was at the same time conscious of powers which, if rightly directed, might enable him to be more extensively useful. He was far from despising the calling of the tradesman, yet shrunk from the idea of spending his days with no higher aim than that of realizing an income or amassing a fortune. Widely different were the feelings of his brother Richard, who, though possessed of his father's name, unhappily did not inherit his virtues. This youth entertained a still greater repugnance to the pursuit of trade, but from motives as low and false, as those of Edmund were elevated. His dislike arose from the application and confinement it necessarily demanded, to which his indolent habits were opposed. He had, moreover, become acquainted with a set of dissolute young men, who were his superiors in station, and who encouraged the notions he had adopted — that it was derogatory to a youth of spirit to be chained behind a counter, and that a living might be earned in a much more genteel, and, at the same time, easy manner.

Richard was angry that the leisure was afforded his brother for study, and

jealous of his prospect of occupying a higher position in society, yet had neither the desire to improve his own education, nor the talent to fit him for any profession. He vehemently opposed the plan marked out by his father, which was to bind him as an apprentice to his own business: but Mr. Harley, though a kind and fond parent, was peremptory when prompted by a sense of duty, and he would not suffer the futile objections of the youth in this instance to move him from his purpose. The education of the girls wholly devolved on Mrs. Harley; and, with this exception, that her health was delicate, never was mother better suited for the task. She herself exemplified how possible it is to unite the taste and refinement of a polished mind with the homely offices of domestic life; and under the tuition of such a woman, her daughters promised to become all that an amiable and right-minded parent could desire. Elizabeth, the eldest, though only seventeen, was already a considerable assistance both in the domestic economy and in the education of her younger sisters. The misconduct of Richard, who, on being opposed in his wishes, grew even more self-willed and ungovernable, was for many years the only disturbance to the peace of this otherwise happy family: but a trial awaited them at this period which was altogether unlooked for, and consequently harder to endure. This was the serious illness, and subsequent death, of the beloved and venerated father. Mr. Harley, a short time prior to his decease, foresaw the fatal termination of his malady, and felt it right to prepare, as far as possible, against the ills it would bring upon his hitherto dependent family. He professed not the indifference of the Stoic, and he was not without anxieties on their account; but calling to his aid that fortitude which seldom forsakes the Christian in his hour of extremest need, he resolved to advise them for their welfare, and then leave the event in the hands of Him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow.

Owing to the extreme youth and unsteady conduct of his youngest son, Mr.

Harley could not leave his business to his care; yet it was the only means of support to the family. All his hopes, therefore, rested on Edmund, who, in order to provide for his mother and sisters, must yield up the prospects he had so long and so fondly indulged. The father felt it would be a sacrifice of no ordinary kind; but such was his confidence in the affection and principle of the young man, that he did not doubt he would unhesitatingly make it. He one evening communicated his thoughts on this subject to his gentle partner, who occupied her accustomed seat by his bed-side. "Heaven only knows whether my death may produce a change in Richard," he added with emotion; "but we must not build upon so insecure a foundation. You do not speak, my love. What am I to infer from your silence?"

Mrs. Harley's tears flowed fast as she replied, "that she had formed a project, in the event of his death, to commence, with Elizabeth's assistance, an establishment for tuition."

"Such a plan bespeaks my own right-hearted Clara," said the husband, pressing the hand he held more closely between his own; "but there are objections to it. Your health is delicate; our three youngest children are not of an age to render any assistance; and the expenses of such an establishment as you are capable of undertaking would be considerable. What, then, will become of the business which has afforded us a competence for one-and-twenty years? No, my love, I see but one clear and prudent path. It will be a sacrifice to our feelings as parents, as well as to those of our son; but I am confident that I have only to point out to him the path of duty, and he will, for your sake, give up even this long and fondly-cherished hope."

"And you have rightly judged, my father!" exclaimed the young man, who had entered the apartment unperceived, and thus become an unintentional listener to the latter part of the conversation. "It is true," he pursued, throwing himself on his knees beside the bed, and devoutly pressing the hands of his parent to his lips—"it is true that I

have long cherished the idea of adopting another calling, and it requires a strong effort of self-denial to yield it up; but what course can be so acceptable to God, as that which is undertaken against our inclination from a sense of duty?"

Mr. Harley did not survive many days; but the promise of his high-principled son was a source of unspeakable satisfaction in his dying hours. Death is at all times solemn, and when it takes the father from the midst of his children, and makes the wife a widow, it causes a chasm which cannot easily be filled up. Mr. Harley's loss was, however, felt beyond his family circle; for though his sphere of action was not large, his Christian philanthropy had extended to its utmost bound.

When the opening of the will disclosed that the business was made over to Edmund, Richard, notwithstanding the dislike he so often expressed to what he termed the degradation of a retail shop, manifested the most violent anger. One clause, in particular, offended his pride and aroused his indignation. This was an injunction for him to fulfil the term of his apprenticeship to his brother, and to act in such a manner that Edmund might, at the expiration of that term, be justified, by prudence, in receiving him as a partner. "My father has always treated me with injustice, and preferred my brother," he passionately exclaimed; "and now he has carried his injustice with him to the grave."

"O, Richard, yours are the first lips that ever coupled your father's name with that term, and you will live to repent it," cried Mrs. Harley, casting on the youth a look of mingled tenderness and reproof.

"Be calm, my brother," Edmund gently interposed; "you are not at present in a state of mind to see how much you wrong both the living and the dead. This arrangement was intended for the general welfare of the family, and as you value our peace, and, above all, the peace of our dear remaining parent, I beseech of you not to add to our affliction by expressing dissatisfaction."

"It is well for you to talk of peace and satisfaction," Richard sneeringly

observed; "you in whom all the power is vested. But I tell you, Edmund, that though I served my father, I have no inclination to serve a brother — a brother scarcely three years my senior; nor will I do it."

"We will not dispute the matter now; only let me beg of you to do nothing rashly," Edmund quietly rejoined, and Richard, turning abruptly from him, hastily quitted the parlor. Mr. Morland, who was present, now came forward to offer consolation to the afflicted mother. "We will hope, dear madam," he said, "that, the first ebullition of anger over, this refractory youth will not persevere in his rash determination. Take comfort from the dutiful and affectionate conduct of your other children. Edmund has risen tenfold in the esteem of every right-thinking person by the noble part he has acted. My dear young friend," he pursued, taking the hand of the young man, "I congratulate you on the conquest you have made over self — congratulate you with greater pleasure than I should feel had you attained the object of your most ardent wishes. I can fully appreciate the sacrifice you have made, for in my youth I endured a somewhat similar trial. Providence afterwards cleared my way, and yours may possibly, at some future period, be in like manner opened. But if it should not be so, believe me, that you will enjoy more real satisfaction whilst pursuing the straight path of duty, however opposed it be to your habits and inclinations, and however humble, than even the gratification of laudable desires can afford if lying out of that path."

Edmund could only return the warm pressure of his venerable friend: his emotions were too powerful for utterance.

"If," Mr. Morland proceeded, "your conduct towards your brother be marked by as much wisdom and forbearance as that towards your mother and sisters is by generosity, we may yet see him a worthy member of society. He is not, I hope, wholly lost to feeling, and kindness may overcome where harshness would fail. But I have no need," he added, "to point out the proper means

to be pursued to those whose hearts are already willing to overlook offences. I have reason to believe that one is beforehand with me, and is even now endeavoring to act the part of a peacemaker." The moment after Richard had quitted the room, Elizabeth had quietly left the place she had before occupied by her mother's side, to follow the youth, and her errand had been rightly surmised by the good pastor. If any member of the family could subdue the violent spirit of Richard Harley, it was his twin-sister, for whom his affections were called forth in a stronger degree than for any other being on earth. They had been playfellows in childhood; for Edmund had always been too studious a companion for his brother, and the other children were many years younger. Though a greater contrast could scarcely be imagined than that which existed in their dispositions—Elizabeth being as gentle and yielding as Richard was exacting and self-willed—that very circumstance tended to unite them in a closer bond. It gave occasion for forbearance in the former which the latter could not but admire; though he made no effort to imitate it, and often taxed it beyond all reasonable bounds.

The affectionate sister found, however, that to soothe the youth under his present imaginary injury, was the most difficult task she had undertaken, he having predetermined not to sleep another night under the parental roof; but she would not quit his side until she had won from him a promise that he would not act precipitately in the affair, but at least wait the event of a few days, till he saw the course Edmund intended to pursue.

Though Elizabeth was tenderly attached to her younger brother, she entertained a still warmer affection for the elder, towards whom she felt a kind of love bordering on veneration. She had ever looked up to him as to some superior being, whose counsel she could ask in every difficulty, and whose decisions were faultless. She now confidently hoped that the lenity of the one would effectually overcome the anger of the other; and with this comforting assurance in her own bosom, she sought her

widowed parent, and strove to console her under her present aggravated griefs. One of the greatest trials which human nature is called to endure, is to have our motives questioned, and our good evil spoken of. Thus Edmund suffered more from being taunted with selfishness, when he had really exercised the most noble generosity, than he did from the sacrifice he had made. But a still severer pang yet awaited him.

Our hero's frequent visits to the house of Mr. Morland had brought him into constant and familiar intercourse with that gentleman's only daughter, a lovely girl of nearly his own age. They had been associated in study; for her father was of opinion that women are born for nobler purposes than either to be mere domestic drudges or puppets for exhibition, and had consequently resolved to train her in a manner which would really fit her to become the companion of a man of education. He was at the same time solicitous that she should lose none of the truly feminine characteristics of her sex: and had Mrs. Morland coöperated in his laudable undertaking, it is most probable that he would have accomplished the desirable end he had in view. But, unhappily for the domestic peace of the good pastor, as well as for the formation of the character of his daughter, that lady studied rather how her beautiful child might obtain admiration, than how she might become worthy of it, and thus counteracted the good effects which her father's example and instructions might otherwise have wrought. To the eyes of the young student, however, Ellen Morland appeared faultless; and he, with the evident sanction of her parents, as well as with the approbation of the young lady herself, bestowed on her the warmest affections of his ardent nature. To the good pastor the union appeared desirable, from his knowledge of the character of the young man. Mrs. Morland did not oppose it, because she was of opinion that his talents would raise him to distinction in the profession he had made choice of; and Ellen was flattered and gratified with the devotion of one possessed of so superior a mind, combined with a person far from disagreeable.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the intelligence that Edmund had relinquished the idea of entering the ministry, in order to provide for his mother and sisters from his late father's business, had a very different effect upon the minds of the mother and daughter to that which it created in the father. The former were incapable of appreciating the generosity of the act, and only saw in it the blighted prospects of the young man. Ellen, however, said not a word in her father's presence; and Mrs. Morland, finding that her husband's views of the subject were not in accordance with her own, forbore to make any remark, though she secretly determined that the acquaintance between the young people should be speedily brought to a close.

"That moment in which Mr. Edmund Harley ties on a canvas apron, and appears in his shop, he breaks every tie between us," the young lady exclaimed as the pastor quitted the room; and as she spoke, she scornfully tossed her pretty head, and indignantly threw down a silken watch-chain which her fair fingers had for some time been busily occupied in weaving for the youth.

"I am happy to find that your feelings correspond with my own, my dear Ellen," the mother observed. "I was afraid that your affection for this foolish young man might induce you to overlook his position in society."

"Affection might have induced me," said the daughter, "to overlook his station in society, had the business he is about to engage in been almost any other than what it is; but to stand behind a counter with that odious apron — oh! I could not endure it. You need not entertain the least apprehension on that head, mamma."

"And what will avail all the pains your papa has taken to teach him Hebrew and Greek, if he is to spend his days in weighing butter and cheese?" said Mrs. Morland. "For my part, I think it is very ungrateful in him to throw away such advantages on such a pretence; for I can't give him credit for disinterestedness, when a profitable business is to be the reward of his self-sacrifice."

"The sacrifice would not be to him

alone, if I were to share his fortunes," Ellen quickly rejoined; "for the change would be far greater to me, who have always moved in a different sphere, than it can be to him. I think that he ought to have consulted me on the subject before he gave such a promise to his father."

"Well, my love, it is not a matter for very deep regret. I hope you have a higher destiny marked out for you than to be the wife of a cheesemonger's son; and I am glad that you have sufficient prudence to see it in the right light."

Though the young lady affected so much indifference at the prospect of yielding up her lover, she could not really resign him without a pang. She was angry that his affection for his parent and sisters had superseded what she considered to be due to herself; but could not help calling to mind his many virtues, as well as occasionally contemplating his personal and mental endowments. "Mamma thinks I bear it more heroically than I really do," she mentally said as she retired to the privacy of her own chamber to shed a few tears of regret.

Unsuspecting of what was passing at the house at which he had hitherto been a welcome guest, Edmund repaired thither as soon as the funeral obsequies of his departed parent were over. His warm heart anticipated sympathy from these his dearest friends. How great, therefore, were his surprise and disappointment when, instead of the customary affectionate greeting, he was received in as cold and distant a manner as though he had been a perfect stranger! As no reference was made to the new position which he was likely to hold, he never for a moment conjectured the cause of the altered behavior of the ladies towards him; but on Mrs. Morland being called from the room, he availed himself of the opportunity to seek an explanation. "What can I have done to merit this treatment at your hands, dearest Ellen?" he tenderly asked, as he drew his chair beside hers, and looked earnestly in her face.

"You must be aware, Mr. Harley, that we can no longer meet on the same terms we have hitherto done," the

young lady made answer; and as she spoke, she, to conceal her emotion, bent over a drawing to which she had been giving the last touches with her pencil.

"I am perfectly ignorant of your meaning, Miss Morland. I am not aware of having in any way deserved to be received here otherwise than I have ever been."

"Am I misinformed, then, upon the subject of your intentions for the future?" Ellen asked, with more earnestness than she intended to betray. The question served to open the eyes of her lover to the truth, and he was for some time incapable of reply, so powerful were the conflicting emotions which agitated his breast. "Is it true," she pursued, after a pause, "that you have relinquished your intended academic career, and purpose to take your station for life behind a counter?"

"Can this be Ellen Morland—she whom I believed to be all that was generous, affectionate, and amiable?" the youth mentally inquired. Still he spoke not, fearing lest his words should express all the astonishment and indignation he felt.

"If such be the case," the young lady proceeded, at a loss how to account for his silence, "you need not be informed that you have taken a step which must separate us forever. I would have shared your fortunes in the honorable path you were about to pursue, even had you not been prosperous; but you cannot suppose, Mr. Harley, that I can now any longer think of doing so. I do not expect that this will cause you any regret," she carelessly added; "your mother and sisters are the principal objects of your concern; my feelings and my wishes have not been consulted; and therefore I am justified in deeming them a matter of indifference."

"Had not your own lips, Ellen, given utterance to these unkind and unjust observations, I would not have believed you capable of making them," the young man now replied, whilst his intelligent countenance glowed with an expression of anger foreign to his nature. "I would have contradicted any one who had dared to accuse you of such selfish and unfeel-

ing conduct; and even now I am almost inclined to doubt the evidence of my senses, rather than believe you guilty of it. Yes, I have, as you say, given up my academic career, and taken my station behind a counter; and your excellent father approves of the step. I have acted in accordance with the dictates of affection and duty, at a sacrifice of my own feelings, which no language can express; and I expected to have met with your sympathy and approbation. But since it is withheld—since you are so void of womanly tenderness as to taunt me with my regard for my family, I will turn to them alone for that happiness I once thought you would be the means of bestowing."

He rose as he spoke, and was moving towards the door, when Ellen, who had not expected on the part of her lover such a ready concurrence in her wishes, detained him by observing that she was the person who had most reason to complain, since he had treated her as though she was without interest in his welfare.

"No, Miss Morland," he made answer; "I supposed you to be deeply interested in anything that concerned me; but I was grievously mistaken; and this transaction has revealed to me that we were never suited for each other. If you can esteem the claims of a widowed parent and helpless family to be so light—if you can throw contempt upon an honorable occupation, undertaken under such circumstances—you would never have made me happy, and I, on the other hand, could not have rendered you so. It is well, perhaps, that we have thus become better acquainted with each other's character, though to me it is a bitter discovery. Adieu! I little thought when I entered this house that I should leave it thus;" and he again made a movement to depart.

Ellen would at that moment have given much to recall what she had, in the full confidence of her power, uttered; but her pride would not allow her to make any concession, and she suffered him to depart without a word. No language can describe the feelings of Edmund Harley as he bent his steps towards his once happy home. The hopes of his

youth were in every way blighted ; yet he was free from self-accusations ; nor did he in any instance repent of the course he had taken. There is an elevating principle in virtue which sustains the mind under every calamity, and this principle alone supported our hero under his accumulated disappointments.

Mrs. Harley's penetrating mind had foreseen the probable event of Miss Morland's rejection of her son. She surmised that her affections were not of a very durable nature ; but to the simple-hearted Elizabeth, it was a matter of astonishment that any young woman could be indifferent to the regard of her almost idolized brother, be his position in society what it might. The private sorrows of Edmund were, however, swallowed up in a fresh affliction, which befell the family shortly afterwards. The conciliating spirit evinced, and the generous offers which were made, by the elder towards the younger brother, had no effect in softening the resentment of the latter, who viewed with dissatisfaction every measure proposed for the promotion of peace and unity. He was missed one morning from the family breakfast, and when sought for in his chamber, it was discovered that he had not occupied it during the night. The fact that great part of his wardrobe was gone, too plainly denoted that he had voluntarily absented himself ; but not a line could be found to give his distressed relations any clue to the path he had taken, or the course he intended to pursue, nor could they hear of any one who had seen him since the previous evening. The health of Mrs. Harley, which had been greatly enfeebled by her late severe affliction, sunk under this additional grief, and she was confined to her chamber with a malady which threatened a fatal termination. It was now that the domestic virtues of Elizabeth were called into action. The management of the household affairs, and the charge of the younger members of the family, devolved on her, in addition to the task of nursing her invalid parent ; but her character, unlike that of Ellen Morland's, required to be tested by adverse circumstances to exhibit its beauty. Knowing the dislike Richard had for

business, Edmund thought it probable that his brother had enlisted in the military service ; and he accordingly took a journey to London, in order to ascertain if this were the case. He felt convinced that the strict discipline exercised in the army would be revolting to the pride of a youth who had resisted the mildest parental control, and he would have made any sacrifice to purchase his release, could he have persuaded him to return to his home. His search was, however, fruitless : no traces of the fugitive could be discovered, and the afflicted family could only wait the result of time.

The entire devotion of her eldest son, together with the unremitting attentions of her gentle nurse, had the effect of soothing the wounded spirit of Mrs. Harley, and for their sakes she strove to bear her twofold bereavement. The desertion of Richard had thrown much additional labor upon Edmund, who, never having been habituated to business, found the duties really onerous. Shut out from those beloved studies which, had before been the food of his existence, he toiled early and late at an occupation which even prevented the possibility of his thoughts ranging in those flowery paths ; yet he was never heard to utter a complaint. When alone with Elizabeth, he would sometimes picture how happy he should have been had Providence permitted that he should have administered to the wants of his family by means of the sacred office towards which his wishes tended ; but he would check every rising of discontent with the remark, that it was not his place to dictate, but to follow. His gentle sister's hopeful nature would soar above the present difficulties, and prophesy of brighter days. She was sure, she said, that his noble self-sacrifice would be rewarded even in this life ; that he was not intended ever to pursue a course so opposed to his inclinations ; and these visions of future happiness had at least the effect of smoothing his present rugged path.

The expiration of two years found the family in much the same circumstances as when Richard quitted his home, with this exception, that time had in some measure blunted the edge of their grief

for the departed. Concerning the fate of the fugitive they were in equal uncertainty and anxiety, for no tidings of him had reached them during that period. The London post, however, one morning brought Edmund a letter, the direction of which bore a resemblance to his brother's handwriting, and, without saying a word which could indicate what was passing in his mind, he withdrew from the family circle to peruse it alone. The epistle, as he surmised, was from Richard; but Edmund scarcely knew whether to rejoice or to weep over its contents. It told a tale of suffering, and was dated from an hospital, where the unhappy young man was then lying, disabled by sickness, brought on by privation and hardship; but it breathed a spirit of penitence and submission he had never before evinced, and this gave some cheering hopes of future amendment. "To you, my brother," he concluded by saying—"to you I turn when all the rest of mankind frown upon me; for in you I see the representative of that excellent father whose counsels I despised, and whose name I slandered. Yes; I cannot forget that I taxed his memory with injustice, because he had not placed confidence in a son who had never acted other than the prodigal's part. My mother truly prophesied that I should live to repent it. But if my life be spared, and you receive me once more into my early home, I will try by every means to make restitution for the past, by devoting my future life to the service of those remaining dear ones I have so deeply injured." Summoning Elizabeth to his side, Edmund deputed to her the task of breaking the intelligence to their parent, and then made immediate preparations for paying a visit to his erring brother. To Mrs. Harley the information came like a voice from the grave; for she had long deplored her son as dead, thinking it impossible that he could yet live, and keep them so long in ignorance of his fate. Our hero's intended journey to London meeting with his mother's cordial approbation, the young man was in a few hours on his road thither. His fraternal feelings experienced a shock when he obtained admittance to the house of cha-

rity in which the invalid lay; for so altered were those once handsome features, and so emaciated was his late athletic form, that he could with difficulty recognize him. There was a change also in Edmund: his intelligent countenance bore an expression of thoughtfulness and sadness unusual in one so young; but it was at the same time rendered more dignified by the ennobling motives which had actuated his conduct. The meeting was touching in the extreme. The contrition of one brother was evidently as deep and sincere as the forgiveness of the other was cheerful and heartfelt; and Edmund's assurances that their widowed parent would receive her prodigal son with open arms, afforded to Richard unspeakable satisfaction.

The debilitated state to which the youth was reduced, prevented the possibility of his being removed for some considerable time; but his family looked anxiously for his arrival at the home of his childhood, and no one more so than Elizabeth, who hopefully prophesied that her nursing would soon restore him to perfect health. At length he was clasped in the embraces of his fond mother and affectionate sisters, who, with one accord, resolved to obliterate all remembrance of the past, and to encourage his resolutions of amendment.

"I do not ask you to place firm reliance in my promises of reformation," Richard one day said, addressing his brother. "The resolutions made on a sick-bed are, I know, often broken; but if, after twelve months' trial, I retain your confidence, I wish you to intrust the business to my care, and then pursue the course you had at first marked out. Believe me," he earnestly added, "I am not prompted by self-interest, in making this proposal. I am now convinced, that it was at a sacrifice of your feelings that you undertook it; and, in requesting you to give it up, I am influenced only by a desire for your benefit. I will willingly yield the entire profits to my mother and sisters, and derive no further emolument from it, than as if I were a stranger, hired to fill your place."

Edmund cheerfully acceded to this

proposition; it seemed to animate him with fresh hope; and Elizabeth, who was present, threw her arms alternately around each, and wept tears of delight. "Did I not tell you, dear Edmund, that there would be a blissful termination to all our misfortunes?" she exclaimed. Then, turning to her younger brother, she energetically added, "On the fulfilment of your promises, Richard, all our hopes must rest. But you will fulfil them, — I am sure you will. You will, for the future, be to our dear mother what Edmund has hitherto been. He may, then, pursue his studies, and we shall all be happy yet."

And Elizabeth's prophecy was accomplished, — her fondest hopes were realized; for Richard's good conduct, during the period he had himself specified, having guaranteed future stability, the business was consigned to his care. Mrs. Harley thought it most prudent, for a season, to permit him to have it on his own terms; but, as he gave no cause for dissatisfaction in the capacity of foreman, it was wholly intrusted to his direction, shortly after he became of age. Edmund, meanwhile, with the aid of Mr. Morland, — who, notwithstanding the rupture with his daughter, was still his attached and steady friend, — recommenced his studies in one of the colleges; and, having gone through the necessary course, attained the goal towards which his desires had so long been directed. He was now able to offer his widowed parent and younger sisters an asylum beneath his roof, leaving Elizabeth to be the housekeeper of her twin-brother. The furnace of affliction had further purified the character of Edmund Harley, and he entered on his sacred office with a mind better prepared for extensive usefulness than it would formerly have been. And now, in looking back upon the past, he is led to see that, though "the path of duty" was, in his case, rugged and toilsome, it was the only safe one, and that it had, ultimately, led to solid and durable happiness.

THEORIES OF THE FORMATION OF COAL.

It is a custom of the Geological Society for the president annually to deliver an address, containing a summary of the progress of the science for the preceding year. The last address of this kind, delivered in February, 1846, by Mr. Leonard Horner, has been published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*. We find in it a highly intelligent view of one of the obscure departments of geology — the formation of coal. "It is scarcely possible," says Mr. Horner, "to visit a coal-field, or to read the description of one, without being led to theorize on its mode of formation. The origin of coal has long been a subject of great difficulty; nor has any theory been yet advanced with which it has been possible to reconcile all the appearances which the coal-measures exhibit, all the variety of forms in which coal is found. Indeed the more closely we examine the phenomena, the more do we feel the distance we are from a satisfactory explanation of them. According to some geologists, coal-seams and their accompanying strata are accumulations of land-plants and stony detritus, carried down by rivers into estuaries, and deposited in the sea, where the vegetable matter undergoes changes that convert it into coal. Others are of opinion that coal is the altered residuum of trees and smaller plants, that have grown on the spot where we now find them; that the forests were submerged and covered by detrital matter, which was upraised to form a foundation and a soil for another forest, to be in its turn submerged and converted into coal, and that thus the alternations which the vertical section of a coal-field exhibits are to be accounted for.

"In the geological works of the last year, we find the former theory maintained by Sir R. Murchison as most generally applicable; Mr. Lyell is more inclined to adopt the latter. Sir R. Murchison dwells upon the facts of the alternations of coal with limestones containing marine remains, which are so frequently met with in most countries where coal-fields prevail; and as a strik-

ing instance of this, he refers to the Donetz coal-field. A remarkable example of a similar kind, occurring in Maryland, is mentioned by Mr. Lyell. At Frostburg a black shale, ten or twelve feet thick, full of marine shells, rests on a seam of coal about three feet thick, and three hundred feet below the principal seam of coal in that place. The shells are referable to no less than seventeen species, and some of them are identical with, and almost all the rest have a near affinity to, species found in the Glasgow and other coal-measures.

"The theory which refers the coal to trees and plants, which have grown on the spot where it now rests, is illustrated by Mr. Lyell by observations he made in Nova Scotia, on the south shore of the Bay of Fundy, at a place called 'The Joggins.' He states that there is a range of perpendicular cliffs, composed of regular coal-measures, inclined at an angle between twenty-four and thirty degrees, whose united thickness is between four and five miles. About nineteen seams of coal occur in the series, and they vary from two inches to four feet in thickness. The beds are quite undisturbed, save that they have been bodily moved from the horizontal position in which they must have been deposited to that inclination they now have. In these coal-beds, at more than ten distinct levels, are stems of trees, in positions at right angles to the planes of stratification; that is, which must have stood upright when the coal-measures were horizontal. No part of the original plant is preserved except the bark, which forms a coating of bituminous coal, the interior being a solid cylinder of sand and clay, without traces of organic structure, as is usually the case with *Sigillaria*, and like the upright trees in the coal-measures cut through by the Bolton railway. The trees, or rather the remains of stems of trees, broken off at different heights above the root, vary in height from six to twenty-five feet, and in diameter from fourteen inches to four feet. There are no appearances of roots, but some of the trees enlarge at the bottom. They rest upon, and appear to have grown in, the mass which now constitutes the coal-

seams and under-lying shale, never intersecting a superior layer of coal, and never terminating downwards out of the coal or shale from which the stem rises. The underclay or shale often contains *Stigmaria*. Here, then, he states, are the remains of more than ten forests, which grew the one over the other, but at distant intervals, during which each, from the lowest upwards, was successively covered by layers, of great thickness, of clays and solid stone, the materials of which must have been arranged and consolidated under the surface of water, and the vegetation of every layer in which the upright trees are fixed must have grown on land.

"The formation of coal-measures like the above, and of all others where there is evidence that the vegetable matter was not drifted to the place it now occupies, but must have grown on the spot, is then accounted for by supposing that the land sank below the level of adjoining water; that gravel, sand, and mud were washed down from the land that did not sink, and formed layers of clay and sandstone over the submerged forest, either in sufficient quantity to rise to the surface of the water, and form land for the next forest, which was submerged in its turn, or that a contrary internal movement took place, which again raised the submerged land; and that for every seam of coal, one above the other, a similar series of changes must have taken place. It is to this oscillatory movement that Mr. Lyell ascribes the formation of the above remarkable phenomena in the Bay of Fundy, and others of a like nature.

"At first sight, both theories seem well-founded, when applied to the particular coal-fields described; and it is possible that these eminent and experienced geologists may be of opinion that both are true, as applied to different situations. But I see great difficulties to the full acceptance of either in many of the phenomena which, on a close examination, we find coal-fields generally present."

Mr. Horner then refers to several recently published sections of coal-fields. One in South Wales presents *eighty-four* seams of coal from one inch to nine feet thick, alternating with 340 beds of sand-

stone, slate, and clay. In this case, the group of coal-bearing strata is a mile in thickness. A coal-field in Nova Scotia is of twice this thickness, and contains *seventy-six* coal-seams. Mixed with the latter are a few limestones containing bivalve shells. The learned president then proceeds:

"Throughout the whole 7000 feet in the South Wales section, and if the limestones are, as is most probable, of fresh-water origin, also throughout the 14,570 feet in the Nova Scotia section, there appears to be no trace of any substance of a *marine* character; and from anything exhibited in the composition of the beds, all might have been deposited in fresh water. It seems infinitely improbable, had the deposition taken place in a sea, that a *series of accumulations of this description, implying, be it observed, a vast duration of time, with different depths and different qualities of sea-bottoms, should have taken place without a trace being discoverable, either upon the surface of the submerged layers of vegetable matter, or in any part of the clays and sandstones that lie upon them, of a marine animal or plant.* It seems no less improbable that, in a sea-skirting shore, there should be such an absence of agitation throughout so vast a space of time, as to allow a tranquil deposit of layers of fine detritus over a wide area, a spreading out of the leaves of delicate plants in layers of clay and sand, like the specimens in a herbarium, and a gradual and insensible passage, in many instances, from one bed into another. Great as the North American lakes are, I am not prepared to say that grave objections may not be urged against the probable existence of such vast bodies of fresh water as would be of sufficient extent and depth to receive the beds of many coal-fields; but the absence of marine remains throughout vast depths of strata in coal-fields is a remarkable fact, well deserving of the most careful investigation.

"That the terrestrial vegetable matter from which coal has been formed has, in very many instances, been deposited in the sea, is unquestionable, from their alternations with limestones containing

marine remains. Such deposits and alternations in an estuary, at the mouth of a great river, are conceivable, but whether such enormous beds of limestone, with the corals and molluses which they contain, could be formed in an estuary, may admit of doubt. But it is not so easy to conceive *the very distinct separation of the coal and the stony matter, if formed of drifted materials brought into the bay by a river.* It has been said that the vegetable matter is brought down at intervals, in freshets, in masses matted together, like the rafts in the Mississippi. But there could not be masses of matted vegetable matter of uniform thickness 14,000 square miles in extent, like the Brownsville bed on the Ohio; and freshets bring down gravel, and sand, and mud, as well as plants and trees. They must occur several times a year in every river; but many years must have elapsed during the gradual deposit of the sandstones and shales that separate the seams of coal. Humboldt tells us (*Kosmos*, p. 295) that in the forest lands of the temperate zone, the carbon contained in the trees on a given surface would not, on an average of a hundred years, form a layer over that surface more than seven lines in thickness. If this be a well-ascertained fact, what an enormous accumulation of vegetable matter must be required to form a coal-seam of even moderate dimensions! It is extremely improbable that the vegetable matter brought down by rivers *could fall to the bottom of the sea in clear unmixed layers*; it would form a confused mass with stones, sand, and mud. Again, how difficult to conceive, how extremely improbable in such circumstances, is the preservation of delicate plants, spread out with the most perfect arrangement of their parts, uninjured by the rude action of rapid streams and currents carrying gravel and sand, and branches and trunks of trees!

"In the theory which accounts for the formation of beds of coal by supposing that they are the remains of trees and other plants that grew on the spot where the coal now exists, that the land was submerged to admit of the covering of sandstones or shale being deposited, and again elevated so that the sandstone or

shale might become the suboil of a new growth, to be again submerged, and this process repeated as often as there are seams of coal in the series — *these are demands on our assent of a most startling kind.* In the sections above examined, we have eighty-four seams of coal in the one, and seventy-six in the other. In the Saarbrück coal-field there are one hundred and twenty seams, without taking into account the thinner seams, those less than a foot thick. The materials of each of these seams, however thin (and there are some not an inch thick, lying upon and covered by great depths of sandstones and shales,) must, according to this theory, have grown on land, and the covering of each must have been deposited under water. There must thus have been an equal number of successive upward and downward movements, and *these so gentle, such soft heavings, as not to break the continuity or disturb the parallelism of horizontal lines spread over hundreds of square miles*; and the movements must, moreover, have been so nicely adjusted, that they should always be downward when a layer of vegetable matter was to be covered up; and in the upward movements, the motion must always have ceased so soon as the last layers of sand or shale had reached the surface, to be immediately covered by the fresh vegetable growth; for otherwise, we should have found evidence, in the series of successive deposits, of some being furrowed, broken up, or covered with pebbles, or other detrital matter of land, long exposed to the waves breaking on a shore, and to meteoric agencies. These conditions, which seem to be inseparable from the theory in question, it would be difficult to find anything analogous to in any other case of changes in the relative level of sea and land with which we are acquainted."

We have here put into italics what appear to us the principal difficulties on both sides of this extremely curious question. The sum of the whole matter is, that there are facts pretty clearly pointing to the processes involved in both theories, while there are other facts as clearly forbidding either process to be

assumed as the sole mode of the production of coal. All must agree with Mr. Horner, that the whole subject of the theory of coal — whether we consider its mode of deposition, the plants out of which it has been formed, or the various changes which the vegetable matter has undergone to convert it into lignite, jet, common coal, cannel-coal, and anthracite, two or more of these varieties often occurring in the same coal-field — is extremely obscure, and presents a wide and interesting field for future investigation.

NOTHING IS USELESS.

We are told, by old-fashioned economists, to keep a thing nine years, and in the end we shall find a use for it; a maxim which receives striking confirmation, from the recent progress of the useful arts. Things which, lately were laid aside as useless, have now become of value; and substances which, at one time, were looked upon as positive annoyances and obstructions, have been turned to advantage. We mean to adduce a few examples, in illustration of this fact; a fact doubly gratifying, as bearing not only upon what has been thus acquired, but as pointing to every other object in nature, however worthless in the esteem of our present ignorance.

Turning, in the first place, to agriculture, which, within the last twenty years, has made astonishing progress, we are met at every step with evidences of the fact, that nothing is useless. Before the present century, the bones of animals were used, to a small extent, in turnery, and other arts; but the great mass of them was thrown aside as offal, fit only to be buried out of sight. Now, every scrap from kennel and kitchen is carefully collected; mills have been erected in various parts of the country, for crushing them; and in this state they are regarded as one of the finest manures for light turnip soils. So great has the demand been for this material, during the past fifteen years, that it is

imported from foreign, and even distant countries; and, of late, considerable difficulty has been experienced, in obtaining a supply. At present, we believe the price of bone dust ranges from 20s. to 25s. per imperial quarter; a price so tempting, that adulteration with slacked lime, saw-dust, and the like, is not unfrequently resorted to. How our forefathers would have laughed at the prediction of bone mills, and British soil fertilized with ship-borne bones from Germany and Prussia! The same may be remarked of soot, night-soil, urine, and the waste substances which used to flow from gas-works, and from the factories of the soap-boiler, the sugar-refiner, and others. Not many years ago, these were wholly, or almost wholly, neglected, — looked upon as nuisances to be got rid of; now they are carefully collected, and bring remunerating prices. A story is told, that the magistrates of Edinburgh, some century and a half ago, were so thoroughly at a loss what to do with the refuse and offal on the streets, that they felt grateful, if they did not even proffer a reward, to a neighboring laird, for carting it off to his land! The worthy magistracy, however, were not more ignorant in their corporate, than other people were, at a much later period, in their individual capacities; for most of the substances now valued as manures, were then nuisances and obstructions. Soot, then thrown to the winds, is now carefully bagged, and sold at so much per bushel; urine, and other liquid, for which the farmer used formerly to dig a sewer, that it might be carried away from his farmstead, is now tanked, and poured over his land; the *urate* of commerce is but a mixture of urine and calcined gypsum; and night-soil is now extensively prepared with gypsum, or lime, put in casks, and sold under the name of *poudrette*. The blood, lime, and animal charcoal, which had served the purposes of the sugar refiner, used to be thrown aside as waste; now, in the south of France, it is sold under the name of "animalized charcoal," and has, according to Professor Johnstone, risen to such a price, that the sugar refiners

actually sell it, for more than what the unmixed blood and animal charcoal originally cost them! Guano, though long used by the Peruvians as a manure, was disregarded by us, till within the last eight or ten years. In 1830, a ship-owner would much sooner have loaded his vessel with profitless ballast, than with this substance; and yet, in 1845, its importation gave employment to a large portion of our mercantile navy, and every rock and islet of the Pacific and Atlantic was visited, lest, happily, a few hundred tons of this deposit might reward the search. Though now reduced to £8 or £10 a ton, seven years ago its price was more than double that sum; and this, be it observed, for a substance which, in our boyhood, had no mercantile value whatever. The ammoniacal liquor of gas-works, which used to be carried off by covered drains, as a nuisance, is now sold to the farmer at so much per gallon. And so rapid are revolutions of this kind, that a gas-company, which, to our knowledge, paid several hundred pounds to obtain sewerage for this article, would now reckon it waste to let a single gallon pass that way. And so will it shortly be with the sewer-water of our large cities, to which our ancestors never directed a thought, but which is at present engaging the attention of the scientific, that it may be converted into a source of wealth, instead of being, as it has hitherto been, a source of nuisance and disease.

Nor do we need to look to agriculture alone, for illustrations of our maxim; mining and metallurgy are equally rich in examples. Cobalt, which yields the valuable blue pigment of that name, was for ages accounted a very troublesome article to the miner; copper pyrites, the common available ore in England, was, till recently, thrown aside as rubbish by the miners of South America. Mr. Darwin, speaking of the Chilian method of mining, observes, that "the two principal improvements introduced by foreigners have been, *first*, reducing, by previous roasting, the copper pyrites, which, being the common ore in Cornwall, the English miners were astounded, on their arrival, to find

thrown away as useless; *secondly*, stamping and washing the scoræ from the old furnaces, by which process particles of metal are recovered in abundance. I have actually seen mules carrying to the coast, for transportation to England, a cargo of such cinders. But the first case is much the most curious. The Chilian miners were so convinced that copper pyrites contained not a particle of copper, that they laughed at the Englishmen for their ignorance, who laughed in turn, and bought their richest veins for a few dollars. It is very odd that, in a country where mining had been extensively carried on for many years, so simple a process as gently roasting the ore, to expel the sulphur previous to smelting it, had never been discovered." At the beginning of the present century, the black-band iron-stone,—which has added an unknown value to the west of Scotland, and materially influenced the iron trade of the world,—was treated as so much rubbish; no iron-founder would have taken a gift of it. "For several years after its discovery," says Mr. Mushet, to whom the credit of first employing the black-band is due, "this iron-stone was confined to the Calder iron works, erected by me, in 1800–2, where it was employed in mixture with other iron-stones of the argillaceous class. It was afterwards used in mixture, at the Clyde iron works, and, I believe, nowhere else. There existed, on the part of the iron trade, a strong feeling of prejudice against it. About the year 1825, the Monkland Company were the first to use it alone, and without any other mixture than the necessary quantity of limestone for a flux. The success of this company soon gave rise to the Gartsherrie and Dundymun furnaces; in the midst of which progress came the use of raw pit coal, and hot-blast,—the latter one of the greatest discoveries in metallurgy of the present age, and, above every other process, admirably adapted for smelting the black-band iron-stone. The greatest produce in iron-furnace, with the black-band and cold-blast, never exceeded sixty tons a-week; the produce per furnace, with hot-blast,

now averages ninety tons. Instead of twenty, twenty-five, or thirty hundred weight of limestone, formerly used to make a ton of iron, the black-band now requires only six, seven, or eight hundred weight for the production of a ton. This arises from the extreme richness of the ore, when roasted, and from the small quantity of earthy matter it contains, which renders the operation of smelting the black-band with hot-blast more like the melting of iron than the smelting of an ore. When properly roasted, its richness ranges from sixty to seventy per cent.; so that little more than a ton and a half is required to make a ton of iron." Here was an *El dorado* for our country; and yet, when the present century commenced, no man regarded it; nay, it is only about twenty years since any company was found bold enough to use it, without admixture with other ores! The same remarks apply with equal force to *anthracite*, or non-bituminous coal, which, ten or twelve years ago, was known only by the depreciatory names of "stone-coal" and "blind-coal." In Great Britain, this anthracite occupies about one-third of the mineral basin of South Wales; it is found also in France, Austria, Bohemia, and Sardinia; and it constitutes the great bulk of the North American coal-fields, whose dimensions are computed at eighty thousand square miles,—about sixteen times as much as the coal-measures of all Europe. At the time we mention, any of these countries would have gladly exchanged its supply of anthracite for a single seam in the Newcastle coal-field; but now, by the application of the hot-blast, in iron-smelting and founding, the "stone-coal" of our fathers is employed with as great facility and success, as the best bituminous coal. In 1840, at a dinner given at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, by W. Lyman, Esq., on the occasion of his having successfully introduced the smelting of iron with anthracite, Mr. Nicholas Biddle, who attended to witness the result of the experiments, after expressing his entire satisfaction in their success, thus observes: "And this, after all, is the great mystery, the substitution

of what is called the hot-blast for the cold-blast. Let us see the changes which this simple discovery is destined to make. As long as the iron ores, and the coal of the anthracite region were incapable of fusion, the ores were entirely useless, and the coal nearly unavailable for manufactures; while, as the disappearance of the timber made charcoal very expensive, the iron of eastern Pennsylvania was comparatively small in quantity and high in price, and the defective communications with the interior made its transportation very costly. The result was, that with all the materials of supplying iron in our own hands, the country has been obliged to pay enormous sums to Europeans, for this necessary. In two years alone, — 1836-7, — the importations of iron and steel amounted to upwards of twenty-four millions of dollars. It is especially mortifying to see that, in Pennsylvania there has been introduced, within the last seven years, exclusive of hardware and cutlery, nearly eighty thousand tons of iron; and that of these there were about forty-nine thousands tons of railroad iron, costing, probably, three millions and a half of dollars. Nay, this very day, in visiting your mines, we saw, at the farthest depths of these subterranean passages, that the very coal and iron were brought to the mouth of the mines on rail-tracks of British iron, manufactured in Britain, and sent to us from a distance of three thousand miles." Such was the state of matters in 1840; now, there are about one hundred anthracite furnaces in America; iron, lead, and copper, are now produced in abundance, and exports, instead of imports, may be shortly expected. What wonderful results have thus been fanned into existence by a current of heated air! Even a use has been found for the iron dross, or slag, of the furnace, which is generally thrown aside as cumbersome refuse. This refuse, while in a fluid state, is run into iron forms, which are previously brought to a red heat, by being placed so as to receive the superfluous flame which issues from the mouth of the furnace. The forms, with their contents, are then allowed to cool slowly, by being placed

in sand, just as glass is annealed, to render it less brittle and more compact. By this procedure, it is asserted that the discoverer (a French mechanic,) has succeeded in forming paving-stones, flags, large building blocks, and even pipes, of any given form, of a degree of hardness and polish, equal to the best hewn natural granite, and at the most trifling cost conceivable.

The progress of chemistry, likewise, furnishes abundant evidence, that nothing in nature is useless; in fact, the whole history of the science is one continued exposition of the doctrine. To take a single example from Baron Leibig's Familiar Letters. Soda has been used, from time immemorial, in the manufacture of soap and glass, — two chemical productions, which employ and keep in circulation an immense amount of capital. Till the present century, this substance was obtained from kelp, barilla, and the like, at great expense, and even in limited and uncertain quantities. Now it is procured, to any amount, from common salt; and in this process muriatic acid is set free in abundance. "At first," says Leibig, "the profit upon the soda was so great, that no one took the trouble to collect the muriatic acid; it ran to waste; it had no commercial value. A profitable application of it, however, was soon discovered; it is a compound of chlorine, and this substance may be obtained from it, purer than from any other source. The bleaching power of chlorine has long been known, but it was only employed upon a large scale, after it was obtained from residuary muriatic acid; and it was found that, in combination with lime, it could be transported to distances without any inconvenience. Thenceforth it was used for bleaching cotton, &c.; and, but for this new bleaching process, it could scarcely have been possible for the cotton manufacture of Great Britain to have attained its present enormous extent; it could not have competed in price with France and Germany. In the old process for bleaching, every piece must be exposed to the air and light during several weeks in summer, and kept continually moist

by manual labor. For this purpose, meadow-land, suitably situated, was essential. But a single establishment, near Glasgow, bleaches fourteen hundred pieces of cotton daily, throughout the year! What an enormous capital would be required to purchase land for this purpose! How greatly would it increase the cost of bleaching, to pay interest upon this capital, or to hire so much land in England!" And yet, the object of this vast saving, — this powerful aid to our manufacturing greatness, — was, not many years ago, run into the nearest common sewer, as a thing "of no commercial value." Nay, we believe the huge chimney-stacks, which have been erected within the last five years, in Glasgow and other places, for the purpose of carrying off the deleterious fumes of the muriatic acid, disengaged in the manufacture of soda, are now rendered superfluous, by the conversion of the acid into a mercantile commodity. So blind are we to the demands which the progress of the useful arts may make, that one year we lay out vast sums to get rid of a substance, which in the next we are careful to preserve, as a source of pecuniary profit! Another example from the fertile field of chemistry, and we have done. It is known that a fleece of wool, in its natural state, is impregnated with greasy matter, which has to be got rid of, as far as possible, before it can be subjected to the ulterior processes of manufacture. This necessary purgation is undertaken by the wool-washers. The waters, through which the wool is passed and purified, become, necessarily, the receptacle of all the fatty stuff thus discharged. The habit with the wool-washers has been, to throw away these greasy washings, as worthless, — if in country districts, to the pollution of the neighboring streams; and if in towns, to the nuisance of the streets and thoroughfares. In summer time, and hot weather, the decomposition and pernicious exhalations of those washings, become an exciting cause of disease in towns, such as Rheims, Elbæuf, &c., where the woollen manufactures of France are most largely carried on.

Now, however, by an ingenious appliance, the evil may not only be obviated, but converted into a source of gain to the manufacturer, and healthy profit to the public. By the simple addition of a certain quantity of potash and slacked lime, M. Pagnon-Vautrin has obtained the saponification of the greasy washings, and employs the soap so formed for scouring the fibres or threads of carded wool; thus making, as it were, the fleece scour itself.

Such are a few illustrations, and they could be extended almost indefinitely, of the old-fashioned maxim with which we headed this paper. We know of no fact in our economical progress, more gratifying than that we should, within such a brief period, have converted to our use, comfort, and pleasure, so many substances hitherto considered as useless, or even as detrimental. Nor does its bearing end here; it points as hopefully to the future, bids us regard nothing in nature as worthless, and warns us to throw nothing aside, until we have exhausted our ingenuity to turn it to advantage. And even then, the history of the past must compel us to admit, that we have failed in our efforts only for the present, and that a time will come, when the rejected object shall assume its value. If the last quarter of a century has furnished us with more illustrations of our maxim than any former period, it is only because human energy and invention has, during that time, been more vigorous and more sustained. There is scarcely any difficulty that the human intellect may not conquer; provided thought, — vigorous, concentrated thought, — be directed towards it; and it is mainly for want of this that so many objects lie worthless, or unimproved, around us.

JOTTINGS ON TEA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Medical Times translates the following observations by Dr. Bleischt in *Oesterr Tabrbuchern* "On the Chemical and Diabetic Relations of Tea:" — Two Arabs, who travelled in Eastern Asia in the

ninth century, even thus early spoke of tea: in Europe it did not become known before the seventeenth century. Dutch travellers brought it from China in the year 1600. In 1666 Lord Arlington took the first pound of tea into England, having bought it in Holland for £3. In 1763 Linnæus obtained, after seventeen unsuccessful attempts, a living tea-plant from China, which blossomed at Upsala in the year 1765. The tea-shrub is very closely related to the camellia. Left to itself, it attains a height of ten or twelve feet; in a cultivated state it is kept as low as five or six feet, in order to facilitate the growth of the branches and the tea-gathering. Linnæus distinguished two species: the green tea (*thea viridis*), which is stronger and higher, grows in China as far as the 40° to 45° north latitude; and bohea tea (*thea bohea*), which is smaller, and only cultivated as far as the 27° to 28° north latitude. In China, the tea prospers best at the south side of hills near small rivers; in Japan, it is cultivated on the borders of fields. The tea is sown; the shrub furnishes three good annual harvests for a term of three to seven years. The first, gathered in February or March, only yields fine shoots, which are little developed: this is the best sort, and is called imperial tea. The leaves and shoots collected in April are less esteemed. In the third harvest, in May or June, the coarsest leaves are cut off and sorted: after this the leaves are left on the shrub. For the purpose of drying, the leaves are laid on iron pans, and exposed to a moderate heat in little stoves: they discharge a caustic yellowish green juice. When dried, they are rolled with the hands; sometimes they are laid on a fine sieve, and exposed to hot watery vapors till they are moistened, and then they are dried as before. This tea, obtained by the dry method, is said to be the black tea; that obtained by the moist method, the green tea. Others maintain the reverse of this to be the case. It is also asserted by some that both sorts are dried in the sun, only that the green is exposed for a shorter time than the black. Many teas are made odoriferous by the admixture of different species of camel-

lias. In England, the Chinese tea is adulterated with ash, hawthorn, and other leaves.

The chemical constituents of tea are — volatile oil, tannic acid, and theine; the other constituents are those commonly found in the leaves of vegetables. The tea owes its smell, and part of its effects, to its volatile oil. The tannic acid blackens the salts of iron, as the tannic acid of oak. The theine is the most remarkable constituent. Peligot has lately discovered in tea a larger quantity of theine, besides some caseine, both of which are azotized substances. The use of carbonate of soda is advantageous in the preparation of tea, as it is in that of coffee; it increases the power of drawing the extract out of the leaves, makes the infusion stronger, and gives it a better taste. In the ashes of tea the author found oxide of iron and argilla, and draws from this circumstance the conclusion, that the shrub grows and thrives on ferruginous and argillaceous soils, which are also in other respects favorable to the formation of ammonia, and of the azotized caseine and theine.

In using tea, most persons only consume those parts which are to be extracted by water, particularly the ethereal oil, the tannate of theine, gum, and most of the soluble salts. But the tea is not exhausted by a single infusion in boiling water; at least one-third of the soluble constituents remain in the leaves, with the greatest part of the caseine. Carbonate of soda dissolves the caseine, and therefore materially increases the strength of the beverage. The theine is composed of eight atoms of carbon, four atoms of nitrogen, ten atoms of hydrogen, and two atoms of oxygen. In those countries where tea is very generally taken (as England and Holland,) diseases of relaxation and emolition prevail, particularly among the female sex. Tea considerably increases the sensibility of the whole nervous system, and relaxes the digestive canal; but it certainly possesses some nutritive power, in consequence of containing two azotized substances, — theine and caseine. The increased secretion of urea and bile, subsequent to its use, shows its medicinal

effect. The Chinese use the tea-Bu-leaves as an emetic. Fresh tea acts, according to Percival, like opium and henbane on the nerves, and like foxglove on the function of the heart and arteries. Those men who are engaged in unpacking tea are very liable to become paralytic: the exhalations of tea produce headache, giddiness, &c. Vessels of porcelain, are the best for extracting the constituents of tea; and tin boxes should always be used for preserving it.

A DAY AT DE LA RUE'S.

"WHERE to, sir?" said the cabman, touching his hat, and leaning from the box. "Bunhill Row." In a moment I was off, and very speedily found myself hurrying through Clerkenwell, towards that curious and classic labyrinth of streets composing the north-east division of the metropolis. The difficulties of Chiswell street and Barbican were passed, and I was set down at a port-cocher, the limit of my excursion, as the good early hour of eleven sounded from St. Paul's.

It was a visit of curiosity. I wished to see one of the most remarkable establishments in London — an establishment which could only flourish in the midst of a great and wealthy people — De la Rue and Company's manufactory of fancy stationery. The art of writing letters is pretty nearly as old as the hills; but, till within the last twenty years, there was no such thing as a tastefully-got-up epistle. There was a deficiency in the *mécanique* of letter-writing. In Norway, at the present day, when a person wishes to write a note, he cuts a piece from a large sheet of paper; and something of this sort was prevalent in England forty or fifty years ago. It was considered a great advance in taste when a paper-maker at Bath got up what he called his "Bath post" — a smooth yellow paper, quarto size, with a small stamp in the corner of the sheet. Matters remained at this point till a comparatively recent period, when the whole business of the stationer underwent a rapid and most extraordinary change — the establishment of the penny-post alone causing the introduction of many new

auxiliaries to epistolary correspondence. It cannot but be interesting to know who has led this great movement — who has filled the ladies' writing-cases with finely-tinted note papers — who has given to the world the envelope, the enamelled calling-card, and the numerous other elegancies which now fill the shop-window of the stationer. Different active spirits have contributed their respective inventions in this useful department of art, but the master-mind has been that of Thomas De la Rue. Mr. De la Rue is a native of Guernsey, and was bred to the business of a printer. He afterwards abandoned this profession, and was engaged for a number of years in London as a manufacturer of straw-hats. In consequence of the successive changes in fashion, which ended in the general disuse of straw for bonnets, this ingenious person was several times ruined; but, possessing a boundless buoyancy of temperament, and with inexhaustible inventive faculties, he always alighted on some fresh novelty, and recovered his former position. Finally, driven from straw, he fell upon the idea of making bonnets of embossed paper. This was a great hit; but ladies soon discarded paper hats, and Mr. De la Rue, forever abandoning bonnets, took up the card and paper trade. He had now a wide field before him, and, in the preparation of various little articles, excited and cultivated the public taste. At the end of twenty years, we find him the elder member of a company, with which are associated two of his sons. What was once a small and obscure concern, is now the largest of the kind in the world.

Entering by the large gateway of this interesting establishment, I was, by the kindness of one of the partners, conducted over the several departments of the works — the whole nestling in a cluster of old edifices, and forming an amusing hive of industry; steam-engines, machinery, and animated beings, commingling in restless and varied movement. The purpose of nearly all that strikes the eye, is to cause paper to assume new forms and appearances. Of this article, forty-five thousand reams, valued at £30,000, are consumed an-

nually; a quantity so great, that it would require three mills for its production. Of the other articles used, such as colors, oils, varnishes, leather, and gold and silver leaf, the value may be set down at from £10,000 to £12,000. I hope it is not trespassing on confidence likewise to mention, that even the money paid for gas amounts to £400; and for coal £600 per annum. The coal is employed principally in furnaces for the steam-engines, of which there are two; one of eight, and the other of fifteen horse power. With steam-pipes from the furnaces, the whole establishment is safely and economically heated. It will, perhaps, afford still more impressive considerations of the completeness of the arrangements, when I observe that the first place into which I was conducted was a large apartment, devoted exclusively to the making and mending of machines. Here, at massive iron planing tables, and turning apparatus, I found five or six engineers busy at work, preparing lately-invented machines of different kinds. Mr. Warren De la Rue, by whom some of the most ingenious machines have been constructed, superintends this, and other mechanical departments. This young gentleman mentioned to me, that they could not possibly conduct their business with satisfaction and profit, unless they had always ready at hand the means of repairing and making machinery; the time lost and trouble expended, in getting this species of work done out of the house, would be tormenting and ruinous.

Adjoining this department is a mill-like apparatus, for grinding colors, and materials for enamelling; and further on, in two upper apartments, is a laboratory, with retorts, mixtures, and a store of bottles sufficient to set up a chemist's shop; here is also a chemical library of French and English books, which are in constant requisition. It is deemed somewhat of a favor to be admitted to this department; for many projects for executing new and peculiar tints and surfaces, likewise processes for electrotyping, not generally known, are here daily in operation. The electrotyping,

which is carried on by means of large troughs, full of the appropriate liquids, is employed to multiply casts of any engraved, or otherwise figured surface. Mr. De la Rue has carried his ingenuity so far, in this branch of art, as to produce an electrotpe plate, in copper, from the finest lace, and has hence been able to impart the effect of lace to printing in colors. How curious that a piece of delicate tissue, taken from a lady's cap, can, by means of troughs, acids, and other materials, along with electric action, be made to produce a solid plate of copper, from which the pattern of the original can with facility be printed! Instead of using wax for taking moulds, *gutta percha*, a newly-discovered substance from Borneo, has here lately been introduced. It partakes, principally, of the nature of caoutchouc; but with this is combined a certain farinaceous quality, and it therefore retains impressions better than preparations of India-rubber.

By the electrotyping process, a very small piece of engraving can be multiplied to any extent; and, therefore, supposing we wish the surface of a sheet of paper to be printed all over with a continually-repeated pattern — for example, the patterns on the backs of playing-cards — we need only engrave a single square inch; having got the electrotpe repetitions of the original, they are all soldered together, and the sheet of printing surface is formed. Of what immense value to the arts is this discovery, any one can form an opinion. Mr. De la Rue, however, is prouder of his wire-cloth inventions, than of any improvements he may have introduced into the process of electrotyping. In order to produce printing in colors, like the checks of tartan, or any other diversity of lines, he has succeeded in forming, by means of the Jacquard loom, a cloth of brass wires, each wire being a type, so to speak; and the cloth being fixed on a block, it gives an impression of great clearness and beauty. The cross-lined colored papers which one sometimes sees in the fly-leaves of books, and on the backs of cards, are effected by this ingenious application.

So far, I have spoken only of things of a preparatory nature, and yet the list is not half exhausted. Above the electrotyping room is one occupied with die-sinkers and engravers — men busy with hammers, punches, and chisels, executing objects to be employed in some of the more elegant kinds of printing. Besides these artists, many individuals, I was told, were employed out of doors in designing patterns. On this branch, indeed, some of the best artists in London are occasionally engaged. Novelty and taste are never for a moment neglected. Mr. De la Rue mentioned to me, that he sometimes gives as much as £20 or £30 for the drawing of a design not larger than your hand. The best classic models of antiquity are sought out, and so likewise have there been procured some of the most tasteful designs, after Saracenic originals. Perfect novelty, however, is a governing principle. The object of the concern is, to maintain a high character for originality; to copy from no one, English or continental. Formerly, in England, few or no manufacturers thought of going to the expense of employing designers, and, consequently, designers did not exist amongst us. In the chief manufacturing towns, there might have been here and there a dissipated man of genius, who, when he could be laid hold of quite sober, would, for a guinea or so, furnish a design, such as it was; but there was no principle in the thing, and almost every manufacturer copied from French originals; the more enterprising among them bribing French workmen to send early copies of what they had begun to execute. The necessity for competing with continental manufacturers in the home market, consequent on the late free-trade measures, has, among respectable men, put an end to this meagre and shabby state of affairs. Every respectable tradesman, who desires to avoid following among the mere herd of imitators, not only employs skilled designers, but is constantly racking his brains how he is to maintain his place in the market. It sounded new to me, in general principles of trade, to be told that no man can now

expect great success in any fancy manufacture, *unless he competes with himself*. Competition with others won't do any longer. The true art consists in not waiting to be stimulated by rivalry, but in bringing out fresh novelties at proper times, one after the other, and so gaining a command, as it were, over the public taste. I was taken with this idea of Mr. De la Rue; it showed him to be a master in his craft.

Having been conducted through the preparatory departments of the establishment, I was now introduced to what forms a principal branch of manufacture. This is the making of playing-cards, which engages a considerable number of hands, and several machines and presses. The figures on playing-cards are among the earliest things mentioned in the history of printing; and there they are, with scarcely any alteration, till the present day. While the figures, however, remain pretty much what they were, there has been a great advance in the mode of manufacture, and also in the quality of the card. Formerly, the figures were stencilled in water-colors; and some makers, it is believed, still continue this clumsy process. Mr. De la Rue, some years ago, introduced the improved plan of printing the cards with inks, or colors in oil, by which means no degree of rubbing or moisture of the hand can move the figures. At one time, playing-cards were plain on the back; now, they have generally backs printed with fanciful figures; and, therefore, each side of the card requires its own appropriate printing. Let me first speak of the face. A sheet of paper, containing forty cards, is printed at once. If the card have figures of only one color, — as, for instance, all spades, which are black; or all hearts, which are red, — then one impression is sufficient. But if there be several colors, as in the case of the honors, each has a separate impression, from a differently engraved block; the last impression completing the figure. In executing a knave of clubs, for example, they first print his eyes, and other parts about him which are blue; an impression from a second block fills in the

reds; a third imparts the yellows; a fourth the flesh color of the face; and a fifth gives the blacks. Each court-card, therefore, requires to go through the press five times; but, to save trouble, a large quantity of one color are executed at a time. Sheets for the backs of the cards are printed in a similar manner, but on paper which has been tinted in making.

The printing of playing-cards, numerous as are the impressions they must undergo, is but a small part of the manufacture. Having seen the printed sheets carried away to the drying-room, we proceeded to the pasting process. This was a greater novelty to me than printing. I was first taken into a side-room, where were several women, mingling together sheets of paper, of different qualities, according to certain prescribed arrangements. When a pile of sheets was completed, it was carried away to the pasting-room. Here there were two long tables, with a number of men at work. Each of these had, on his left, a pile of the mingled sheets, and on his right a tub of paste. Lifting a sheet with his left hand, and laying it on the bench before him, he speedily smeared it over with the great paste-brush he held in his right; next were laid down two sheets, only the uppermost of which was pasted; and thus there arose a great pile of pasted sheets, with unpasted intervals. The whole operation was performed in a rapid and business-like way, with all the regularity of a machine. The brush, which seemed to be made of soft bristles, was as large as the besom of a housemaid, but without any handle; and I was assured, that so methodic do the men become in their movements, that the brush, in each case, performs precisely the same curvilinear evolutions. In this manner, from year's end to year's end, do these men work away with their great broad pasting brushes, constructing the internal part of playing-cards. Coarse as this branch of labor appears, it is reckoned one of skill, and is accordingly well paid. The weekly wages of a good paster is about two pounds; some can realize as much as fifty shillings. The

making of the paste is a separate branch; men being constantly employed in an adjoining room, over huge caldrons, preparing this material, which chiefly consists of fine flour; but a substance like whiting is also infused, in order to give solidity to the card. The quantity of flour consumed annually is four hundred sacks, from which two hundred gallons of paste are prepared and used daily.

The pile of sheets, while dripping wet, being taken from the paster, is placed in a hydraulic press, and being there subjected to a hard pressure, the sheets become well squeezed together. A long row of hydraulics stands behind the pasters for this purpose. The sheets are afterwards separated into boards and hung up to dry. The pasting of the figured sheets to the front and back of the board is a final operation; and when this is done, every board consists of forty cards. There is yet, however, much to be effected, in the way of drying, smoothing, and cutting. The drying-room is an extensive series of vaults, to which I was let down by an apparatus called a *lift*. The moist boards being dropped down, in large quantities by this machine, are hung on poles, and dried by the heat of five hundred feet of iron pipes, through which steam from the engine is blown. To ventilate and remove the moisture from the vaults, a fan is kept constantly rotating and propelling air, at the rate of two thousand cubic feet per minute. Having undergone a due baking in this warm and airy oven, the boards are lifted to a second floor, to which we shall follow them.

The second floor exhibits a busy scene of rolling and other apparatus, with great quantities of pasteboards and sheets in different stages of advancement. When a card-board reaches this department, it is for the purpose of being rendered perfectly smooth on the surface. Some persons would think that this end could be best effected by at once passing the boards under the severe pressure of metal rollers. This is a natural, but erroneous idea. On looking with a microscope at the surface of a card-board just come from the drying-room, it is

found to consist of a series of small protuberances or hillocks. Now, if these were at once flattened by rollers or other means, the tops of the hillocks would be crushed down partly over the intermediate valleys, leaving minute portions of the valleys uncrushed; consequently, in shuffling cards, one would, to a certain extent, catch on another. To avert this, the card-boards are, in the first place, burnished all over with a rapidly-revolving brush, which searches into every hollow, and sweeps away any loose particles of matter. The next step is to level both sides by rollers; but here, again, a remarkable principle in mechanics is observable. Two surfaces smoothed in the same manner will not glide over each other so well as if they be smoothed differently. In smoothing the card-board, therefore, it is passed between two rollers, the lower of which is of metal, and the upper of paper; both are equally smooth, but they impart a certain variety in the dressing, to cause a sufficiently easy gliding of the cards, face and back. The paper roller is prepared in a way which no one could expect. A great pile of sheets being pasted together, squeezed to the hardest possible consistency, and dried, the mass is fixed on a spindle, and turned on a turning-lathe; the result is a smooth, round beam, the surface of which consists entirely of edges of paper, but the whole of as close a texture as a piece of finely-polished wood.

The operation of finishing is not yet by any means over. After being taken from the smoothing rollers, the boards are transferred to an apparatus for giving them a wash of certain kinds of liquid, the object of which is to harden them, and render them impervious to the moisture of the hand. Following the principle already alluded to, the wash, which has a glazing effect, is of a different kind on the two sides, although to the naked eye the gloss is the same on both. These washes being dried, the card-boards are placed between sheets of brass, and passed, a few at a time, betwixt milling-rollers. They are now carried to a hydraulic press for flattening; and here, having been subjected to a pressure of a

thousand tons, they are taken out in the hard, flat, glossy condition in which they come under the eye of the public.

Removed from the pressing-room, the boards next migrate to the cutting apparatus. With this machine a man cuts them, individually, first into long slips, and next across into single cards. With such accuracy is this operation performed, that although the cutter turns out 20,000 cards in a day, all are of precisely the same dimensions. The sorting into qualities next takes place, and requires much sharpness of hand and eye. Inspected minutely as they pass through the hand, they are thrown into three heaps, from one of which are made up packs called Moguls; from the second are made up Harrys; and from the third Highlanders. The Mogul cards are of prime quality and highest price; they have no speck or flaw on either back or face. The Harrys have each a single speck on the back or face; and the Highlanders have one or more specks on both sides. Why the portraits of the Great Mogul, Henry VIII., and that of a Highlander, should have been adopted as a cognisance on packs of playing-cards, I have not heard explained.

To complete the history of the manufacture, I might say something of the wrapping up, the paying for engraved aces of spades to government, and the exportation of untaxed packs; but all this may be left to the imagination; and it is enough to say, that of one kind or other, the concern I am speaking of makes and sells a hundred thousand packs annually. The quantity of cards paying duty issued by the different makers is, I believe, about two hundred thousand packs in the year, besides which, probably double the quantity are made and exported duty free. The consumption of playing-cards in the United Kingdom is, to all appearance, stationary, notwithstanding the continual increase of population; it would, however, be rash to ascribe this altogether to a gradual diminution of card-playing propensities. It is believed that there is a prodigious sale of cards with surreptitious stamps; and it is Mr. De la Rue's opinion, founded on a knowledge of the trade,

that, were the duty reduced from a shilling to threepence per pack, the government would derive ten times the amount of revenue from this branch of manufacture.

At one time Russia was one of the best customers in Europe for playing-cards; but this trade is now at an end, in consequence of that country having engaged in the manufacture itself; nor, judging from the quantity it makes away with, does this step seem unreasonable. In Russia, card-playing is a universal amusement, and will in all probability continue to be so while the people remain illiterate, and political speculation is attended with danger. To supply the demand for cards, the government took the fabrication of the article into its own hands, and with much liberality not only purchased from Mr. De la Rue a knowledge of the manufacture, but induced his brother to take the entire charge of the establishment in which the cards are made. The quantity of cards thus made annually for Russian consumption is a million of packs, the profits on the sale of which are devoted to charitable purposes.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the manufacture of playing-cards, but it will be understood that visiting and other kinds of cards are made much in the same manner. Of all the varieties of cards which exist, playing-cards were the original type. Forty or fifty years ago, the only blank cards in use were the parings or other waste of cards for playing, and it was on trimmed morsels of this waste that visitors were in the habit of inscribing their names when they made a call. The fashion of leaving cards having at length established itself among our national customs, small blank cards, of a superior kind, were made on purpose, and now we find every variety which can be desired. Latterly, enamelled cards have been in vogue, and the making of these has become an important branch of Mr. De la Rue's manufacture. So, likewise, has the making of railway tickets of late assumed a more than ordinary importance. Nearly all the railways in the United Kingdom procure their tickets from this establish-

ment, each having its own pattern as respects color and device. The card-boards for these tickets are cut by boys with such rapidity, that the eye can scarcely follow their movements. The aggregate quantity of tickets produced by the establishment is at present a million and a half weekly.

From the card-making department I was led into that part of the premises devoted to enamelling, coloring, and varnishing. Enamel is a wash of a material externally resembling whiting, which, after being dried on the card or paper, is smoothed by milling. The mode of applying the wash is the only part worth noticing. I found several workmen and boys engaged in laying the wash on webs of paper, each three hundred yards long; and this length they finished in half an hour. The actual operator, however, is a machine, and the men and boys are only attendants. The web, in going into the machine, passes beneath a trough, from which the wash issues over the surface; it then comes under the action of an apparatus of brushes, moving in cycloidal curves, by which the wash is finely equalized; led away from this, the web sinks through a hole in the floor to an apartment beneath, where it is caught by a boy, and hung on poles to dry. The paper undergoing this initiatory process of enamelling at the time of my visit was that designed for covers to "Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," of which some hundreds of thousands have been prepared.

The adjoining work-room, in which papers are colored and varnished, had somewhat the appearance of a painter's and dyer's atelier. At various benches, girls were employed tinting sheets of paper by means of brushes and colors; others were putting varnish on the dried sheets; and a few were laying squares of leaf metal on paper preparatory to future processes. Much of the colored, as well as the metal-covered paper, is designed for embossing; hence it was natural for us next to look in upon the apparatus employed in giving the embossing or stamping finish to the material. Embossing is done in two ways—whole sheets by means of rollers, and

small slips by means of powerful stamping machines. In little more than an instant of time, a sheet, formerly smooth, will pass between rollers, on one of which the pattern is engraved, and come out beautifully marked in relief. The appearance of morocco leather is thus given to colored papers. The process of stamping is performed on the ground-floor, in consequence of the enormous weight of the presses. The largest of these machines is about eighteen feet high, weighs twenty tons, and imparts a blow equal to a thousand tons. From my previous acquaintance with machines of this class, I should have expected that the Goliath before me would require great toil in working, and was therefore agreeably surprised to find that it performed the falling and rising process with comparative ease and equability. Two men only were in attendance upon it: one placed the slip of paper below the die, taking it out when stamped; the other guided the movement, by putting the machine in and out of gear with the steam-power. The blow being given with a rapid and ponderous jerk, which shook the ground and building, the reaction caused the screw to run back, leaving time to shift the paper for the ensuing impression. The article which was in hand during my visit was what few persons could have expected—the fancy slip of paper which is wrapped round pieces of linen. It is very true that linen is not a whit the better for ornaments of this kind; but it is equally undeniable that people are taken with such embellishments: the eye is pleased, if not the judgment, and how much are all mankind imposed on by what charms the senses! As to the slip in question, what was it radically but a bit of paper, not worth a farthing? Yet what did art not do for it? In the first place it daubed it over with a pea-green color; next, it gave it a gloss rivalling the surface of polished marble; then it pasted upon it, in the form of a medallion, a small representation of a flower on a white ground; after this, it laid leaves of gold upon it; and lastly, giving it a blow with a die, there sprung up in relief a beautiful golden efflorescence, surrounding the

medallion, and radiating over the delicate green expanse of the slip. The execution of the design on the die was an important step, not to be overlooked; for, independently of all manual labor, the drawing, effected by one of the first artists of the day, cost as much as twenty guineas. Thus it is that things are done on a great and liberal scale in large factory concerns; the most insignificant materials being exalted to a high value by the varied and ingenious operations of artists and artisans, set to work by capital and enterprise.

In the same department I observed several smaller stamping-presses engaged on different articles requiring to be embossed. One was employed in embossing a highly-ornamental calling card: the relief in this instance, however, being open, to resemble lace. The card being first embossed by a blow of the die, is next laid, face downwards, on a block, and in this position the raised dots are filed off; consequently, on taking it up, we find that the embossing is full of small holes. Another press was engaged in stamping leather for the covers of work-boxes and writing-cases. Near to this scene of labor I was shown the process of printing in metals. A number of small presses of an ordinary kind, and several men and women, are here occupied. Printing to resemble gold and silver has been brought by Mr. De la Rue to considerable perfection; and yet it is so simple, that I can see no obstacle to its general use. Properly speaking, the metal is not printed, but laid on the typography after the sheet comes from the press. Instead of ink, the types are rolled with a glutinous substance, to which metal in powder readily adheres. The metal, to resemble gold, is an oxydized brass; and so vast has become its consumption, that there is now a manufactory of the article in London. Beat first into leaf, it is afterwards ground to powder; and the daubing of this powder on the typography appears to be the duty of the work-women. In this manner all those covers of packages containing note-papers, which blaze in gold and silver, are produced. After printing and metalling,

the papers go through a wash and milling, to impart a glossy finish.

From the metal-printing department I was led up stairs to that in which are manufactured all varieties of portable writing-desks, work-boxes, and cases, also portfolios, albums, needle-books, and other loves of articles that no young lady could for an instant see without meditating an attack on papa's pocket. Here, likewise, I was made conscious for the first time of that great work of art, a portable chess-board—a thing made of pasteboard, which, with pieces and all, you can fold up in your pocket, so as to be able to carry on a game in a stagecoach, railway carriage, or steam-boat. Invented by a learned professor, this little affair has, to use De la Rue's gratulatory expression, "taken root," and is therefore likely to turn out a good thing for the concern. To chess-players, I should imagine it to be an indispensable pocket companion. Unable to save themselves, they may just as well go and buy one of these portable boards at once, as wait to perform that act ungraciously afterwards.

I had now seen pretty nearly into all the odd nooks of this interesting establishment, and my last move was into the storeroom, in which were engaged ten clerks and packers despatching goods to all parts of the empire. Here, in conversing with one of the partners, I learned that the whole house is under from fifteen to twenty foremen, with each of whom a debtor and creditor account is kept, as if he were an independent tradesman. It is only by such minute arrangements that a dispersed miscellaneous establishment like this could be conducted with propriety or advantage. At any given time, it can be ascertained whether any particular branch is yielding work proportional to the expenditure upon it. A number of the foremen were originally lads employed in the early years of the establishment; and with them, as well as with others, the masters are upon a most amicable footing. Solicitous to improve the condition of all in their employment, the proprietors have latterly induced them to abandon the practice of taking

beer twice during the hours of labor, and in lieu have remitted half an hour from the general day's work. A marked social improvement has been the consequence. Latterly, also, a sickness-fund and library have been set on foot in the office. As these useful institutions have a reference to something like three hundred individuals, the degree of benefit is of more than ordinary importance.

There was now nothing more for me to see or hear of in connection with this extensive establishment, and thanking my friendly conductors for the trouble they had taken to explain the different processes, I concluded what I hope will have been as little tiresome to my readers as to me—"A DAY AT DE LA RUE'S."

THE IMPORTANCE OF RESOLUTION.—"Resolution," says a writer, "is omnipotent." And if we will but solemnly determine to make the most and the best of all our powers and capacities; and if to this end, with Wilberforce, we will but "seize and improve even the shortest intervals of possible action and effort," we shall find that there is no limit to our advancement. Without this resolute and earnest purpose, the best aids and means are of little worth; but with it, even the weakest are mighty. Without it, we shall accomplish nothing; with it, everything. A man who is deeply in earnest, acts upon the motto of the pickaxe, on the old seal: "Either I will find a way, or I will make one." He has somewhat the spirit of Bonaparte, who, when told on the eve of battle that circumstances were against him, replied, "Circumstances! I make or control circumstances, not bow to them." In self-cultivation, as in everything else, to think we are able, is almost to be so; to resolve to attain, is often attainment. Everywhere are the means of progress, if we have but the spirit, the fixed purpose to use them. And if, like the old philosopher, we will but take as our motto, "Higher — forever higher!" we may rise by them all. He that resolves upon any great end, by that very resolution

has scaled the chief barrier to it; and so he who seizes the grand idea of self-cultivation, and solemnly resolves upon it, will find that idea, that resolution, burning like living fire within him, and ever putting him upon his own improvement. He will find it removing difficulties, searching out or making means, giving courage for despondency, and strength for weakness; and, like the star in the east to the wise men of old, guiding him nearer and still nearer to the sum of all perfection. If we are but fixed and resolute — bent on self-improvement, we shall find means enough to it on every side, and at every moment; and even obstacles and opposition will but make us like the fabled "spectre-ships, which sail the fastest in the very teeth of the wind." — *Self-Culture*, by Rev. Tryon Edwards.

A POETICAL DESPATCH. — M. Falck, the Dutch minister, having made a one-sided proposition for the admission of English ships, by which a considerable advantage would have accrued to Holland, a long and tedious negotiation ensued. It was dragged on, month after month, without arriving one step nearer to a consummation, the Dutch still holding out for their own interests. At last Mr. Canning's patience was exhausted. Sir Charles Bagot, our ambassador at the Hague, was one day attending at court, when a despatch, in cipher, was hastily put into his hand. It was very short, and evidently very urgent; but unfortunately Sir Charles, not expecting such a communication, had not the key of the cipher with him. An interval of intense anxiety followed, until he obtained the key, when, to his infinite astonishment, he deciphered the following despatch from the secretary of state for foreign affairs:

"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much;
With equal advantage the French are content,
So we'll clap on Dutch buttons a twenty per cent.,
Twenty per cent.,
Twenty per cent.;
Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent."

GEORGE CANNING.

The minister kept his word. While this singular despatch was on its way to the Hague, an order in council was issued, to put into effect the intention it announced. — *Bell's Life of Canning*.

A MYSTERY SOLVED. — Some years ago, attention was particularly called to a tombstone in Worcester cathedral, inscribed with the one word "Miserrimus," (a most wretched man.) So brief, yet so painfully expressive a record, naturally awakened a good deal of conjecture, and we believe that a whole book was written upon the supposed career of the nameless tenant of a mysterious grave. In Widcombe churchyard, Bath, lately, a like inscription — the word "Annette," upon a broken column — attracted the notice of a poet of no mean pretensions, who wrote some very affecting lines, full of touching conjecture, as to the mortal pilgrimage and affecting death of the fair deceased, which verses were inserted in one of the most popular of our monthly periodicals. The *denouement* of the *subject* is rather curious. A surgeon, who dates his success in his profession from the time of the occurrence, states that "Annette" was almost his first patient, and that he was called in by an old duchess-dowager, the foster-parent, who resided on the North Parade, Bath, and who, with tears in her eyes, entreated the doctor's best offices for the poor invalid. The physician was enabled to effect a temporary recovery; the *malade*, however, eventually had a relapse, and died. But who was the fair deceased? None other than a *favorite Blenheim spaniel*! The dowager was, at first, inconsolable for the loss, but so sensible of the kind attention of the medical attendant, that she not only appointed him her own professional adviser, but recommended him to others; thus establishing his fame, and making his fortune. The defunct spaniel was, by means of a *douceur* to the sexton, interred in a Christian burial-ground, and hence the touching elegy of the muse! — *Newspaper paragraph*. [If our memory serves us rightly, a recent

Guide to Worcester states, that Miserimus was a crazy old gentleman, of the time of Charles I., who had a great number of quarrels with his relations about money matters, and, from mere whim, caused this inscription to be put upon his grave.

THE WAY TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

— To get on in this world, you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance, you must be stationary; to get up, you must keep down; following riches is like following wild geese, and you must crawl after both on your belly; the minute you pop up your head, off they go, whistling, before the wind, and you see no more of them. If you have n't the art of sticking by nature, you must acquire it by art; put a couple of pounds of bird-lime upon your office-stool, and sit down on it; get a chain round your leg, and tie yourself to your counter, like a pair of shop scissors; nail yourself up against the wall of your place of business, like a weasel on a barn-door, or the sign of the spread eagle; or, what will do best of all, marry an honest, poor girl, without a penny, and my life for yours, if you do n't do business! Never mind what your relations say about genius, talent, learning, pushing, enterprise, and such stuff; when they come advising you for your good, stick up to them for the loan of a sovereign, and if you ever see them on your side of the street again, skiver me, and welcome! But to do any good, I tell you over and over again, you must be a stickler. You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

FILTH AND FEVER. — Deficient drainage, if not the parent, is most certainly the nurse, of fever. My own opinion is, that fever is a contagious disease, spreading from person to person just as small-pox or scarlet fever does; and, like those diseases, haunting over-crowded or ill-drained districts, and all places where,

from any cause whatever, the air is foul, and filled with animal and vegetable exhalations. It loves the banks of rivers, the borders of marshes, the edges of stagnant pools. It makes itself a home in the neighborhood of cesspools and badly-constructed drains, and takes special delight in the incense of gullyholes. It has a perfect horror of fresh air, soap, and whitewash; but when left to itself, will linger for years amid scenes of filth and corruption, and hold in its deadly embrace all human beings who have the same depraved taste, or are so unfortunate as to be thrown into its company. It is the favorite child of *laissez faire* (in plain English, let alone,) and bears the same relation to filth that crime does to ignorance. — *Lectures by D. W. A. Guy.*

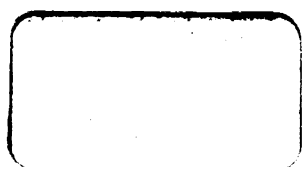
SAVAGE AND CIVILIZED. — Stripped of all its fictitious ornaments, savage life, though it has natural beauties, yet the darker shadows of its vices overcome the lustre of its virtues; and though we may regret individual loss, we cannot but rejoice in the universal advantage and progress. The mill and the factory of the white man may be less picturesque than the deer-skin lodge of the red; the smoky steamer, as, panting and rattling, she cuts through the lakes or rivers, less in harmony with their features than the undulations of the buoyant canoe; the blackened clearing, less grateful to the eye than the woodland glade; the dusty road, than the forest trail: but the perfection to which they lead, the bright day of peace and love of which they are the harbingers — though but dimly discernible in the long perspective of years to come — is too pregnant with the happiness of the human race, and the glory of the Deity, to leave any serious pain, from the means by which it is of necessity to be obtained, upon the mind which looks forward to it. — *Rev. C. Nicolay.*

Horticulture has been pronounced by medical men as salutary to health and to cheerfulness of spirit.

A WORD TO OUR PATRONS.

SINCE the commencement of this Magazine, in February of last year, we have endeavored to send our subscribers a monthly magazine which, in point of real worth, should not compare unfavorably with any other similar publication. In this we believe we have succeeded. The press have uniformly and without exception spoken well of it, and our list of subscribers — which is the true test of merit — is now larger than ever before, and constantly increasing. There is, however, one great obstacle to as general a circulation of the work as we could wish, and that is the *postage*. This obstacle we propose to overcome. We had hoped that the "*assembled wisdom of the nation*" would have felt it their duty to EQUALIZE the rates of postage on newspapers and magazines before they adjourned, but we hoped in vain; they have decided to continue carrying newspapers by mail, under thirty miles, free, but when *folded in a particular form*, with a *cover*, to charge four-and-a-half cents for the same; and of course we must submit although we consider it, and have always considered it, a very silly distinction, and we now propose to take the only means in our power to do our subscribers something like justice.

It is a fact, not known to our subscribers, we presume, that three-fourths of our circulation is within thirty miles of Boston. Commencing on or near the first of October next, our subscribers will be supplied with a NEW WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, instead of this Magazine; a prospectus of which will be found upon the cover of this number. We dislike to change the form of the Magazine, but it seems to us to be the best course to pursue. Our subscribers who have paid will receive nearly four times as much matter as before, and a greater *variety*, together with the news of the day, and within thirty miles of Boston, free of postage. After their paid subscription terminates they will be charged two dollars per year.





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